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The Vaux-de-Vire of, ed. and trans. by J. P.
Muirhead, *portrait and 6 views*, 8vo., 1875

15

THE VAUX-DE-VIRE

OF

MAISTRE JEAN LE HOUX.

85

French &
English

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, 50 ALBEMARLE STREET. 1875.

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LONDON JOHN MURRAY 50 ALBEMARLE STREET 1875

THE VAUX-DE-VIRE

OF

MAISTRE JEAN LE HOUX,

ADVOCATE, OF VIRE.

EDITED AND TRANSLATED

BY JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, M.A.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MDCCCLXXV.

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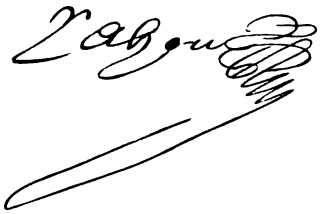

LONDON JOHN MURRAY 50 ALBEMARLE STREET 1875

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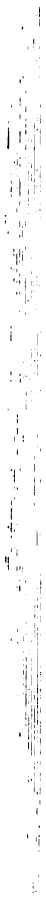
L'ENVOI.

" Σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου
" Λειμῶνος, ὦ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω,
" Ἔνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρβειν βοτὰ,
" Οὔτ' ἦλθέ πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον
" Μέλισσα λειμῶν' ἠρινὸν διέρχεται·
" Αἰδως δὲ ποταμίαισι κηπεύει δρόσοις
" Ὅσοις διδακτὸν μηδὲν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει
" Τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἴληχεν ἐς τὰ πάνθ' ὁμῶς,
" Τούτοις δρέπεσθαι·"——

Eurip. Hippol. l. 73-81.

To thee, O Miſtreſs! from a virgin mead
This chaplet, woven of its flowers, I bring:
There no ſcythe comes, no ſhepherd dares to feed
His flock; but o'er a virgin mead, in Spring,
The honey-bee roams freely on the wing;
While Modeſty the bloom is nurturing
With river-dews, for thoſe to cull, who need
No teaching, but by nature guard each deed
With chaſte ſobriety in everything.



INTRODUCTION.

Of beautiful Normandy, one of the moſt lovely diſtricts is that known as Le Bocage; and of that Norman Bocage, the principal, as well as the moſt pictureſque town, is Vire. The chief town of Lower Normandy, and charmingly ſituated on the ſlopes of ſeveral hills, and in the valleys which they encloſe, it is ſurrounded by a wide expanſe of richly-wooded heights, fruitful orchards, undulating upland paſtures, romantic copſes, and high and rocky crags; while the ſtreams of the river Vire and its tributaries wind below, adding freſh verdure to the landſcape, and ſupplying water-power to many mills ſituated on their banks.

A little above the junction of the Vire with the Virene, the former river ſweeps boldly round a lofty and very precipitous granite rock, on which ſtands the partially-ruined donjon-tower of the ancient Caſtle of Vire, finely dominating the poſition of the town and its environs. The ſcene, one of very peculiar and varied beauty, has long been famous as Les Vaux-de-Vire. "The place," ſays one of the inhabitants of the ancient town, "known from all time under the "name of the Vaux de Vire, is one of the moſt agreeable "ſituations in the Bocage, and alſo one of the moſt cele-"brated, from the number of manufactories which have "immemorially exiſted there. It takes its name from two "principal valleys that form it, . . . reſting on the Place

" of the Château of Vire, which lies to the weſt, and ſuffi-
" ciently near to the town to be conſidered as one of the
" ſaubourgs. It is in thoſe valleys, extending, the one from
" north to ſouth, and the other from eaſt to weſt, that the
" two rivers Vire and Virene flow, till their junction at the
" Pont des Vaux. Their banks are ſometimes hemmed in
" between two precipitous lines of cliff, which afford no
" other view than naked rock and heath. Sometimes they
" open out, diſcloſing partial woods, and portions of culti-
" vated ground. Everywhere the views are very limited,
" the horizon being on all ſides confined to a ſpace of a
" quarter of a league, excepting the part which extends to
" the north below the Pont des Vaux; in which direction
" an unbounded diſtance is opened up. The current of the
" Vire and of the Virene is there pretty rapid, or, rather,
" the inclination of the ground gives them a ſlope ſufficient
" to have been found available for the eſtabliſhment of
" numerous mills, ſome for paper-making, and the reſt
" for fulling cloths; for the manufacture of which, the
" town of Vire has been celebrated from the fifteenth
" century." *

" Vire," ſays Dr. Dibdin, writing more than half a century ago, " is a ſort of Rouen in miniature,—if buſtle
" and population only be conſidered. . . . The immediate
" vicinity of the town is remarkable as well for pictureſque
" objects of ſcenery as for a high ſtate of cultivation; and
" a ſtroll upon the heights, in whatever part viſited, will not
" fail to repay you for the certain diſappointment to be
" experienced within the ſtreets of the town. Portions of
" the ſcenery, from theſe heights, are not unlike thoſe in
" Derbyſhire, about Matlock. There is plenty of rock, of

* M. Aſſelin, Diſcours Préliminaire, Vaudevires par Olivier Baſſelin: Vire, 1811, p. xvii.

" ſhrubs, and of fern; while another Derwent, leſs turbid " and muddy, meanders below."*

Dr. Dibdin's viſit was a brief and paſſing one; but we may ſafely preſume that a longer ſtay in Vire, and a better acquaintance with its interior, would have greatly modified his haſty remark as to a want of intereſt in the views of the town itſelf, and have led him to agree with the opinions generally expreſſed by more recent travellers of artiſtic taſte. "The Caſtle of Vire," ſays Miſs Coſtello, "conſiſts " of a very grand, though not extenſive, ruin of the Donjon, " which ſtands on a platform at one extremity of the town, " commanding an entire view of the whole, and a proſpect " over the wide extent of Vaux beneath, unequalled for " beauty, richneſs, and the peculiarity of its features. The " ruin itſelf is very picturesque, being one large high tower " cloven by time almoſt to its baſe, with a few loop-holes " and windows remaining: it is built into the ſolid rock, of " which it ſeems to form a part, and riſes proudly from the " fine broad ſquare, planted with three rows of luxuriant " trees, and accommodated with ſeats at intervals, where " the inhabitants have a charming promenade, and can " enjoy a ſeries of the moſt ſplendid views poſſible." †

" Even a haſty glance at Vire," ſays Mrs. Macquoid, in a very agreeable volume, which forms a uſeful companion to modern travellers in Normandy, " as ſoon as we had climbed " up the hill leading from the railway ſtation, was enough " to ſhow us that we had reached the moſt picturesque " town we had yet ſeen. . . . The town is ſingularly quaint, " placed at the end of a ridge of hills. Acroſs the principal

* A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany, by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin: London, 1821, vol. i. pp. 423-426.

† A Summer amongſt the Bocages and the Vines, by Louiſa Stuart Coſtello: London, 1840, vol. i. p. 123.

" ſtreet is a pictureſque arched gateway ſupporting the " Tour de l'Horloge, a conſtruction of the thirteenth " century; the top of the tower is very original. . . . The " ruins of the old caſtle ſtand moſt pictureſquely on a pro- " montory of rock, which, though in the midſt of the town, " projects itſelf, a perpendicular height of bare rock, into " the valley of the Vire. The river divides here, and circles " round the hills, which riſe one beyond another till the " laſt are loſt in miſty diſtance. It offered a moſt exquiſite " ſucceſſion of pictures . . . and left us to imagine far " greater beauty. The ſpecial peculiarity of this view is the " ſteep deſcent of the rock, about two hundred and thirty " feet, and the way in which the river forms a double " valley among the ever-varying hills. . . . We went down " a ſteep road on the right, beſide a branch of the river, " with rich dark-coloured crags on one ſide, clothed here " and there with ivy and buſhes, while oppoſite was a green " hill, wooded up to its very ſummit by tall feathery trees. " . . . Every now and then we came upon pleaſant walks " cut up the hill-ſide, from which one overlooks the winding " river and its never-ending ſucceſſion of rocky glens and " wooded valleys. . . . After rather a long walk of con- " ſtant aſcent and deſcent between the rocks and the river, " we came to the poet's houſe . . . charmingly placed on " the river itſelf. A dark rock, Des Cordeliers, projects " over the road beſide it; and, beyond it, the valley opens, " and ſhows the Vire winding round the ſhoulder of another " hill, which ſtretches boldly forward, and offers a double " ſeries of exquiſitely tinted hill and valley. . . . Still " farther on, the valley grows more and more beautiful; " indeed we fancied weeks might be ſpent in exploring the " loveline ſs of theſe Vaux de Vire." *

* Through Normandy, by Katharine S. Macquoid: London, 1874, pp. 521-524.

"Words can but feebly convey," fays Miſs Coſtello, in deſcribing this part of the environs of Vire, "the impreſ-"ſion made on the mind by ſcenery ſuch as awaits the "wanderer amongſt the deep dells and hills ſtudded with "grey rocks and ſhort bruſhwood which encloſe them." * And Mr. Muſgrave, writing of the ſame delicious ſcene, juſtly obſerves:—"The ancient Greeks would have iden-"tified ſo faſcinating a region with Arcadia;—a land of "ſhepherds and of paſtoral ſong, and peopled with Fauns, "Satyrs, and Nymphs, with Pan enthroned upon ſome "moſs-clad rock or fallen pine, as their preſiding leader "and deity." † With even ſtill greater appoſiteneſs, remembering the topics of moſt of the ſongs of the Vau-de-Vire, we might recall to the mind's eye the picture drawn by Horace, in his Ode to Bacchus:—

"Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
"Vidi docentem (credite, poſteri)
"Nymphaſque diſcentes, et aures
"Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.
. . . . .
"Fas pervicaces eſt mihi Thyiadas,
"Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
"Cantare rivos, atque truncis
"Lapſa cavis iterare mella." ‡

"Bacchus I ſaw in mountain glades
"Retired (believe it, after years!)
"Teaching his ſtrains to Dryad maids,
"While goat-hoof'd Satyrs prick'd their ears.
. . . . . .

* P. 127.

† A Ramble through Normandy, or Scenes, Characters, and Incidents in a ſketching excurſion through Calvados, by George M. Muſgrave, M.A.: London, 1855, p. 360.

‡ Hor. Carm. II. xix.

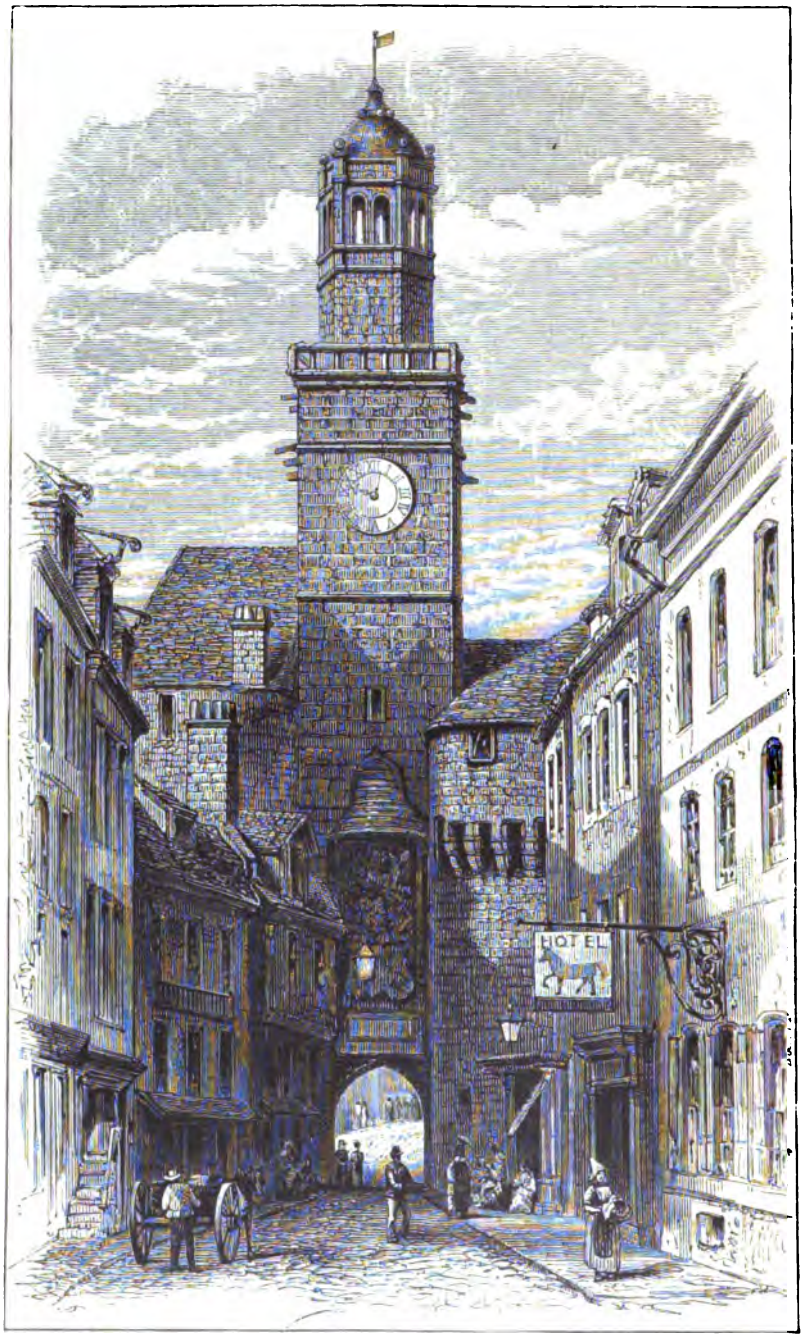
"Yes, I may ſing the Thyiad crew,
"The ſtream of wine, the ſparkling rills
"That run with milk, and honey-dew
"That from the hollow trunk diſtils." *

Of the Tour de la Groſſe Horloge, mentioned by Mrs. Macquoid as forming a ſtriking object on the way to the Caſtle, Mr. Muſgrave remarks, that it is "a charming city "gate, much in the ſtyle of, if not ſuperior to, the clock "gate of Rouen—hemmed in by 'a ſtern round tower of "'other days' on one hand, and by picturesque ancient "houſes on the other; . . . that old ſubſtantial arch, ſur-"mounted now-a-days by a ſtructure ninety feet high, was "moſt probably doing good ſervice here at the date of the "third Cruſade; and veterans who had fought at Agincourt, "and conquered at Formigny, may have waited the riſing "of its portcullis." †

To theſe notices of the town and ſcenery of Vire, there perhaps deſerves to be added, as a ſign of the primitive ſimplicity that ſtill bleſſes and adorns the place, the curious fact that of many of the inhabitants the faith is ſtill ſtrong in the efficacy of "the Divining-Rod," when uſed for the diſcovery of ſprings or ſources of water under ground. This proceſs, ſtill reſorted to in ſome parts of Cornwall, where it is known by the name of "deouſing," may be fairly conſidered one of the laſt veſtiges of the magic art which have ſurvived till our own times.

"Now to rivulets from the mountains
"Point the rods of fortune-tellers;
"Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—
"Not in flaſks, and caſks, and cellars." ‡

* The Odes and Carmen Sæculare of Horace tranſlated into Engliſh verſe, by John Conington, M.A.: London, 1863. † P. 375.
‡ Poems by Henry Wadſworth Longfellow: London, 1867, p. 90.



TOUR DE LA CROSSE HORLOGE, V'RE.

So ſeem to have thought, in former days, thoſe

"Taverners who mix their wine,
"And their drink half-watered sell;—*
. . . . .
"While as yet the cider's new,
"There are folks who have a charm
"To mix water in the brew,
"And ſo work us monſtrous harm." †

The magical ſecret muſt have been valuable to thoſe diſhoneſt men; let us hope that ſuch evil practices are now more rare among the Heſperian groves and golden fruitage of cider-yielding Normandy! But for the uſe, at Vire, of the divining-rod for the purpoſe of diſcovering water, we can vouch; having, in 1874, ſeen a well ſunk there on the faith of ſuch rhabdologic prediction; and,—"Res miranda populo!"—water actually found. The citizen, in whoſe garden this operation took place, was loud in his praiſes of the ſkill of the operator, and of the infallibility of the ſyſtem.

The Château of Vire was deſtined to witneſs many ſcenes of ſanguinary conflict, not only during the occupation of Normandy by the Engliſh, 1417-1450, (for the latter part of which period it became the principal ſtrong-place and head-quarters of our countrymen in the Bocage), but alſo in the dreadful civil war, carried on in the ſacred name of religion, which aroſe in the following century. The caſtle is ſaid,—though by a poet, yet by one who was alſo a native of Vire,—to have undergone thirty aſſaults; and in the ſhort ſpace of ſix years, in the lifetime of Jean le Houx, the town was four times taken and pillaged;—in May 1562, by Montgommery, by aſſault; in September of the ſame year, by the Duc d'Etampes, by aſſault at the Porte de la Groſſe Horloge, after four days of inceſſant fighting; in March 1563, again

* Vau-de-Vire xxi. Firſt Series.
† Vau-de-Vire ii. Polinière MS.

by aſſault of Montgommery; and, once more, by ſurpriſe, in September 1568. It is a lamentable fact, that on all of thoſe occaſions the moſt horrible cruelties were practiſed by both parties alike; nor were the murders and rapine confined to the infuriated ſoldiery. Many painful anecdotes have been recorded, by De Thou and Theodore Beza, of the exceſſes committed by the townſmen, and even by the women. The peace of 1570 reſtored a brief period of tranquillity, and proſperity began to reviſit the afflicted town; but in 1584 a frightful peſtilence broke out, and nearly all of the inhabitants abandoned their homes: ſo that it is recorded that there were not twenty perſons preſent on Chriſtmas Eve in that year in the great church.*

But the intereſt which attaches to the town, river, and environs of Vire, is not limited to the lovelineſs of landſcape, the quaint antiquity of buildings, or the animation of hiſtorical incident. "Vire," we are informed by a moſt competent authority, "is one of thoſe few ſmall provincial towns "in which, from the fifteenth century, literary purſuits have "never flagged, and poetry, in particular, has ever been "held in high honour." † M. Cazin has, in an unpretending little work, given a liſt, with biographical details, of more than ſixty natives of Vire, more or leſs diſtinguiſhed as authors, down to the time of Caſtel, and of Chênedollé; whoſe poetry, more remarkable for tenderneſs and gentleneſs than for force and vigour, is commended by Sainte-Beuve as being full of rural inſpiration, "and penetrated by a ſweet "fragrance of the Norman meadows." ‡

The Vaux-de-Vire have for centuries been famed as a cradle of charming ſong, and have impreſſed their name not

* Armand Gaſté, Jean le Houx et le Vau de Vire à la fin du xvi^e^ Siècle: Caen, 1874, pp. 140-146. † *Ibid.* p. 173.

‡ Sainte-Beuve, Notice de Chênedollé, prefixed to his Works: Paris, 1864, p. xiv.

only on their own peculiar claſs of convivial verſes, but alſo, with little variation of title, on the numerous lively and popular compoſitions ſo widely known as "Vaudevilles." Such, at leaſt, is the concluſion at which the greater number of the moſt intelligent and learned French critics appear to have arrived; and the ſoundneſs of which we are far from deſiring to queſtion. We need hardly remark that the Vaudeville, which originally was a "popular ſong, ſet to a ſimple "air, with words uſually relating to ſome ſtory or event of "the day," and which afterwards came to mean a ſhort drama, in which the dialogues are interſperſed with ſtanzas or ſhort ſongs, is a ſpecies of compoſition in which French authors have always excelled, and which is peculiarly adapted to diſplay the lighter and more elegant graces of their language.

With the invention of the ſimple, poetical "Vau-de-"Vire" of olden times, there has long been illuſtriouſly aſſociated the name of Olivier Baſſelin, a fuller of Vire, of the fifteenth century:—

——"the poet's memory here
"Of the landſcape makes a part;
"Like the river, ſwift and clear,
"Flows his ſong through many a heart;
"Haunting ſtill
"That ancient mill
"In the valley of the Vire."*

What is known of the hiſtory of Olivier Baſſelin reſts in great meaſure on tradition, and on a few ſlight notices and alluſions gleaned from the early literature of his country. He appears to have been born about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and to have been "a jolly miller," whoſe fulling-mill and houſe ſtood "faſt by the river Vire," where,

* Poems by Henry Wadſworth Longfellow: London, 1867, p. 411.

in ſooth, an ancient timber-built dwelling is ſtill pointed out as having been his :—

"au Vaudevire
"Ou jadis on ſouloit les belles chanſons dire
"D'Olivier Baſſelin." *

He was well known as a boon companion, who preferred good-fellowſhip to frugality, and ſuffered, accordingly, in the diſorder of his own affairs ; often chanting ſongs, of his own compoſing, in praiſe of the good wine, and cider, and fellowſhip, which he loved ; ſtrenuouſly reſiſting, in arms, with a band of comrades of his own, the Engliſh occupation of his country, and at laſt falling a victim to his patriotiſm, periſhing in the memorable battle of Formigny in 1450, where three thouſand ſeven hundred Engliſh are ſaid to have been left on the field, the greater part of their baggage captured, and fourteen hundred priſoners made, among whom was the (Engliſh) Governor of Vire.

An old French poet, Jehan le Chapelain, mentions the prevalence in Normandy of a cuſtom, that a gueſt, while partaking of his hoſt's hoſpitality, ſhould entertain him, in turn, with a ſong or tale :—

"Uſaige eſt en Normandie
"Que qui hebergiez eſt qu'il die
"Fable ou chanson die à ſon oſte." †

Many curious ſpecimens of thoſe ancient Norman ſongs, of various dates, have been preſerved, on themes of love, war, and wine ; uſually chivalrous, often very patriotic, ſometimes ſcarcely reverent, ſuch as is the following rather free-booting ſtrain, probably "drawn from the life," in many a tavern of the time :—

* Jean Vauquelin, Sieur de la Freſnaye, Œuvres Diverſes : Caen, 1872, p. lxxvii.

† M. Aſſelin, Diſcours Préliminaire, 1811, pp. xv. xvi.

"Gentilz gallans, compaignons du raiſin,
"Beuuon d'autant, au ſoir et au matin,
"Juſqu'à cent ſolz,
"Et ho!
"A noſtre hoſteſſe ne payeron poinct d'argent,
"Fors ung *Credo!*

"Si noſtre hoſteſſe nous faiſoit adiourner,
"Nous luy diron qu'il faut laiſſer paſſer
"Quaſimodo,
"Et ho!
"A noſtre hoſteſſe ne payeron poinct d'argent,
"Fors ung *Credo!*"*

Gentle gallants, of the grape companions born!
Drink we out our bumpers, ev'ry eve and morn,
To a hundred ſous,
And ho!
To our hoſteſs we no reckoning will owe,
But a *Credo!*

Should ſhe ſummon us for payment of our feaſt,
Tell her ſhe muſt ſuffer to paſs by, at leaſt,
Quaſimodo,
And ho!
To our hoſteſs we no reckoning will owe,
But a *Credo!*

Here are two others, from a like ſource, of no leſs ſimplicity in ſtyle, but much more Arcadian in ſpirit:—

"Royne des fleurs, la fleur du Val de Vire,
"Quant ie vous voye, mon cueur eſt en eſmoy;
"S'il vous plaiſoit faire vn amy de moy,
"Vous oſteriez mon cueur hors de martire.
. . . . .
"Or, me baiſez encore vn coup, m'amye,
"En attendant que puiſſiez reuenir.
"De loin de vous ie ne puis deſpartir,
"Tant eſt de vous la mienne amour rauye.

* A. Gaſté, Chanſons Normandes du xv^e^ Siècle: Caen, 1866, p. xxii.

" Belle, de vous deſpend toute ma vye ;
" Quant dollent ſuys, m'y donnez guariſon,
" Et, ſi captif, me iectez hors priſon.
" Benoiſt le iour qu'oncques vous ay choiſie." *

. . . . .

O queen of flowers, flower of the Val de Vire,
Beholding thee, what ſighs my boſom move !
Grant me the grace to be thy faithful love,
And ſave my heart from martyrdom ſevere.

. . . . .

Now once more only, darling, once kiſs me,
Until again in happy hour we meet.
I cannot far from thee reſtrain my feet,
So wholly is my ſoul abſorbed in thee.

Fair ! all my life depends on thee alone.
Cure me when I on couch of ſickneſs lie ;
When priſoned, free me from captivity ;
Bleſt be the day I choſe thee for mine own !

" L'amour de moy ſi eſt encloſe,
" Dedans vng ioly iardinet,
" Ou croiſt la roſe et le muguet,
" Et auſſi faict la paſſeroſe.

. . . . .

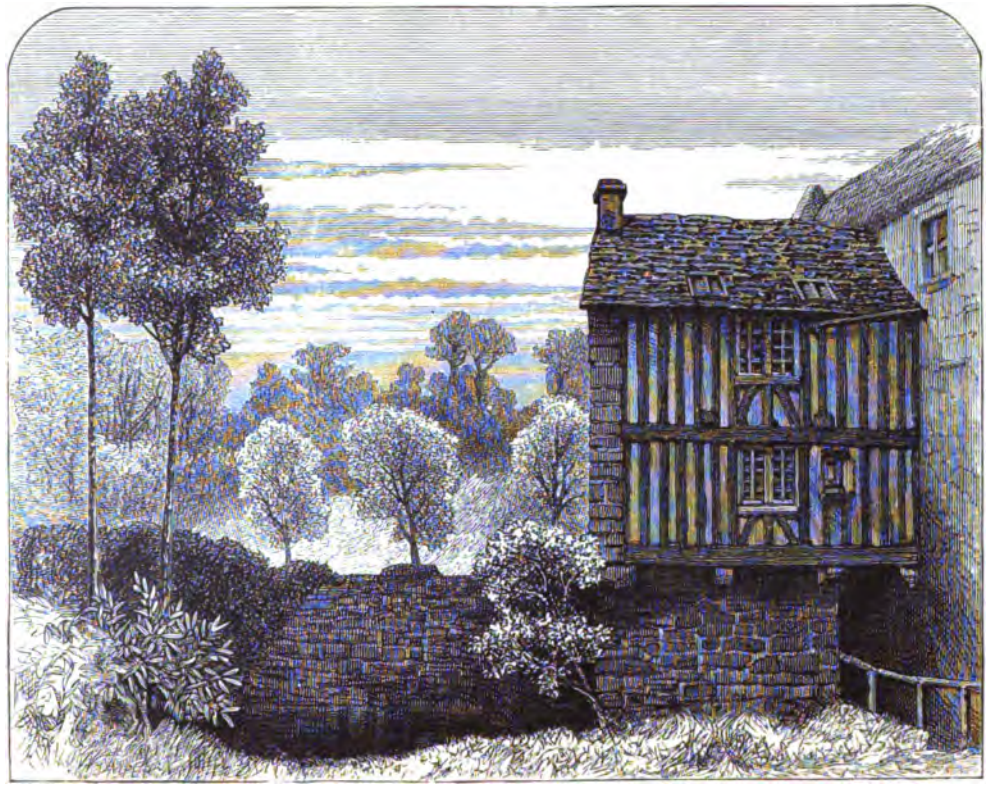
" Ie la veis l'aultre iour cueillant
" En vng verd prè la viollette,
" Et me ſembla ſi aduenant
" Et de beaulté ſi tres parfaicte.

" Ie la regarday vne poſe :
" Elle eſtoit blanche comme vng laict,
" Et doulce comme vng aignelet,
" Vermeillette comme vne roſe." †

A garden's bounds my love encloſe,
Within a little pleaſance fair ;
The lily of the valley, roſe,
And hollyhock, all bloſſom there.

. . . . .

* Chanſons Normandes : Caen, 1866, p. 236.
† Ibid. p. 40.



HOUSE, AND ORCHARD, OF BASSELIN, ON THE VIRE.

The other day I ſaw her cull
The violet in meadow green;
To me ſhe ſeemed of ſweetneſs full,
Of perfect lovelineſs the queen.

I gazed on her a little ſpace,—
Pure white as milk ſhe was to view;
Lamb-like in gentleneſs and grace;
Her bluſh, a vermeil roſe-bud's hue!

"The inhabitants of the Bocage," ſays the preciſe and minute M. Seguin, "uſed to ſing at table, the maſter or "miſtreſs of the houſe beginning, and each of the gueſts "afterwards ſinging his Vau-de-Vire or ſong; the ſinger, "reſting one of his hands on the table, often took his "goblet in his right hand, and kept it raiſed when he cele-"brated the excellences of the wine." *

There appears to be no ground for doubting that, in ſuch ſimple primitive days, Baſſelin compoſed ſome of the earlieſt ſongs of the Vau-de-Vire;—improviſing them, ſays one of their poetical hiſtorians, becauſe he had not learned to write:—

"He framed the ancient drinking-lays,
"As Vaux-de-Vire ſo widely known;
"And taught a thouſand charming ways
"Of ſinging their melodious tone."

"Some men," ſaid Coleridge, "are like muſical glaſſes; "to produce their fineſt tones you muſt keep them wet." This may well have been the caſe with the earlieſt compoſers of thoſe ſongs of Vire; many of whoſe lays remind us of one, the acknowledged maſter-piece of Maître Adam Billaut, the famous poetical cabinet-maker of Nevers, who died in 1662:—

* Seguin, Hiſtoire Archéologique des Bocains: Vire, 1822, p. 89.

"Auſſitôt que la lumière
"Vient redorer nos côteaux,
"Ie commence ma carrière
"Par viſiter mes tonneaux.

"Ravi de voir l'Aurore,
"Le verre en main, je lui dis,
"'Vois-tu donc plus chez le Maure,
"'Que ſur mon nez, de rubis?'"

Thoſe verſes, ſlightly altered, are given, by that "fellow "of infinite ſun," the Rev. Francis Mahony, in a note to his *Reliques of Father Prout;* if we venture thus to render them, forgive us, O venerable ſhade of Water-graſs Hill,* for eſſaying any ſuch taſk left unaccompliſhed by thee!

Soon as, at dawn, our vine-clad hill
In golden ſunſhine baſks,
My labours I commence, by ſtill
Reviſiting my caſks.

I hail Aurora, glaſs in hand,
And aſk her, "Seeſt thou ſhine
"More rubies in the Mooriſh land
"Than on this noſe of mine?"

It is alſo, with good reaſon, believed that ſome of thoſe compoſitions of Baſſelin and others, "boon companions of "the Vau de Vire" in the fifteenth century, ſtill remain to us; although their number is ſmall, their ſtyle rude, and their

* "Sweet upland! where, like hermit old, in peace ſojourned
"This prieſt devout;
"Mark where beneath thy verdant sod lie deep inurned
"The bones of Prout!
"Nor deck with monumental ſhrine or tapering column
"His place of reſt,
"Whoſe ſoul, above earth's homage, meek yet ſolemn,
"Sits 'mid the bleſt."

. . . . . .

"But ſtill my Muſe, for ſhe the fact confeſſes,
"Haunts that ſweet hill, renowned for water-creſſes."

Reliques of Father Prout, pp. 28 and 131, ed. 1860.

identification difficult, and even, to ſome extent, uncertain. But, through the vagueneſs of ancient tradition, the indiſtinctneſs of the miſts of time, and alſo, we regret to have to add, the want of due learning and care on the part of ſucceſſive editors, it has, curiouſly enough, happened that the honeſt and patriotic miller of Vire has really received for his poetical effuſions far greater credit than was his due; for to him has long been attributed the authorſhip of the large collection of Vaux-de-Vire, which we may now be ſaid to know with certainty were not compoſed by him or any of his companions, but were the work of another hand, and of a later epoch.

The hiſtory of Maiſtre Olivier Baſſelin, and of thoſe later Vaux-de-Vire, is thus briefly given in a work of conſiderable reſearch and great ability, of which the firſt edition was publiſhed in 1765. The ſeventh edition, from which we quote, was printed at Caen in 1789:—

"Baſſelin (Olivier), a fuller of Vire, in Normandy, compoſed many drinking-ſongs, models for thoſe which have ſince been written, and to which, by a corruption, has been given the name of *Vaudevilles*. As that Norman bard ſang his verſes at the foot of a hill called Les Vaux, on the river Vire, they received the name of *Les Vaux-de-Vire*. Theſe ſongs, compoſed in the fifteenth century, were not altogether free from the barbariſm of ſtyle of that period, nor from the ruſticity of their author. *Jean Le Houx* corrected them in the following century, and gave them the form in which we now ſee them." *

This miſleading ſtatement, the ſource of long ſubſequent error, was adopted, with little alteration, from an article in the Dictionnaire de Moreri, ſaid by M. Gaſté to have been

* Nouveau Dictionnaire Hiſtorique, par une Société de Gens-de-Lettres: Caen et Lyon, 1789, *v.* Baſſelin.

written by the Abbé Beziers, Canon of Bayeux, who is ſuppoſed to have derived his information from his correſpondent, Daniel Polinière of Vire. Polinière, again, may either have repeated ſome vague though general impreſſion current among his fellow-townſmen, or may, perhaps, have adopted the erroneous ſtatement, to a ſimilar effect, of Lecocq, "Lieutenant-particulier au bailliage de Vire," in his "Mémoires pour ſervir a l'hiſtoire de la ville de Vire," a MS. in the Library of the Arſenal at Paris, of which a copy is preſerved in the Public Library at Vire.*

Had Jean Le Houx, whoſe name now begins to appear in the literary hiſtory of the Vaux-de-Vire, done nothing more than preſerve, by publication, the works of the earlier poet, his humble but renowned townſman,—even at the coſt of "freeing them from their barbariſm of ſtyle and their "ruſticity,"—he would have merited our gratitude. But his fame reſts on a broader and firmer baſis than this; and we have now to recount how it has been at laſt eſtabliſhed, that, inſtead of being merely the foſter-parent of compoſitions by Baſſelin, he was, beyond all doubt, himſelf the author of thoſe famous ſongs.

Maiſtre Jean Le Houx, Advocate, of Vire, as we learn from the acute and induſtrious reſearches of M. Armand Gaſté, was the ſecond ſon of François Le Houx, who in 1562 occupied, with his brother Jean, a houſe in the Rue aux Fèvres, at Vire; and who appears to have died between 11th March 1584 and 9th January 1586. The exact date of the birth of our "Maiſtre Jean" is unknown; but may be concluded, from a compariſon of ſome other dates, recorded in the public regiſters of his native town, with various alluſions in his poems, to have been ſomewhere about 1545 or 1546. Previous to 1592, (the exact year is unknown),

* A. Gaſté, Jean le Houx, p. 24, Note.

he married Mademoiſelle Criquet, ſiſter of M. Jean Criquet, Licentiate in law, Aſſeſſor at Vire, Sieur de la Guerillonière. In 1606, he married again; the name of his ſecond wife was Jeanne, daughter of Jean Levieil, then deceaſed. By his firſt marriage, he appears to have had two daughters; by his ſecond, one ſon who died in infancy, and three daughters. And in 1616,—about the middle of the year, but the exact day is unknown,—he died; at the good age of thoſe threeſcore and ten years, which cut the thread of ſo many a "thin-ſpun life."

Jean Le Houx was interred, with all due reverence and ſolemnity,—"with candle, with book, and with bell,"—in the grand old church of Notre Dame at Vire. A long epitaph in verſe was written by his friend Sonnet de Courval, panegyriſing him in terms of the warmeſt admiration; and, although better taſte would doubtleſs have ſomewhat chaſtened the extravagance of its imagery and diction, it is worth preſerving here, for the affectionate fulneſs of its praiſe.

TOMBEAV DE M. JEAN LE HOVX,
ADVOCAT A VIRE.

STANCES.

"Paſſager viateur, qui viſite ce Temple,
"Arreſte vn peu tes pas, et de grace contemple
"Ce Tombeau, dans lequel giſt le docte le HOVX,
"HOVX touſiours verdoyant en vertus immortelles,
"En cent perfections admirablement belles,
"Qui le faiſoient paroiſtre un Soleil entre nous.

"Il fut Peintre excellent, et tres-ſcauant Poëte,
"Tres diſert Aduocat: mais ſon Eſprit celeſte
"Deteſtoit du Barreau la chicane et le bruit,
"Peu ſortable a vne ame extrémement pieuſe,
"Comme la ſienne eſtoit, ſe monſtrant peu ſoigneuſe
"D'exercer ſon Eſtat qui les plus fins ſeduit.

"Si quelquefois contraint, il plaidoit au Barreau,
"C'eſtoit un Ciceron; vn Apelle au pinceau,

"En Latine Poëſie un Maron tres-habile,
"Et pour les Vers François Ronſard il égaloit ;
"De ſorte que luy ſeul tout l'honneur il auoit,
"De Ronſard, Ciceron, d'Apelle, et de Virgile.

"Paſſant, va t'en en paix, et n'eſperes apprendre
"D'autres ſiennes vertus, que l'on ne peut comprendre.
"Sur ce plan raccourcy, remarque ſeulement
"Que le docte le HOVX, Poëte, Orateur, et Peintre,
"Eſt giſant en ce lieu, qui fait enſemble plaindre,
"Les Arts, Themis, Parnaſſe, auprès ſon monument." *

EPITAPH ON M. JEAN LE HOUX,

ADVOCATE AT VIRE.

Stranger, who viſiteſt this ſacred ſane,
Thy paſſing footſteps for a while reſtrain :
This tomb contemplate, wherein lies LE HOUX,
A HOLLY, ever-green in virtues new.
A hundred high perfections he poſſeſſed,
Which made him ſhine, a Sun among the reſt.

A ſkilful Painter, Poet moſt refined,
Learned Advocate : but his celeſtial mind
Hated the Bar's chicanery and rout,
Unſuited to a ſpirit moſt devout,
Such as was his : he practiſed with ſmall zeſt
His calling, oft ſeductive to the beſt.

He was, when forced to take forenſic part,
A Cicero : Apelles in his art ;
In Latin verſe, a new Virgilian bard ;
And in French poetry, a true Ronſard.
So that to him a four-fold honour came :—
Ronſard's, Apelles', Tully's, Maro's fame.

Stranger, depart in peace ; nor ſeek, in turn,
His other virtues infinite to learn.
And from this brief, faint outline, only know
That erudite LE HOUX lies here below.
Arts, Muſes, Themis, by this monument,
An Artiſt, Poet, Orator, lament.

* Satyres de Sonnet de Courval, 1622, p. 342 ; and A. Gaſté, Jean Le Houx, pp. 208, 209.

How do thoſe laudatory, but ſomewhat pompous and laboured lines of De Courval contraſt with the ſimple and homely "Wiſh" of the poet of the Vau-de-Vire himſelf:—

> "On my tomb let this epitaph appear:—
> "'Here lies one who in wine did much delight;
> "'One greatly mourned by taverners of Vire!'" *

About the year 1570, Jean Le Houx is believed to have prepared for the preſs the firſt edition of *Le Liure des Chants Nouueaux de Vau-de-Vire;* of which *Editio Princeps*,—the only one publiſhed in its author's lifetime,—not a ſingle copy is known to have ſurvived to the preſent day. This has been explained by ſome, on the ground of the popularity and rapid diſperſion of the little volume, and its "wear and tear" in the houſes, hands, and pockets, (or rather girdles), of the former poſſeſſors of copies; but other circumſtances, peculiar to the time when Le Houx lived, perhaps contributed more directly to the annihilation of at all events a large part of the impreſſion.

An age, when religious animoſity ran furiouſly high, was peculiarly inauſpicious for the firſt appearance of a collection of ſongs, which, however great the modeſty of their ſtrains, however undoubted the piety of their author, were avowedly of a very feſtal and cheerful ſort; and, as ſuch, were viewed by narrow-minded bigots among the clergy, Romaniſt and Reformed alike, as fraught with poſſible peril to the ſouls of their reſpective flocks. The ſongs,—"the poor Vaux-de-Vire,"—were cenſured, their author was maligned, and refuſed abſolution by the prieſts; and that eccleſiaſtical ſtigma was not removed till after long contention, and a pilgrimage to Rome, performed by the poet, and from which he derived the ſurname of "Le Romain." No Papal reſcript, however, ſeems to have reſtored the un-

* Vau-de-Vire xl. Firſt Series.

offending Chants du Vau-de-Vire themſelves, with their "*muſique celeſte*," to eccleſiaſtical communion: and, for the remainder of his life, their author and his friends contented themſelves with circulating thoſe harmleſs ſongs only in manuſcript, or with ſinging them,—"in innocent harmony," —at their feſtive meetings. *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe.*

Le Houx, however, although thus to ſome extent complying with the requirements of his ſpiritual critics, did not ceaſe, after his return from Rome, to cultivate his Anacreontic Muſe; he added conſiderably to the number of his Vaux-de-Vire, of which he formed, in manuſcript, a ſecond "Recueil;" though never venturing, by a freſh publication, again to provoke a conflict with thoſe "crabbed cenſors" and "ſublime wiſeacres." His naturally mild and pious diſpoſition, and the gravity of his advancing years, led him, indeed, after his Roman journey, rather to conciliate and diſarm the wrath of the angry prieſts. Beſides altering,—not always for the better,—ſome of the expreſſions in his earlier Vaux-de-Vire, to which objection had, however unfoundedly, been made, he gradually turned his pen, from the compoſition of drinking-ſongs, to the more devotional purpose of inditing "Noels," or ſpiritual canticles on the Nativity of our Lord.

Above all,—and, doubtleſs, more than all welcome to Mother Church, as a ſubſtantial proof of increaſing and ripening grace,—in 1613 he gave to the moſt ancient fraternity of the moſt Holy Trinity, and of the Paſſion of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, ſerved in the parochial church of Notre Dame of Vire, certain annual-rents iſſuing from two houſes in the Rue de Fontaine and the Rue de la Poiſſonerie, for eight low maſſes of *Requiem* to be said each year for the ſouls of eight poor inhabitants of Vire, dying within the year, whoſe relatives ſhould be unable to pay for maſſes for them: and, in the ſame year, he increaſed a bene-

CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME AT VIRE

faction to the fraternity of the Holy Name of Jeſus, ſerved in the ſame church, originally founded by his father and uncle: in return for which, the fraternity engaged to add to the reſt of the ſervice an "antienne," with reſponſes to the Virgin, before her image and the high altar of the choir. Arrangements, in the contemplation of his approaching end, doubtleſs more edifying to "the fraternity," than thoſe deviſed by old George Dunbar, the Scottiſh "makar" of the fifteenth and ſixteenth century, for his brother poet, Maiſter Andro Kennedy:—

"Nunc condo teſtamentum meum,
"I leiff my ſaull for evermair,
"Per omnipotentem Deum,
"In to my Lordis wyne cellair;
"Semper ibi ad remanendum
"Quhill domiſday, without diſſever,
"Bonum vinum ad bibendum
"With ſueitt Cuthbert that luffit me never.
. . . . . .
"I will na Prieſtis for me ſing,
"Dies illa, dies iræ;
"Na yit na bellis for me ring,
"Sicut ſemper ſolet fieri;
"Bot a bag pipe to play a ſpryng,
"Et unum ail woſp ante me;
"In ſtayd of baneris for to bring
"Quatuor lagenas cerviſiæ." *

But all this unction and ſaintly odour of the cloſing ſcenes of our Jean Le Houx's life, as contraſted with the ſpiritual warfare in which many of his earlier years had been paſſed, rather recall ſome lines of Matthew Prior's well-known and very witty ballad of "The Thief and the "Cordelier;" in which, ſpeaking of a certain dread tribunal of the law, very unpopular with thoſe ſummoned to undergo its doom, the poet ſays:—

* The poems of William Dunbar, now firſt collected, by David Laing: Edinburgh, 1834, vol. i. pp. 137-141.

"A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear;
"And who to aſſiſt, but a grave Cordelier?
. . . . . .
"If the money you promiſed be brought to the cheſt,
"You have only to die; let the Church do the reſt!
"Derry down, down, hey derry down."

The "extremely pious" ſoul of Jean Le Houx would hardly have been ſatisfied with the too Epicurean dirge,—otherwiſe ſo tender and touching,—of the Aſtronomer-Poet of Naiſhapur, of the eleventh and twelfth century:—

"Ah, with the grape my fading life provide,
"And waſh the body whence the life has died,
"And lay me, ſhrouded in the living leaf,
"By ſome not unfrequented garden-ſide.

"That e'en my buried aſhes ſuch a ſnare
"Of vintage ſhall fling up into the air,
"As not a true believer paſſing by
"But ſhall be overtaken unaware.

"Indeed the idols I have loved ſo long
"Have done my credit in men's eye much wrong:
"Have drowned my glory in a ſhallow cup,
"And ſold my reputation for a ſong.
. . . . . .
"And, much as wine has played the infidel,
"And robbed me of my robe of honour,—Well,
"I wonder often what the vintners buy
"One half ſo precious as the ſtuff they ſell.
. . . . . .
"Yon riſing moon that looks for us again,—
"How oft hereafter will ſhe wax and wane;
"How oft, hereafter, riſing, look for us
"Through this ſame garden,—and for *one* in vain!

"And when like her, O Saki, you ſhall paſs
"Among the gueſts ſtar-ſcattered on the graſs,
"And in your bliſsful errand reach the ſpot
"Where I made One,—turn down an empty glaſs!"*

* Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Aſtronomer-Poet of Perſia. Rendered into Engliſh verſe. London, 1872, pp. 24, 25, 27.

In 1669, being a century after the ſuppoſed date of their firſt publication, the Vaux-de-Vire were reprinted, at Vire, by Jean de Ceſne, of whoſe typography ſome other ſpecimens are preſerved in the Public Library of that town. The little volume itſelf—a very ſmall and thin one in 16mo, printed on coarſe paper further embrowned by time, is without date; its title is—"Le liure des Chants nouueaux " de Vau de Vire, corrigé et augmenté oultre la précédente " impreſſion. A Vire, chez Jean de Ceſne, imprimeur et " libraire." Of this very intereſting little edition only two copies are known to have ſurvived to our own times; and at preſent, owing to the myſterious diſappearance of one of thoſe two, we can only venture to aſſert that one ſolitary copy at preſent remains. That, fortunately, is in excellent preſervation, in ſafe keeping in the "Reſerve" of the National Library at Paris, where it is with great courteſy made available for the inſpection of all who may feel an intereſt in the ſubject. It is a volume intereſting in more than one reſpect, having belonged to the celebrated Huet, Biſhop of Avranches, whoſe book-plate it bears, with arms ſtamped in gilding on the ſides. On the title-page is inſcribed "Domus " Profeſs. Paris. Societ. Jeſu," in which eſtabliſhment Huet paſſed many of the laſt years of his life, and to which he bequeathed his library. Beneath the imprint is paſted a printed notice:—

> "Ne extra hanc Bibliothecam efferatur,
> "Ex obe:"

but the "Obedientia" remains incomplete, and the rule of the Jeſuits has been tranſgreſſed!

The hiſtory of the (now miſſing) duplicate copy of the edition of Jean De Ceſne, ſo far as we have been able to aſcertain, is, that in 1810 it was purchaſed, at the ſale of the library of M. By, by M. Flaust, the mayor of Saint-

Sever, near Vire : that afterwards it came into the poſſeſſion of the late M. Le Normand, a medical gentleman of Caen, eminent, we believe, as a botaniſt, who died a few years ago ; ſince which event, the melancholy reply of the learned librarian of the Public Library at Caen to an inquiry which we made as to the fate of the "littel boke," was,—"On n'a "pu le retrouver." But as it was once erroneouſly ſuppoſed that the copy belonging to the Library at Paris had diſappeared, and that the copy then preſerved in Normandy was unique, let us hope that the Norman copy may likewiſe re-appear among the book-treaſures of that country, where it would be ſo highly venerated, and where its abſence is much deplored.

M. Dubois, again, attributes to the harſhneſs of the clerical party the ſupreſſion of moſt of the copies of that ſecond edition of the Vaux-de-Vire :—"There is reaſon to "believe," ſays he, "that De Ceſne, who was employed as "a printer by the miſſionaries of the village of Flers, in "order to obtain their favour, ſacrificed at their deſire his "whole edition of the Vaux-de-Vire ; a very ſmall number "of copies, now reduced to only one known to exiſt, hav-"ing eſcaped." * M. Dubois wrote in 1820, while under a miſapprehenſion to which we have juſt referred, and which he afterwards corrected, as to the diſappearance of the Pariſian copy. But, even without reſorting to ſuch an extraordinary cauſe as clerical hatred to account for the fact, the diſappearance of whole editions of popular works is far from being unexampled in bibliographical hiſtory. Of this a ſtriking inſtance, mentioned in Beloe's "Anecdotes of Literature," and referred to by Hallam, occurred in the caſe of "The Paradiſe of Dainty Devices," a

* Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Baſſelin, par M. Louis Du Bois : Caen, 1821, p. 265.

collection of minor English poems, printed at a time nearly coeval with the first edition of the Vaux-de-Vire, the first edition having appeared in 1576. Of that volume it is said, that although no fewer than eight editions were published, not more than six copies remained to our own time.*

The rarity and importance of M. Flaust's acquisition were fully appreciated by the intelligent and loyal fellow-townsmen of Basselin and Le Houx; and, with most laudable zeal and alacrity, and a fine spirit of the bibliomania, ten gentlemen of Vire contributed to bear the expense of privately printing,—not publishing for sale,—a new edition of the *Chants Nouveaux du Vau-de-Vire.* The names of those worthy inhabitants of Vire, who, while their country was engaged in a long and arduous war, thus solaced their leisure with the peaceful culture of native literature, are given on the reverse of the title-page of the edition which they thus so liberally supplied, and which, as Charles Nodier has remarked, has long since become a rare book.† All praise to the names, ever-green in Vire, of MM. Asselin, De Corday, De Cheux de Saint-Clair, Desrotours de Chaulieu, Dubourg d'Isigny, Flaust, Huillard d'Aignaux, Lanon de la Renaudière, Le Normand, and Robillard:—

"In Heaven
"Be given,
"Good souls, to your spirits repose!"‡

The volume was printed at Avranches, on paper of various sizes and sorts, manufactured at Vire; and the

* Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature, vol. v.; and Hallam, Literature of the Middle Ages, 1839, vol. ii. p. 302.

† Description Raisonnée d'une jolie Collection de Livres (nouveaux mélanges tirés d'une petite Bibliothèque), par Charles Nodier: Paris, 1844, p. 211.

‡ Vau-de-Vire xvii. First Series.

editorſhip was confided to M. Aſſelin, ſous-prefet of Vire, who loſt no time in fulfilling his miſſion. In 1811, the new edition appeared; the impreſſion being limited to 148 copies.*

Beſides the copy of Jean De Ceſne's edition, M. Aſſelin had the privilege of being enabled to uſe a MS. of the Vaux-de-Vire of great intereſt and importance, which, in the cloſe of laſt century, came into the poſſeſſion of M. Polinière, a phyſician of Vire, and which has ſince been known as the Polinière MS. This MS. appears to be of the time, though not written by the hand, of Jean Le Houx: it is on paper, in the original limp parchment cover, ſix inches in height, by four and a half in width, and conſiſts of ninety-four leaves, cloſely written on both ſides, beſides two in the middle, which are blank; it contains two "Recueils" of the ſongs, one conſiſting of ninety-one, and the other of twenty-five, of which number, four are twice repeated. It is written by two different ſcribes, whoſe names occur ſometimes in its pages,—viz. Jean Porée and Michel Le Pelletier. Both were intimate friends of Le Houx; the former is ſuppoſed to have been the author of the verſes "A l'Autheur, ſur ſon Livre," ſigned I. P. V., (Jean Porée, Virois), prefixed to the Firſt Series of the Vaux-de-Vire. In October 1874, having learned through the

* "In 4° Papier Vélin ſuperfin . . 11
,, Grand carré 13
In 8° Papier roſe 10
,, Vélin 64
,, Raiſin 48
,, Epreuve 2
148"

P. L. Jacob, Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Baſſelin et de Jean Le Houx: Paris, 1858, p. ii.

kind offices of M. Gaſté, that this very curious and valuable MS. was for ſale at Caen, we willingly became its poſſeſſor.

With ſuch materials, and his own other excellent opportunities of local inquiry and reſearch, it was to have been expected that the volume thus edited by M. Aſſelin would include both an accurate and reliable reproduction of the text, and alſo a careful examination of the queſtion of the authorſhip of the Vaux-de-Vire. M. Aſſelin's abilities are ſaid to have been conſiderable, and his induſtry praiſeworthy; his zeal was unqueſtionable, and his good faith beyond a doubt. Yet it muſt be admitted that the ſtandard of his conception of the duties and reſponſibilities of an editor was far from being a high one; that he betrayed great inability to ſift and examine evidence, as well as to ſhake off inveterate prepoſſeſſion and error; and thus it happened that his labours, however well intended, had the effect of prolonging for half a century an entire miſconception as to the true authorſhip of the Vaux-de-Vire; M. Aſſelin boldly giving to the world his volume as "*Les Vau-*" *devires, Poéſies du* 15*me Siècle, par Olivier Baſſelin.*"

M. Richard Seguin, the author of three ſmall but comprehenſive volumes of the hiſtory of the Norman Bocage, takes to himſelf the credit of having been the firſt to make theſe poems known in modern times, after they had long remained forgotten. He printed, at Vire, eleven of them in his "Hiſtoire de l'Induſtrie du Bocage," in 1810; one more, (compounded of two), in his "Hiſtoire Militaire des Bocains," in 1816; and ſixty-two more in his "Hiſtoire Archeologique "des Bocains," in 1822; the whole number of ſeventy-four, or rather ſeventy-five, forming, he ſays, the complete and original collection of the poems. Of that number, he attributes the firſt ſixty-eight to Olivier Baſſelin, and the remaining ſeven to Jean Le Houx, whom he calls the contemporary and editor of Baſſelin.

As M. Aſſelin's edition was printed and circulated at Vire in 1811, it would have been well if M. Seguin had not made quite ſo extenſive a claim, and had alſo given more full explanations as to the ſource from which he derived the poems, thus diſperſed in his volumes in ſo fragmentary a manner; their publication extending over a ſpace of twelve years. A leſs convenient form of poſſeſſing or uſing "the complete and original collection of the works of "that illuſtrious poet," could hardly have been deviſed.

M. De La Renaudière, M. Charles Nodier, and M. Pluquet, all appear to have entertained the project of preparing an annotated edition of the Vaux-de-Vire. But they ultimately made over the taſk to M. Louis Du Bois; who, in 1821, publiſhed his "Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Baſſelin, Poëte "Normand de la fin du XV^e^ Siècle," together with a "Choix "de Chanſons Normandes, tirées d'un Manuſcrit du milieu "du XV^e^ Siècle;" and, laſtly, a "Choix de Vaux-de-Vire de "Le Houx." M. Du Bois aſſigned ſixty-two of the Vaux-de-Vire printed by him, to Baſſelin, and twelve to Le Houx; and he beſtowed a good deal of labour on ſome diſſertations which, with many uſeful notes and various readings, he added to the text. But he too implicitly followed the guidance of M. Aſſelin, his predeceſſor; his ſelection of Norman ſongs from the rich MS. of Bayeux was hurriedly and imperfectly made; and numerous errors, together with the diſadvantage of a heavy and too ſcholaſtic ſtyle, detracted from the merits of what would otherwiſe have been an elegant and attractive volume.

M. Du Bois' edition of 1821 having become exhauſted, another was publiſhed, in 1833, at St. Lo, in Normandy, under the editorial care of M. Julien Travers; who ſays, that he was ſurrounded by every ſort of ſource from which he could draw materials for his work. Yet he uſes, "pour "Baſſelin," as he terms it, the text of 1811; mentions that

chance procured for him the Vaux-de-Vire of Le Houx, in June 1832, while he was preparing his edition of Baſſelin; and, while he aſſigns to Baſſelin ſixty-two ſongs, he prints fifty-three others under the name of Jean Le Houx. It is ſingular enough that the learned M. Travers, verſed as he is in the hiſtory of French, and eſpecially of Norman poetry, ſhould not only have fallen into the ſame ſnare as MM. Aſſelin, Seguin, and Du Bois, but ſhould alſo have inverted the order of chronology, by placing the Vaux-de-Vire of Le Houx firſt, and thoſe which he aſſigned to Baſſelin ſecond, in his little volume.

M. Travers' admiration of the old Vaux-de-Vire went ſo far, as to lead him to favour the public with a compoſition of his own; a "paſtiche," "after the manner,"—though not up to the mark,—"of the ancients:" which he introduced, without making known its modern origin, as having eſcaped the inveſtigations of all the editors, and as being unknown to all the antiquaries of Normandy. So much cannot now be ſaid for that compoſition: we gladly abſtain, however, from here repeating the criticiſms which it provoked at the hands of divers learned countrymen of its author. But, as M. Travers ſays that he had ſuppreſſed one of the ſtanzas, on account of "la naïve groſſiereté des expreſſions," what muſt be thought of ſuch a plea, when it is known that of the apocryphal ſong, ſo cenſured by M. Travers, he was himſelf the compoſer? *

In 1858, yet another edition of the Vaux-de-Vire "d'Olivier Baſſelin et de Jean Le Houx," was publiſhed at Paris, under the editorial care of "P. L. Jacob. bibliophile;" another name, we learn, for M. Paul Lacroix. In this

* See M. Gaſté's note on p. xix. of his Introduction to "Chanſons "Normandes du XV^e^ Siècle:" Caen, 1866; and "Olivier Baſſelin et "les Compagnons du Vau-de-Vire. Une Erreur Hiſtorique et Literaire, "par M. Julien Travers:" Caen, 1867.

volume, the ſongs attributed to Baſſelin are made to precede thoſe attributed to Le Houx; and, beſides including moſt of the preſaces and notes of previous editors, it contains a number of "Chanſons Normandes, Bacchanales, et Chan- "ſons." It even gives the "Vau-de-Vire inédit" of M. Travers; but with the unheſitating declaration that it is "ridiculouſly apocryphal." M. Lacroix ſhows good judgment when he obſerves that the (true) Vaux-de-Vire are evidently of the middle or end of the ſixteenth century; and that they were firſt collected and reſtored by Jean Le Houx, if not, indeed, compoſed by him. He alſo ſpeaks, in another place, of Le Houx as having been "the editor, or rather the "author, of the Vaux-de-Vire of Baſſelin;" and remarks, in the cloſe of his preface, that "it little matters if Baſſelin and "Le Houx be but one and the ſame poet; ſinging of cider "and wine with all the gaiety of Gaul, in the good vulgar "tongue ſpoken in Normandy towards the end of the "ſixteenth century."

But we greatly fear that the uſual critical acumen of M. Lacroix deſerted him, when he advanced the theory that the Engliſh, generally accuſed of having "put an end" to poor Baſſelin, in the battle of Formigny, were merely his creditors, who ſequeſtrated his goods, and placed his perſon in ward; an ingenious hypotheſis, partially ſupported, as M. Lacroix contends, by an occaſional uſe of the term "Engloys" in that ſenſe, in thoſe times; but, we ſuſpect, too fanciful to be correct.

To all of the gentlemen who were at the pains to edit, at great expenſe of labour and time, the Vaux-de-Vire ſo dear to all Norman hearts, and ſo intereſting to many other cultivated minds, thanks are undoubtedly due; although, as, with all of them, we believe the labour to have been one of love, ſo doubtleſs it was alſo one of pleaſure. But hitherto, in the courſe of our brief ſurvey, we have had to

regret the confuſion which prevailed as to the authorſhip of thoſe ſongs, and the variance exiſting as to the date of their compoſition, their number, and their text. We have now the more agreeable duty to perform, of welcoming the clear explanations and the certainty of knowledge which have at laſt been ſupplied on all of thoſe points.

In 1833, ſhortly after the appearance of M. Travers' edition, publiſhed in that year at Avranches, M. Hebert, then the Librarian of the Public Library at Caen, had the good fortune to obtain for that inſtitution a MS. then unknown to all the editors of whom we have ſpoken, but the importance of which, relative to the Vaux-de-Vire, the genuineneſs of their text, and the queſtion of their authorſhip, it is impoſſible to over-eſtimate; for it contains, undoubtedly, in the handwriting of Jean le Houx himſelf, carefully corrected and prepared by him as for the preſs:—

(1.) A Title, proſe dedication to Bacchus, two ſonnets, ſome Latin Elegiacs, and ſome French verſes addreſſed to Le Houx by a friend, and initialed I. P. V. (believed to be "Jean Porée, Virois"). The Title is a moſt definite and clear one:—"*Le Recueil des Chanſons nouuelles du Vaude-*
"*uire, par ordre alphabetique & autres poeſies, par M. Jean*
"*Le Houx, aduocat Virois.*" "*Le Recueil des Chanſons*
"*nouuelles du Vau de Vire, par ordre alphabetique, plus y*
"*ſont adiouſtés a la fin quelques cantiques ſpirituelz pour le*
"*jour ou nuict de Noël, par M. J. L. H. V.*"

(2.) A collection of eighty-nine Vaux-de-Vire.

(3.) A ſecond collection of twenty-ſeven Vaux-de-Vire, with the title, "*Second recueil des Chanſons du Vaudeuire*
"*nouuelles, par M^e J. Le Houx aduocat Virois*, 1611."

(4.) A collection of thirty-two "Noëls," with the title, "*Nouueaux Cantiques de Noël, par M. Jean Le Houx,*
"*aduocat Virois.*"

All of the above are in one handwriting; as to which

we ſhall have more to ſay preſently. Then follow, in a later and entirely different ſtyle of handwriting, a number of Chanſons pour boire, Sonnets, Bouts-Rimés, Virelays, Epigrammes, Rondeaux, etc., evidently compoſed and inſerted in the volume at long ſubſequent periods, but which here need no further notice. There is alſo on the interior of the cover of the volume, written in the ſame hand as the Latin Elegiacs at its beginning, the verſe—

"Et ſapiens animum nugis aliquando relaxat:"

an apology offered by the author of the "*Chanſons du Vaudeuire nouuelles*" for their light and trivial character.*

It appears as if now at laſt, from the year 1833, the learned editors and antiquaries of Normandy having ſuch a MS. in the Public Library of one of their principal and moſt literary cities,—"the centre," ſays Madame De Sevigné, "of all our greateſt wits,"—could have had little difficulty in ſettling the queſtion as to the authorſhip of the Vaux-de-Vire, which had ſo long excited ſo much intereſt among them, and yet had ſo greatly perplexed them. But the hiſtory of the change in the belief which had ſo long been popular, brought about by means of this precious MS., is a curious one, ſhowing how very gradual is the proceſs by which ſuch errors in the hiſtory of literature are corrected, even in our own times, when knowledge is ſuppoſed to be ſo rapidly diffuſed. M. Gaſté has given a ſort of "*Catena Patrum*," illuſtrating the progreſs of extirpation of the old hereſy, and the introduction of the new and true faith, which is ſo complete as to be capable of but little addition at our hands.

In 1824, M. Crapelet clearly diſcerned that the language of the Vaux-de-Vire was rather that of the end of the ſixteenth century than that of the time of Baſſelin; but he

* A. Gaſté, Jean le Houx, pp. 31, 32, note.

attributed this to a ſuppoſed proceſs of reſtoration at the hand of Le Houx.

In 1833, M. Travers had, as we have mentioned above, inſinuated a doubt whether Le Houx, a poet formed on the model of Baſſelin, was not himſelf the true author of the ſongs printed under the name of the fuller of Vire; treating his idea, however, only as a hypotheſis which he would not cheriſh in the abſence of proof, but adding the forcible remark that never had two poets ſo ſtrong a family reſemblance as Baſſelin and Le Houx.

In 1848, M. Boiſard obſerved that the poems of Le Houx and Baſſelin were characteriſed by a conformity of ideas and of ſtructure well fitted to caſt doubts on the authenticity of the latter.

In 1849, M. Edeleſtand de Meril came to a ſimilar concluſion, to which he was led by the very literary character of the Vaux-de-Vire, proving, as he thought, that tradition had been deceived by a *pſeudonym*, adopted on account of the Bacchic nature of the verſes, and a deſire of the real author to remain hidden under the concealment of a popular name: Le Houx, the advocate, behind the maſk of Baſſelin, the miller!

In 1857, M. Paul Boiteau, who was ſtruck by the reſemblance between the works attributed to Jean Le Houx and thoſe attributed to Baſſelin, was further much impreſſed by the lively, healthful, clear, and vigorous diction of the Vaux-de-Vire, and by their rich, varied, and harmonious rhythm; and remarked that on conſidering that perfection of form, and regularity of detail, he could not help feeling aſtoniſhment, and ſometimes entertaining a doubt.

In a work publiſhed in 1852, and ſplendidly illuſtrated, the text of which was prepared by MM. Mancel, (then librarian of the public library of Caen), Charma, Travers,

Profeſſors at Caen, and de Beaurepaire,* we find theſe gentlemen, while praiſing the talent and ſparkling gaiety of thoſe ſongs, declaring that they believed Olivier Baſſelin not to have been their author, and that they did not heſitate to recogniſe as the true father of thoſe joyous ſongs, Jean le Houx, the King's advocate in the "Baillage de "Vire," in the cloſe of the ſixteenth century.

M. Eugene de Beaurepaire ſoon made this inquiry the ſubject of cloſer examination; and in a ſeparate publication, in 1858, adduced internal evidence on which he queſtioned the juſtice of attributing the Vaux-de-Vire to Baſſelin; he pointed out diſtinctly that nothing in the publication of Jean de Ceſne warranted the arbitrary aſſumption that to Jean le Houx was due the credit of having publiſhed them, but to Baſſelin that of having written them. But further, on examining the MS. of Caen, M. de Beaurepaire came to theſe very decided concluſions:—Firſt, That all of the three parts of which that MS. conſiſts (ſo far as its contents relate to this queſtion) are attributed therein to Jean le Houx, both collectively and individually. Second, That the number of eraſures, corrections, and alterations, indicate the MS. to be autograph of Le Houx. Third, That the ſhort preliminary pieces (noticed above) are quite unmeaning, unleſs Le Houx be admitted to be the ſole and excluſive author of the Chants Nouveaux, previouſly ſo generally attributed to Baſſelin. M. De Beaurepaire adds, that in Jean De Ceſne's edition there are certain Vaux-de-Vire which could not by poſſibility be juſtly attributed to Baſſelin, and others in which the author alludes to his profeſſion of advocate, to his baptiſmal name of Jean, and to his domeſtic circumſtances; and he finally ſtates his conviction, that public opinion had been completely led aſtray on

* La Normandie Illuſtrée (Calvados): Nantes, 1852. 3 tom. in folio.

that ſubject :—that now the error is no longer poſſible :—that it is time to reſtore to Le Houx the nearly excluſive paternity of the "Chants Nouveaux," and to reinſtate him in his rank in that original ſpecies of Vau-de-Vire, which preſents one of the moſt captivating aſpects of Norman literature.*

And in the ſame year it was, that M. Paul Lacroix, although unacquainted with the MS. of Caen, which would doubtleſs have ſtill more deciſively influenced his mind, not only perceived the ſtyle of theſe Vaux-de-Vire to betoken a date more than a century later than that of Baſſelin, but inferred that they were all the work of one poet,—namely, of Le Houx.

But it was reſerved for another author of our own time, of no leſs ability and learning than any of the previous editors or critics of the Vaux-de-Vire, and poſſeſſing greater logical acumen, and habits of cloſer accuracy in reſearch than ſome of them appear to have done, to inveſtigate this ſubject with final and concluſive care. Seldom has any literary controverſy benefited by the labours of ſo competent an inquirer, and never, perhaps, has one been more completely and triumphantly ſettled.

M. Armand Gaſté, a native of Normandy, and a ſon of Vire,—

"Bon Virois,
"Et compagnon Galois,"—

a devoted admirer of the Vaux-de-Vire, and zealous for the fame of both of his illuſtrious townſmen, Baſſelin and Le Houx, had for ſeveral years devoted ſome of his ſtudious leiſure to a careful inveſtigation of the whole ſubject, and eſpecially to a cloſe and thorough examination of the in-

* Étude ſur Baſſelin, Jean Le Houx, et le Vaudevire Normand: Caen, 1858. Extracted from vol. xxiii. of the "Mémoires de la "Société des Antiquaires de Normandie."

valuable MS. of Caen. The pains which he took in tranſcribing with his own hand that MS. in all its moſt minute details of "lettres Gothiques," in collating it with the other leſs precious but ſtill important MS. of Polinière, as well as with the printed volume of De Ceſne preſerved at Paris, and the concluſions at which he arrived, have been fully deſcribed by M. Gaſté in his excellent theſis for his doctorate, read before the Sorbonne in 1874, "Jean Le Houx "et le Vau de Vire à la fin du XVI^e^ Siècle;" nor, perhaps, could any judge have been named, for whoſe deciſion a greater deference would be felt, than the learned Docteur-és-Lettres, Profeſſor of Rhetoric in the Lycée of Caen.

In 1862, M. Gaſté publiſhed, for the firſt time, from the MS. of Caen, the "Noëls," or Chriſtmas Carols, of Le Houx.* This was followed, in 1866, by his Eſſay on Olivier Baſſelin and the Companions of the Vau-de-Vire;† and by a learned introduction and notes to the "Chansons "Normandes du XV^e^ Siècle," publiſhed for the firſt time from the MSS. of Bayeux and Vire; as well as, in 1873, by an erudite and graceful Latin diſquiſition on the convivial ſongs of the ancient Greeks.‡ M. Gaſté's work of 1874 on Jean Le Houx and the Vau-de-Vire of his time, beſides reviewing all the literature of the ſubject, contains a moſt valuable addition in lithographic facſimiles, very carefully made, of the handwriting of the MS. of Caen, and of the handwriting of Jean Le Houx. Of the former, the firſt is of the two firſt ſtanzas of the famous Vau-de-Vire,—"Beau nez, dont les rubis ont couſté mainte pippe," and the ſecond is from one of the "Noëls." That of the handwriting of Jean Le Houx is from a deed both written and ſigned by him, dated 3d May 1614, and recorded in a

* Caen, 1862. † Caen, 1866.

‡ De Scoliis, ſive de Convivalibus Carminibus apud Græcos: Caen, 1873.

regiſter preſerved in the office of M^e de Saint Germain, notary at Vire; in which the writer deſcribes himſelf by name and degree as Licentiate in Laws, and alſo by profeſſion as Advocate at Vire. M. Gaſté has alſo compared the writing of the MS. of Caen with other documents preſerved at Vire, both in the office of M^e de Saint Germain, and in the poſſeſſion of the repreſentatives of the late M. Le Pelletier, formerly an advocate of that town.

There can be no doubt, on a compariſon of the facſimiles, and of the other documents referred to, that the handwriting in all of them is *identical;* and even the additional peculiarity of the variation from a ſlanting to an upright hand, which is found in the Caen MS., is found alſo in one of the moſt remarkable deeds known to have been written and executed by Jean Le Houx; that, namely, by which he founded eight low maſſes for the poor: in which both the ſlanting and the upright portions of the writing perfectly agree with the correſponding portions of the MS. of Caen.

Further, M. Gaſté has alſo clearly ſhown, not only that the Vaux-de-Vire and the Noëls of the MS. of Caen are altogether in the handwriting of Jean Le Houx, but alſo that they are his own compoſitions, deſcribed, and treated, and referred to by him as ſuch, and by him inſcribed with his own name, and with his initials.

In the proſe dedication of his book to Bacchus, in his Sonnet to his book, in his addreſs to the critics, as well as in his Latin Elegiacs, he always writes in the firſt perſon, as being the author of the poems, reſponſible for them, and the only one who could truly deſcribe the feelings under which they were compoſed.

In the verſes, alſo, from a friendly pen, which are prefixed to the MS., ſigned I. P. V., and ſuppoſed to be by Jean Porée, Virois, a contemporary and perſonal friend of Le

Houx, and one of the writers of the Polinière MS., already more particularly noticed, the name of Le Houx is expreſſly mentioned as being the author.

The ſame MS., beſides, contains numerous alterations, eraſures, corrections, and various readings, ſuch as we might expect to find made by the hand of the author, and by that of no one elſe. Some of theſe may appear to us now to be doubtful improvements on the original idea, or expreſſion, for which they were ſubſtituted; but their general nature, — independent of the handwriting, — remarkably coincides with what we know of Le Houx's perſonal hiſtory, his increaſing age, and the circumſtances of the times in which he lived. Sometimes an original line is modified, even at the coſt of ſpirit and vigour, to ſuit the notions of the prieſts and prieſtly party; perhaps alſo to gratify that increaſing ſentiment of devotion, which, never abſent from the mind of the poet, manifeſted itſelf more and more, in various ways, as he advanced in years. In theſe reſpects, ſome of the changes which Le Houx made on his verſes remind us of like alterations, made,—with ſimilar reſults,— by our own poet Wordſworth.

It might not have been neceſſary for us to offer any remarks on the character of Le Houx, on which his poems throw ſo much light, had it not been for miſapprehenſions which, on very inſufficient grounds, have ſometimes been entertained. The late Dr. Dibdin, of whoſe hurried viſit to Vire we have already ſpoken, although evidently much ſtruck by the livelineſs and vigour, as well as grace, of the ſongs of the Vau-de-Vire, appears to have formed a very erroneous impreſſion as to the temperament and habits of their author, when he ſays:—"This Baſſelin," (for Dibdin lived, and probably died, in the old belief which he had learned from the edition of 1811, of which, in 1818, he ſucceeded in obtaining a copy from M. De La Renaudière

BRIDGE OVER THE VIRE: HOUSE OF BASSELIN.

for the library of his patron, Earl Spencer), "appears to "have been the French Drunken Barnaby of his day;" * —although, in his own odd way, the author of the "Biblio- "mania" perhaps comes a little nearer the truth, in ſome reſpects, when in a ſubſequent paſſage he adds:—"He had "a ſtrange propenſity to ruſticating, and preferred the "immediate vicinity of Vire—its quiet little valleys, running "ſtreams, and rocky receſſes—to a more open and more "diſtant reſidence. In ſuch places, therefore, he carried "with him his flaſks of cider and his flagons of wine. "Thither he reſorted with his boon and merry companions, "and there he poured forth his ardent and unpremeditated "ſtrains. Theſe ſtrains all ſavoured of the jovial propenſi- "ties of their author, it being very rarely that tenderneſs of "ſentiment, whether connected with friendſhip or love, is "admitted into his compoſitions. He was the thorough- "bred Anacreon of the cloſe of the fifteenth century."†

But Jean Le Houx, the true "Anacreon" here ſpoken of, appears, from all the internal evidence of his own writings, to have been, on the contrary, of a penſive, ſentimental, and even melancholy temperament; ſeeking the ſociety of pleaſant companions to cheer the depreſſion of his own ſpirits, and, when alone, writing occaſionally his gay ſongs, to be ſung, in the faſhion of his country and times, at their next feſtal meeting: but "ſober-minded," and of ſober ways, himſelf, hating and utterly diſcountenancing in others all diſſipation and exceſs, as well as all moroſeneſs and miſerlineſs of diſpoſition, whether diſplayed in the hoarding of money or in the denial of good cheer and liberal hoſpitality. To love, he candidly declares, he was not much addicted; having eſcaped from thoſe eyes,—"fair "baſiliſks,"—which had well-nigh ſlain him, he vows that

* Dibdin, Tour, vol. i. p. 338. † Ibid. p. 434, note.

in vain henceforth will their ſnares be ſet for him;—he, rather ungallantly, declares that to him to drink is ſweeter than a kiſs;—even that fair Magdalene whom he once beheld "in garden all trelliſed with ſhade," ſlumbering on her couch of dewy turf ſhaded by foliage and enamelled with flowers, he reſigned and quitted rather than forſake his love of "the tavern and buſh for its ſign," and of that good wine on which he doated, as eſſential to the preſervation of his health!

"Beauteous ivy! How my heart
"Leaps with joy, when branch of thine
"I behold, from ev'ry part,
"Gracefully its garlands twine!

"In the ivy-buſh I trace
"Plant of moſt conſummate grace,
"Showing me where I may fill
"Goblets in a fitting place."*

He was learned in his profeſſion as an Advocate, as we know from the verſes of his friend Sonnet De Courval; and, as we are told by himſelf, he "very highly eſteemed "that eſtate." Yet he dreaded and diſliked the din and ſtir of "wrangling courts and ſtubborn law;" he found it eaſier

"to aſſail and drain
"A wine-pot than a legal caſe;"—

he had, betimes, "reſigned law's drudgery;"—he deteſted law-ſuits, the very name of which "filled him with fear;"—and he thanked good liquor for having allured him from thoſe legal ſtudies of Inſtitutes and Pandects, of which, in the eyes of his friend if not of himſelf, the rubricated paragraphs ſhone like roſy wine. His playful, but warmly-expreſſed animoſity to the routine of his calling, reminds us of the ſentiment of the famous Spaniſh poet, Don Luis de

* Vau-de-Vire xx. Second Series.

Gongora y Argote, a contemporary of Jean Le Houx, and, like him, at one time a ſtudent of laws, although afterwards called to a ſtill more ſerious vocation :—

"Let me ſhun, if I am wiſe,
"Courts of Seſſion or Aſſize :
"Worſe to me than thorns or brambles
"Are the thorny Law's preambles." *

But there was one day,—if but one,—in all the year, which thoroughly awoke the ſympathetic enthuſiaſm of Maiſtre Le Houx in the welfare and hilarity of his profeſſion and of his learned brethren of the bar. This was a high day, and grand anniverſary, the "Gaudeamus" of Norman lawyers, the Feaſt of St. Yves, the 19th of May :—of the

——"ſweet and lovely month of May,
"The faireſt that in all the year
"Comes round ;"——
"The Feaſt, when counſellors reſign
"Their law, and practice abrogate,
"To quaff authentic glaſs of wine,
"And lave their throats, which pleadings fine
"Had rendered hoarſe with ſhrill debate." †

The memory of Saint Yves, the patron ſaint of mediæval lawyers, was in Normandy held in veneration for the poſſeſſion of qualities which, though far from being incompatible, are vulgarly believed to be not always found in combination. According to the old monkiſh hymn,

"Sanctus Yvo	Holy Ivo,
"Erat Brito,	Breton Chief,
"Advocatus	Was a lawyer
"Sed non latro,	Yet no thief ;—
"Res miranda	Marvel ſtraining
"Populo." ‡	Men's belief !

* Gongora, with Tranſlations, by Edward Churton. London, 1862, vol. ii. p. 101. † Vau-de-Vire lxvii. Firſt Series.

‡ A. Gaſté, Jean Le Houx, p. 125, Note.

The day appointed for the commemoration of ſo rare and praiſeworthy a character was celebrated in the various cities and towns of the province, by their reſpective legal fraternities, with a grand banquet, preceded by a maſs and other eccleſiaſtical ceremonies; the expenſe of the whole being borne by a dignitary annually elected by themſelves from their own number, and named "Le Majeur."

"A feſtival that comes in May
"Makes the heart gay:
"And then, here is good wine for cheer:
"Quench, then, your thirſt,
"Saluting firſt
"Our Major here." *

In the larger cities, ſuch as Caen, where the number of gueſts was great, and the expenſes of the legal feaſt were conſequently heavy, the Abbé De La Rue informs us that the rich Abbeys of the neighbourhood were ſometimes invited to ſupply a quota of the game, poultry, etc., required, —"le tout à ſon bon plaiſir;"—the Abbots, however, being at the ſame time threatened, in caſe of refuſal, "de "l'indignation de la Cour;" a ſyſtem of practice which ſeems ſcarcely conſiſtent with the virtuous example and rule of St. Yves! In this ſtatement the learned Abbé has been followed by M. Gaſté; both of thoſe eminent authorities citing, with perfect ſerioufneſs, an "Arrêt de la Cour "Souveraine, à Caen," profeſſing to be of the date of 15th May 1475, and demanding of the Abbey of Fontenay rather a long bill of fare,—264 head of game and poultry, —as the portion of "viande exquiſe" to be ſupplied by it, on the ſomewhat ſhort notice of four days indicated by the date of that document.

It is but juſt, however, to the Bar and High Court of Caen, to ſay, that in our reſearches on this matter we have

* Vau-de-Vire liv. Firſt Series.

found a note by M. G. Mancel, publiſhed in the Memoires of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, in which that gentleman altogether denies the authenticity of the pretended "Arrêt," and aſſigns to it the date of the end of the ſeventeenth century. He ſays that it is on ordinary paper, without the formalities required in writs iſſued by the Court; that it is ſigned "Manſutil," which he tranſlates as "Mechamment "ſubtil, ou plutôt mechamment caché;" and that M. De La Rue has taken as ſerious what really was no more than a pleaſantry imitated from Rabelais.*

"*Non noſtri tantas componere lites.*" But in Vire, where the *convives* were of moderate number,—in the days of Le Houx, it is ſaid, uſually about forty,—("ſed non latrones"), —there ſeems no reaſon to imagine that "Le Majeur" ever failed truly and handſomely to acquit himſelf, in hoſpitality as well as in erudition and honeſty, of the duty ſo laid upon him by his learned brethren, and thus to realiſe in all reſpects the grand ideal of the character of the Breton Saint!

Beſides the numerous technical terms of law which occur throughout the Vaux-de-Vire, diſtinctly enough indicating their legal extraction, it may ſafely be inferred that no one unaſſociated with the legal profeſſion would expreſs all the rapture with which the return of the Feſtival of St. Yves is ſo often hailed in their lines; or would addreſs as brethren the Judges, Advocates, or Bailiffs,—all "la cohue,"—who in any capacity took part in that peculiar and characteriſtic ſympoſium.

Other indications of perſonal hiſtory all concur in pointing in the ſame direction; as where, in one Vau-de-Vire, the writer ſays,—

"If the drink be a meagre one,
"I'll only have the name of *John*;"—

* Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de Normandie. Serie 2, vol. ii. p. 434.

that being the name of Le Houx, but not of Baſſelin: and the date given in another,—

"Sixteen hundred and twelve was the time
"When a good cider lad made this rhyme,"—

could as little apply to the epoch of Baſſelin, as it clearly agrees with that of Le Houx.

Additional reaſons, not leſs concluſive, would, were it needed, ſtill further corroborate the proof of the authorſhip of theſe Vaux-de-Vire belonging not to the humble fuller, but to the far more highly educated and accompliſhed Advocate of Vire:—ſuch as various claſſical alluſions met with in their lines; the compoſition of Latin verſes and of the ſcholaſtic ſong,—"Louons l'Eternel, *Bibimus ſatis;*" imitations of Perſius, of the Greek Anthology, of Euripides, Anacreon, Cratinus, Horace, Martial, Plautus, Pliny, and Ovid. There occur, too, numerous indications of acquaintance with portions of French literature of date ſubſequent to the age of Baſſelin, but ſynchroniſing perfectly with that of Le Houx; peculiar forms of verſification and rhythm, adopted from French poets of the ſame time,—(no fewer than twenty-three from Ronſard alone);—and familiar knowledge ſhown of the works of Rabelais, Bonaventure des Periers, Malherbe, Guédron, and Remy Belleau. It adds to our other obligations to M. Gaſté, that he has carefully pointed out all of the particular paſſages ſo referred to which he has been able to diſcover; and to his works we have great pleaſure in referring thoſe of our readers who may deſire to proſecute the ſubject further.

A wider range of ſimilar inſtances might be ſupplied, were we to ſeek for them in literature originating beyond the Pyrenees, or on this ſide of the Channel: "the cheſtnuts "and the pears," "roaſting on the hearth-ſtone," while the neighbours ſociably chat by the fire, over their wine, might find a prototype in Gongora's lines,—

"In chafing-diſh good ſtore I'll throw
"Of beech or cheſtnut-fruits, nor fail
"To win ſome neighbour's merry tale;"—*

well imitated, in modern times, by our own Macaulay;—

"When the oldeſt caſk is opened,
"And the largeſt lamp is lit,
"When the cheſtnuts glow in the embers,
"And the kid turns on the ſpit;
"When young and old in circle
"Around the firebrands cloſe;" †

So the "garden all trelliſed with ſhade" may well recall that charming love-ballad of Sir Walter Raleigh,—

"As at noon Dulcinea reſted
"In a ſweet and ſhady bower,"—

honoured to all time by the benediction of Izaak Walton:—"They were old-faſhioned poetry, but choicely good: I "think much better than the ſtrong lines that are now in "faſhion in this critical age." ‡

The alluſions in Vau-de-Vire LXXXIII. had been ſuppoſed by many,—among others, by M. Vaultier and M. Sainte-Beuve,—to have referred to the Siege of Vire by the Engliſh in 1417; but would apply quite as well to that in 1563; while the "eſtrangers" ſpoken of in Vau-de-Vire XIX. (Firſt Series), might well be the ſoldiers of Montgommery. So in Vau-de-Vire LXXXVII. the concluſion of a peace is celebrated, with the defeat of "thoſe falſe leaguers;" which in all probability applies to the ſurrender of Paris in 1594. And in Vau-de-Vire XLI. the battles of Dreux and of St. Denys are expreſſly named; events of 1562 and 1567, more than a century later than the fatal day when poor

* Gongora, by Edward Churton, vol. ii. p. 168.

† Lays of Ancient Rome: London, 1855, p. 61.

‡ The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation. By Izaak Walton. London, J. Major, 1823, p. 76.

Olivier Baſſelin is ſuppoſed to have been "mis à fin" on the field of Formigny, falling, however, in the moment of victory.

Although the foregoing pages contain ſome indications of the high eſtimation in which theſe Vaux-de-Vire of Jean Le Houx have been held by his own countrymen, this, perhaps, is ſcarcely the place for any elaborate diſcuſſion of their literary merits. In a collection of conſiderably more than one hundred ſongs, of which, amid all their diverſity of treatment and expreſſion, the dominant theme is the praiſe of cider, of wine, and of good-fellowſhip, it may be expected that there will occaſionally occur ſome monotony of ſentiment, perhaps ſome feebleneſs of execution. But it will alſo be found that other topics than thoſe of mere conviviality are not always excluded from the lyre of Le Houx; and we ſhould be well pleaſed if we could venture to hope that in making theſe Vaux-de-Vire known to the Engliſh reader, we had ſucceeded in transfuſing any portion of that quaint, lively, and varied grace, by which, in their native language, they ſeem to us to be pervaded;—

"Though by the way, Sir," ſays Don Quixote de la Mancha, "I think this kind of verſion from one language to "another . . . is like viewing a piece of Flemiſh tapeſtry "on the wrong ſide, where, though the figures are diſtin-"guiſhable, yet there are ſo many ends and threads, that "the beauty and exactneſs of the work is obſcured, and not "ſo advantageouſly diſcerned as on the right ſide of the "hangings." *

In France, the Vaux-de-Vire have excited the intereſt and received the praiſe of many able critics, from their own times down to thoſe of Sainte Beuve,† one of the ableſt of

* Don Quixote de la Mancha, Part ii. chap. lxii., Jarvis' Tranſlation.

† Tableau Hiſtorique et Critique de la Poeſie Françaiſe au XVI^e^ Siècle: Paris, 1869, p. 8, and Note.

all: in England and America, though as yet but imperfectly known, they have received high commendation from the few who have made their acquaintance. "As a collection "of popular drinking-ſongs," ſays the accompliſhed author of "Studies in Early French Poetry,"* "this of the worthy "Maſter Le Houx ſeems to me unequalled. There are "many good ſongs in Engliſh and Scotch, but no one ſet, "belonging to one century, ſo rich and ſpirited as theſe."

In the text and arrangement of theſe ſongs of the Vau-de-Vire, to the end of the Second Series, the MS. of Caen, as edited by M. Gaſté, has been implicitly followed, with the ſingle exception of the burdens of the ſongs being repeated after each ſtanza, where in the original that is in ſome caſes only indicated. The remaining ſix Vaux-de-Vire, from the Polinière MS., although wanting in the MS. of Caen, have every other ſign of authenticity.

Previous editors of the Vaux-de-Vire had accumulated many commentaries, of more or leſs importance, "tam bien "que mal," on the text which they ſeverally thought fit to adopt; of which many have been preſerved by M. Gaſté, with valuable additions of his own. In this way, indeed, the writings of Le Houx may be ſaid to have received nearly as much annotation as thoſe of ſome of the ancient claſſical authors of good repute. But many of thoſe commentaries, whether explanatory or controverſial, originated in ſuppoſed obſcurities and uncertainties of the text, now happily removed; while of others the peculiar intereſt is limited to French readers.

The alluſions which to an Engliſh eye may ſeem to require any explanation, are really few in number, and may be here noticed in a very brief and compendious manner;

* London, 1868, p. 82.

while any one deſirous of proſecuting the ſtudy of the language and hiſtory of the Vaux-de-Vire, will find in the quotations and references of M. Gaſté a uſeful fund of information.

The play on words contained in such alluſions as thoſe to the Abbey of Bec, to Pont-Ecoulant, and to Angouleſme, ſufficiently explains itſelf. Of other places mentioned by name, Brouage was a town of the ſalt marſhes near Rochelle, whence Vire received its chief ſupplies of ſalt; Guibray, a place near Falaiſe, celebrated for the humours of its great annual fair; and La Bouille, the port, on the Seine, at which it was then cuſtomary for paſſengers for Rouen to land. The Malvoiſie, Malvaiſie, or Mervoiſie, ſo often ſpoken of, was the name of a ſweet ſort of wine, reſembling that of Cyprus,—or Malmſey; Hypocras, a mixture of wine, ſugar or honey, and cinnamon or other ſpice; and Muſcadel, a peculiar ſpecies of cider, made from apples grown near Pont-Audemer, of an exquiſite muſky flavour; a cider "which," ſays M. Du Bois, "puts to the bluſh the beſt ſorts "of wine." The Doux-Dagorie, and the Dameret, were choice and beautiful kinds of apples, both noted for producing excellent cider: the one being of an amber colour, and delicate flavour, but its cider beſt fitted for ſpeedy conſumption; the other yielding cider of a fine reddiſh hue, and ſtrong, but heady.

Of the *refrains* of ſome of the ſongs, it ſeems to be generally concluded by French writers that although ſome of them may be relics of ancient Pagan Bacchanalian cries, they are in great meaſure "inſignifians." But one of them, "Tire-la-Rigault," or "Tire-larigot," the Dictionnaire de l'Académie explains by ſaying,—"Boire à tire-larigot," "Boire "exceſſivement;" and of its poſſible origin a curious legend has been preſerved. The ſtory runs, that Odo Rigault, the famous Archbiſhop of Rouen, preſented the Cathedral of

Rouen, in the middle of the thirteenth century, with a very great and ponderous bell:—"and becauſe in former times "the ringers uſed to take a good drink before ringing it, it "paſſed into a common proverb to ſay of a hearty drinker, "that he drinks 'à tire-la-Rigault.'" M. Gaſté, however, ſeems rather inclined to adopt the derivation from "larigot," a ſort of ſhepherd's ruſtic pipe, mentioned in the poems of Saint Amand and Ronſard; and which, as deſcribed in the Dictionnaire de l'Académie, appears to have been the reed inſtrument familiarly known as "Pan's pipes."

The water of "bright Clitoria's ſtream," as the claſſical reader will recollect, was ſaid by Ovid and Pliny to be preferred, by thoſe who drank of it, to wine.

Of a phraſe in Vau-de-Vire V. of the Firſt Series,—

"Here 's wine that 's of the beſt,
"That makes the ear prick up,"—

the following curious explanation is given:—"Vin d'une "oreille, ſe dit d'un vin excellent, parce que celui qui en "boit, penche une oreille, en ſigne d'approbation; et vin "de deux oreilles ſe dit d'un mauvais vin, parce que le "buveur ſecoue la tête en ſigne de mécontentement." (Dict. de l'Acad. Franc. v. *Vin.*)

Excepting as characteriſtic of a local uſage referred to in the ſame Vau-de-Vire, and which perhaps has been preſerved from the time of Le Houx, it may ſeem ſcarcely worth while to mention ſo minute an incident as that at Vire, over a barber's ſhop near the great church, we ſaw—not one barber's baſin only, but,—

"*Some* barber's baſins,—placed
"O'er the doorway."

The ſingular practice recorded in the lines,—

"Apple-trees are grown beſide
"Churchyards where the dead abide,"

may be ſtill obſerved in very many parts of Normandy; it firſt attracted our notice in ſome churchyards which we paſſed on the road to Jumiéges from Caudebec,

"On the pleaſant banks of Seine." *

Of the friend of Le Houx, whoſe hapleſs fate is commemorated in Vau-de-Vire VI. of the Second Series,—

"Alas, dear friend, I well believe thy death
"Was ſad, when thou wert in the water drowned,"—

the name is unknown. When the fortreſs of Tombelaine, an iſland near Mont St. Michel, capitulated on the 8th of November 1592, Seguin informs us that "*Le Vicomte de* "*Vire*, Louis de Greſtain, et le Seigneur de Grippon ſe "noyerent le même jour en venant à terre;" † but whether that event may have been here alluded to, is matter of pure conjecture.

Farin du Gas, (or Dugaſt, as it has often been printed), was doubtleſs one of the moſt conſpicuous of thoſe

"Bons Virois,
"Et compagnons Galois,"

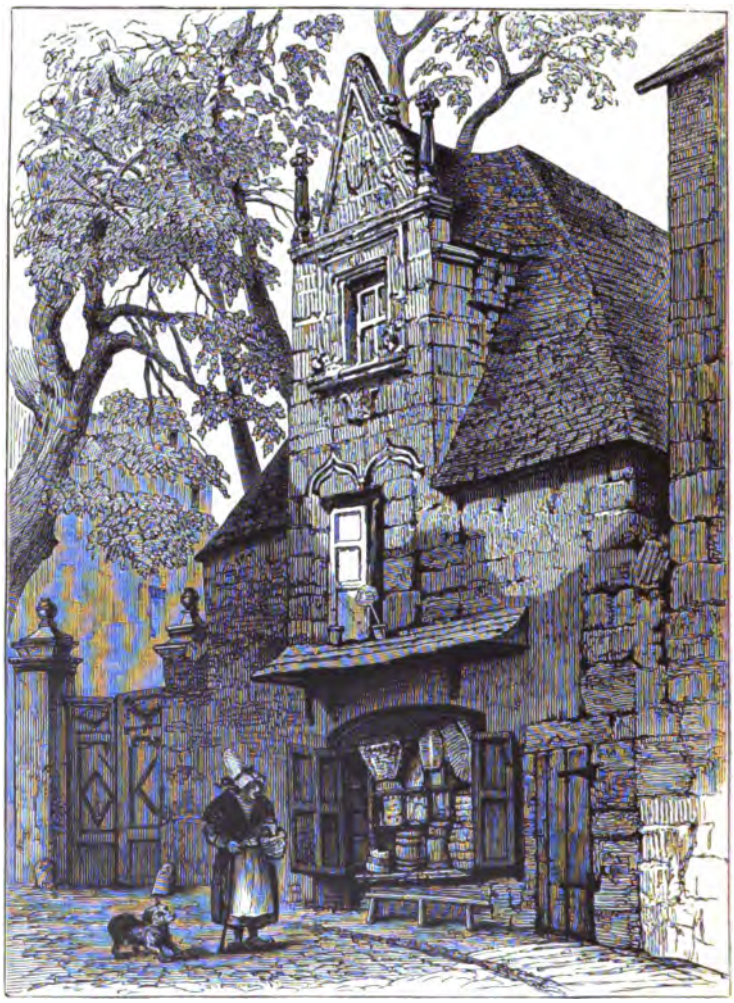
to whoſe

——"lips of roſy dye,
"With great jowls in purple dight,
"Singing theſe new Vaux-de-Vire,"

Le Houx was wont to liſten with ſuch delectation. But of the reſt of his hiſtory we know no more than can be gleaned from this Vau-de-Vire, (III. of the Series from the Polinière MS.)

The alluſions in Vau-de-Vire XIII. of the Second Series, being to the game of tennis, may ſeem obſcure to thoſe not verſed in the language and rules of that game. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be mentioned that "fifteen "and a biſque" are a ſort of double odds,—fifteen of odds

* Remains of Arthur Henry Hallam. Privately printed, 1853, p. 46.
† Hiſtoire Militaire des Bocains: Vire, 1816, p. 393.



OLD HOUSE AT VIRE OF THE TIME OF JEAN LE HOUX.

towards the ſcore, and alſo an additional chance,—given to one of the players.

Notwithſtanding Le Houx's frequent notice of the ivy, or of the ivy and yew-tree, as "the buſh," the old and well-known ſign of a tavern, which never failed to excite ſuch enthuſiaſm in the mind of the bard, perſonal obſervation has taught us that throughout Normandy, at the preſent time, the favourite evergreen plant commonly uſed for that purpoſe is neither the ivy nor the yew, but the miſſletoe. Whether by his "belle lierre," of which Maiſtre Le Houx could write :—

"In the ivy buſh I trace
"Plant of moſt conſummate grace;
"Showing me where I may fill
"Goblets in a fitting place,"—

he intended to ſignify the elegant miſſletoe rather than the more common though alſo very graceful ivy, or whether the botanical faſhions of "the tavern and buſh for its ſign" may have changed in the centuries which have elapſed ſince his time, we cannot tell. But certainly by many a road-ſide, in many a rural village, and in the ſtreets of many an ancient town, large and beautiful garlands of that delicate paraſite of the apple-tree, ſometimes with a cluſter, or a croſs, of coral and amber-coloured apples taſtefully arranged in the centre, now moſt fitly indicate the refreſhing preſence of cider, the produce of the tree on which the miſſletoe chiefly finds its airy habitation ;—

"And if my verdict you'll believe,
"You won't receive
"Another drink in Normandy!"

J. P. M.

RECUEILS
DES CHANSONS NOUVELLES
DU VAU DE VIRE

PAR M. JEAN LE HOUX.

A BACCHUS.

Ie vous dedie cecy, bon Denis, chaſſe-ſoing, pere de lieſſe ; auſſi bien auez vous eſté la ſource cheualine qui m'a faict produire ces joyeuſetez, apres auoir eſté abbreuué de votre ſouefue & viuifiante liqueur. La bonne a produit les meileurs vers, & la mauuaiſe les pires. Toutesfois, s'ilz ne ſont aſſez bien limés & rythmés, je ne m'en ſoucie gueres, eſperant que les bons compagnons, qui les praticqueront ſur le vin, ne daigneront perdre vn ſeul coup a boire, pour s'abuſer a les corrector. Je crains neantmoins la dent famelicque & la langue alterée de ces auares rechignez, qui, ayans les celiers pleins, ſe laiſſeroient pluſtoſt emporter au rheume & a la toux, que ſe rechauffer l'eſtomach d'vn verre de leur bon vin, qu'ilz ne boyuent s'il n'eſt aigre & pouſſé. Leur chappeau gras, leur viſage bleſme, leur mine triſte & leur œil enfoncé, qui ſemble touſiours aguigner l'heritage de leurs voiſins, font iuger que chez eux on ne pourroit faire mourir la ſoif, ſans preiudice du ventre & de la ſanté. Qu'ilz murmurent donc, le bec en l'eau, tout leur ſaoul, tandis que vos bons ſuppoſtz, faute de plus ſerieux diſcours, s'eſiouiront honneſtement enſemble, le dos au feu & le ventre a la table, taſchans a ne laiſſer le vin au pot.

TO BACCHUS.

THIS work I dedicate to you, kind Dionyſos, kill-care, father of mirth; to you, the true Hippocrene which inſpired me with theſe gay ſongs, after my thirſt had been quenched by your ſweet and vivifying liquor. The good wine has produced the better verſes, and the bad, the worſe ones. At all events, if they be not finely finiſhed in poliſh and rhythm, I care but little; hoping that the jolly companions who will practiſe them over their wine, will not think of loſing a ſingle round of the bottle, to waſte their time in correcting them. I dread, nevertheleſs, the ravening fang and parched tongue of thoſe grudging miſers, who, having their cellars full, would rather let cold and cough carry them off, than warm their ſtomach by a glaſs of their own good wine; which they will never drink till it is ſour and ſpoilt. Their greaſy hat, their pallid face, their woful mien, and ſunken eye, which ſeems ever to be hankering after their neighbours' heritage, tell us that in their houſes one could never kill thirſt, without doing a miſchief to one's own ſtomach and health. Let them, then, go on grumbling, with their muzzles in water, all alone; whilſt your good lieges, for want of more ſerious diſcourſe, enjoy themſelves honeſtly in company, with their back to the fire and their breaſt at the table, ſtriving to drain well the wine-pot.

L'AUTHEUR A SON LIVRE.

SONNET.

Si croyez mon conſeil, en public vous n'irés ;
De ces vieux vſuriers qui ne beuuans qu'eau pure,
Et, eſpargnans leurs biens, haſtent leur ſepulture,
Petis vers biberons, vous ſerez cenſurés.

Allez donc, malgré moy, puiſque le deſirés,
Mais hantés ceux qui ſont de ioyeuſe nature,
Et qui n'eſtans pouſſez d'auarice ou d'vſure,
Cherchent le meilleur vin quand ilz ſont alterés.

Fuyez ces beuueurs d'eau & ces viſages fades,
Le regime, la diette & ces tables mauſades,
Ou l'auare ne boit, ſinon en rechignant.

Fuyez les biberons, ſi mauuaiſe eſt leur vie ;
Et, quoy qu'on ne peut bien vous chanter qu'en beuuant,
Faictes pourtant touſiours garder la modeſtie.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

SONNET.

I think, O little book of drinking ſong,
You would do well in private to remain.
Thoſe hoary miſers, who pure water drain,
And ſtarve themſelves, will cenſure you as wrong.

Yet, if you won't be counſelled, go along.
But ſeek companions of a joyous vein;
Such as, uninfluenced by niggard gain,
When they are thirſty, ſeek wine beſt and ſtrong.

Avoid the water-drinkers, the pale face,
Sick-diet, and inhoſpitable place
Where miſers drink not, ſave begrudgingly:

Avoid wine-drinkers, if their life be naught.
And though, that with full charm your ſtrains be fraught,
Some drink you take, take it with modeſty.

SONNET.

Vous, tetricques cenſeurs, ſublimes grauitès,
Que rien que le ſeul gain ne pourroit faire rire,
Pour vous ie n'ay pas faict ces gentilz Vau de Vire,
Je vous banny, mocqueurs, de ces ioyeuſetès.

Vous blaſmez ces chanſons & vous les reiettès,
Et cuidez, abbuſez, pour du bon vin eſcrire,
Que ie ſois grand beuueur ! Contre voſtre meſdire,
Je produis mes amis, par moy les plus hantès.

Foible en complexion, je hay l'iurongnerie ;
Mais, penſant reſiſter a ma melancholie,
Je cerche ceux qui ſont de jovial' humeur.

Pour n'eſtre ſeul muet en telles gaillardiſes
Qu'ilz chantent ſans excez, j'ay, ſans eſtre beuueur,
Faict pour moy ces chanſons, lecteur, que tu meſpriſes.

SONNET.

Ye crabbed cenſors, wiſeacres ſublime,
Who never ſmile but when of gain ye hear,
Not for you made I theſe ſweet Vaux-de-Vire:
Scoffers, I baniſh you from ſuch gay time.

Ye blame theſe ſongs, and ſpurn their harmleſs rhyme,
And ſlander me as drunkard, becauſe dear
I hold good wine. Avaunt your ſpiteful ſneer!
Friends who beſt know me, clear me of ſuch crime.

Feeble in health, I hate debauchery;
But, craving to reſiſt melancholy,
I ſeek companions prone to jocund ways.

Not to be mute 'mid joyous minſtrelſies
Soberly ſung, I, ſober, made theſe lays,
Which thou, O Reader, doſt ſo lightly prize.

Bacchica bella mihi nunc ſunt bellanda bibendo :
Arma mihi veniant optima quæque mera.
Debellabo ſitim magnis cum viribus hoſtem :
Oris ſicca aditus occupat illa mei.
Pro lituo, cantu iuuat hoc accendere Martem,
Verſibus his bibulis tam bona vina cano !
Ne, quæſo, inuideas, æris cumulator & auri,
Qui toleras ſitiens guttura ſicca diu :
Si puram potare libet de fontibus vndam,
Parce, vel in mifero pectore conde nives.
Nos patere incolumes potu ſeruemus honeſto.
Pocula ſi bona ſunt, nonne modeſta minus ?
Nunc tua depromas, ſodes, languentia vina.
Sunt qui, ſi bona ſunt, pluris & empta bibent.

Non, quot ſunt cantus, author tot pocula ſumpſi ;
Ore etiam feci hos vel ſitiente modos.
Cogeris ad quoſuis nec ſumere pocula cantus,
Ne dic : iſta ſonant ebria verba gulam.

Be Bacchic battles my wine-bibbing boaſt:
My arms, all wines that are eſteemed the moſt.
With mighty force I will demoliſh thirſt,
Who now my mouth attacks, with drought accurſt.
For trumpet-call, I rouſe this war with ſong;
And good wines' praiſe in drinking-ſtrains prolong!
Nor envy thou, hoarder of braſs and gold,
Whoſe throat a chronic thirſt doth ever hold:
By thy loved draught, from pureſt fount that flows,
Spare me; or in thy cold heart heap up ſnows.
Pray let us drink in peace and honeſty:
Good wine 's not worſt when taken ſoberly.
Now draw, my friend, your oldeſt-bottled wine;
It will be drunk, though dear, if it be fine.

Not as the ſongs, ſo did I goblets take;
Nay, e'en athirſt would I theſe numbers wake.
Nor for each ſong need you a goblet drain,
Nor ſay: "Theſe lines ſmack of too vinous vein."

A L'AUTHEUR SUR SON LIVRE.

C'eſt en table, on jamais ailleurs,
On meſme vn ſage deburoit rire.
Boire & manger en font meilleurs ;
Le corps bon aliment en tire.
Qui plus naifuement eſcrire
Euſt peu, pour vn ſujet beuuant ?
LE HOVX d'vn ſtyle plus ſcauant
Traictteroit choſe plus altiere,
Cecy ne doibt donner matiere
D'excez a l'iurongne inſenſé ;
Car on peut bien chanter ſans boire
Et ſans que Dieu ſoit offencé.

I. P. V.

TO THE AUTHOR, ON HIS BOOK.

If ever wiſe men are to laugh,
At table, be ſure, is the place.
Mirth helps them to eat and to quaff,
And quickens nutrition apace.
None could with a ſprightlier grace
Diſcourſe on the topic of wine;
Although, upon matters divine,
Le Houx finer language could uſe.
Yet let not his verſes excuſe
The ſot, in his bibulous ways;
For men, without drinking, may chooſe
To ſing, to God's name giving praiſe.

CHANSONS

DU

VAU DE VIRE

SONGS

OF

THE VAU DE VIRE

CHANSONS DU VAU DE VIRE

PREMIER RECVEIL

I.

A l'amour ne ſuis addonné,
Et j'ayme encore moins les armes,
Mais le vin, des que ie fus né,
C'eſt pourquoy j'en fais tous mes carmes.
Le ſubiect en eſt il pas beau ?
Je ne veux eſtre rimeur d'eau.
Qui n'a aultre ſcience
Que Cupidon & ſon flambeau
Cela ſent bien ſon macquereau ;
Il en eſt trop en France.

Puis, en table, auec ſes amis,
Il ne faut parler que de boire.
Le grand Alexandre iadis
Et pluſieurs rois en firent gloire.
L'excez ie n'aprouue pourtant :
Mais qui s'altere en trop chantant
Peut bien trois fois ou quatre
Sans vergongne boire d'aultant.
Si quelqu'vn n'y eſt conſentant,
Je m'en vay le combatre.

Il ne m'eſt plus reſté de quoy
Me deffendre en ceſte bataille.
Verſez de rechef ; armes moy,
De peur que quelqu'vn ne m'aſſaille.

SONGS OF THE VAU DE VIRE

FIRST SERIES

I.

Love is no favourite of mine;
Still leſs I care for feats of war:
But much I doat, from birth, on wine;
Hence all my ſongs upon it are.
Is not the ſubject very fair?
I don't for water-rhyming care.
Who treats no other ſtuff
Than Cupid's torch and flame,
Plays an ill-favoured game;
In France are ſuch, enough.

Drink, too, is the ſole theme we ply,
Sitting at table, friends beſide.
Great Alexander anciently,
And other Kings, it glorified.
Exceſs, however, I don't praiſe:
Who thirſts when chanting many lays,
Has, honeſtly, a right
Three cups or four to drain:
With him who would reſtrain
That number, I will fight.

But for ſuch combat all defence
For ſafeguard I at preſent lack.
Pour wine afreſh; my arms of fence,
To ward my perſon from attack.

Si le Roy ſa faueur donnoit
A celuy qui le mieux boiroit,
Et qu'il me peuſt congnoiſtre,
Comte ou Marquis il me feroit.
Pour veoir comment il m'aduiendroit,
Je le voudrois bien eſtre.

II.

Ayant le dos au feu & le ventre a la table,
Eſtant parmy les potz pleins de vin delectable,
Ainſi comme vn poulet
Je ne me laiſſeray mourir de la pepie,
Quand j'en deburois auoir la face cramoiſie
Et le nez violet.

Quand mon nez deuiendra de couleur rouge ou perſe,
Porteray les couleurs que cheriſt ma maiſtreſſe.
Le vin rend le tainct beau !
Vault il pas mieux auoir la couleur rouge & viue,
Riche de beaux rubis, que ſi palle & chetiue
Ainſi qu'vn beuueur d'eau ?

On m'a deffendu l'eau, au moins en beuuerie,
De peur que ie ne tombe en vne hydropiſie ;
Je me perdz ſi j'en boy.
En l'eau n'y a ſaueur. Prendray ie pour breuuage
Ce qui n'a poinct de gouſt ? Mon voiſin qui eſt ſage
Ne le faict, que ie croy.

Qui ayme bien le vin eſt de bonne nature.
Les mortz ne boyuent plus dedans la ſepulture.
Hé ! qui ſcait s'il viura
Peult eſtre encor demain ? Chaſſons melancholie.
Je vay boire d'autant a ceſte compaignie :
Suyue qui m'aymera ! . . .

Were but the King's moſt favoured one
He who for drinking beſt was known,
And the King but knew me,
Count, Marquis, me he'd name;
To taſte ſuch novel fame,
I fain that one would be!

II.

Behind me the fire, and the table before,
Surrounded by pots with good wine brimming o'er,
I do not propoſe
To die, like a chicken, of pip, when my face
A rubicund colour ought rather to grace,
And purple my noſe.

When it ſhall in roſe and carnation appear,
The colours I'll wear to my miſtreſs are dear;
Wine paints them ſo fair!
'Tis better to bloom with a fine lively red,
Enriched with bright rubies, than pallid, half-dead,
Cold water to ſhare!

I dare not uſe water for drink, I confeſs,
Leſt I fall into dropſical wat'rineſs;
I'm doomed in that caſe.
In water's no ſavour. Am I then to uſe
So taſteleſs a liquid? Wiſe neighbours refuſe
Such peril to face.

Good lovers of wine have a nature that's ſound.
In the grave, for the dead, no drinking is found.
Who knows if life ends,
Perchance, ere to-morrow? Drive ſorrow away!
I'll drink, and for all this good company pray:
Come, follow me, friends!

III.

Adam, c'eſt choſe tres notoire,
Ne nous euſt mis en tel danger,
Si, au lieu du fatal manger,
Il ſe fuſt pluſtoſt mis a boire.

C'eſt la cauſe pourquoy j'euitte
D'eſtre ſur le manger gourmand:
Il eſt vray que ie ſuis friand
De vin, quand c'eſt vin qui merite.

Et pourtant, lorſque je m'aproche
Du lieu ou repaiſtre ie veux,
Je vay regardant curieux
Pluſtoſt au buffet qu'a la broche.

L'œil regarde ou le cueur aſpire:
J'ay cecy par trop œilladé.
Verre plein, s'il n'eſt toſt vuidé,
Ce n'eſt pas vn verre de Vire.

IV.

Au voiſin, de fiebure mourant,
On faiſoit boire eau de la bie.
" Helas! vous me tuez, diſoit il en plorant,
Me deffendre le vin, c'eſt m'arracher la vie.

" Helas! je deſirois touſiours
Mourir auec toy, bon breuuage!
Quand j'ay plus que jamais beſoin de ton ſecours,
Vn medecin lourdaut me deffend ton vſage.

" Cher amy, ne me quitte pas
Sur le dernier poinct de ma vie!
Sans toy, j'eſtimerois rigoureux mon trepas;
Je ne puis auoir bien hors de ta compaignie.

III.

Adam, it is ſhrewdly known,
Had not cauſed our fallen ſtate,
If, in lieu of what he ate,
He had taken drink alone.

Therefore 'tis that gluttony
I moſt heedfully avoid:
But confeſs I have enjoyed
Wine, when of high quality.

And, as often as I ſit
By the hoſtel where I dine,
My regards do more incline
To the beaufet than the ſpit.

In eye-glance heart-hopes appear:
Too long this my eyes has ſtrained.
Full wine-glaſs, not ſwiftly drained,
Would be no wine-glaſs of Vire.

IV.

To my good friend, half in his grave
With fever, they well-water gave.
"Alas!" he ſaid, and wept,—"you'll be my death:
"Forbid me wine, and you will ſtop my breath.

"With thee, good wine, as thou doſt know,
"I fain would meet the mortal blow.
"When more than ever I have need of thee,
"A loutiſh doctor cuts thee off from me.

"Dear friend, forſake me not, when I
"Am at the very point to die!
"Without thee, death indeed were terrible;
"Without thy preſence, I can ne'er be well.

" Si je meurs, a mes bons amis
Ma grande bouteille je laiſſe :
Mais que pleine elle ſoit comme elle eſtoit iadis :
Jugeront comme moy que c'eſt grande richeſſe."

Ainſi mon voiſin ſoupiroit ;
Moy, j'eus pitié de ſa miſere.
Je lui donnay du vin que l'on luy deffendoit :
La fiebure le quicta ſi toſt qu'il eult a boire.

Sur cela fondant ma raiſon,
Pour garir vne ſoif maline,
Et l'ennuy que me faict ma femme a la maiſon,
J'ay recours au bon vin comme a ma medecine.

Faute de mieux, de bon pommé
Bien ſouuent je prens vne doſe.
Tant bon eſt ceſtuy cy qu'il m'a preſque charmé.
Encor vn pot venant, & puis qu'on ſe repoſe !

V.

Au barbier qui la barbe oſte,
Qui ma barbe oſta,
Et a la mode qui trotte
Qui me la couppa,
D'argent il ne m'en couſta,
Mais je luy payay chopine,
Quand il ſceut mon origine,
Que j'eſtois Virois
Et compagnon Gallois.

Si je ſcauois qu'en la ſorte
On me deuſt payer,
Je pendrois deuant ma porte
Baſſins a barbier,
Et comme vn bon ouurier
Je dirois a tout le monde :
" Je vous pry' que ie vous tonde ;

"My largeſt bottle to dear friends
"I leave, when my exiſtence ends:
"But full of wine, as erſt it was: they'll ſee,
"As I do, 'tis a wealthy legacy."

My neighbour thus bewailed his ſtate;
I ſympathiſed with his ſad fate:
I gave him wine,—that ſame forbidden draught:—
The fever left him ſoon as he had quaffed!

From which I gained this ſcience firſt,
That to aſſuage malignant thirſt,
And all the worry of my wife at home,
I to good wine, as to my med'cine, come.

When better phyſic can't be had,
Good cider-treatment is not bad:
This is ſo good, it makes me feel half-bleſt:—
One other pot, and then we'll go to reſt!

V.

The barber, beards who ſhaves away,
My beard did ſhave;
In ſmarteſt faſhion of the day
He trimmed it brave:
To him no money-fee I gave,
But paid a chopin of good wine,
Soon as he learned my origin,
And that a ſon of Vire
I was, and jovial compeer.

Were I aſſured that in like taſte
They would me pay,
Some barber's baſins ſhould be placed
O'er my door-way;
And to each paſſer-by I'd ſay,
Like a good barber-workman grave,
"Kind ſir, let me thy fair beard ſhave;

Je ſuis bon Galois
Et compagnon Virois."

Quant j'aurois faict la beſongne,
Je ſerois contant
De leur dire ſans vergongne :
" Ne veux poinct d'argent ;
Mais pour la ſoif qui me prent
De bon vin payez choppine ;
C'eſt bon loyer pour la peine
De tout bon Galois
Et compagnon Virois."

Tout pietre plein d'auarice
Que ie congnoiſtrois,
A ſillons, ſans artifice,
Tondre le voudrois ;
Et le plus que ie pourrois
D'argent prendrois pour ma peine,
Pour mener boire choppine
Quelque bon Virois
Et compagnon Gallois.

VI.

Beau nez, dont les rubis ont couſté mainte pippe
De vin blanc & clairet,
Et duquel la couleur richement participe
Du rouge & violet ;

Gros nez, qui te regarde a trauers vn grand verre
Te iuge encor plus beau.
Tu ne reſſembles poinct au nez de quelque herre
Qui ne boit que de l'eau.

Vn coq d'Inde ſa gorge a toy ſemblable porte.
Combien de riches gens
N'ont pas ſi riche nez ? Pour te peindre en la ſorte
Il faut beaucoup de temps.

" For jovial compeer
" I am, and true-born ſon of Vire."

And when my client's chin was done,
How pleaſed I'd be
To ſay to him :—" I take alone
" No money-fee :
" Rather my thirſt would aſk of thee,
" To drink, a chopin of good wine ;
" An ample guerdon, I opine,
" For jovial compeer,
" Who is a true-born ſon of Vire."

If wretch replete with avarice
I ſhould behold,
His beard ſhould ridge-and-furrow-wiſe
Be rudely polled :
And from him I would take in gold
As much as I could make him pay,
To aſk to drink a chopin gay
Some true-born ſon of Vire,
Who is a jovial compeer.

VI.

Fair noſe ! whoſe rubies many pipes have coſt
Of white and roſy wine,
Whoſe colours are ſo gorgeouſly emboſſed
In red and purple fine ;

Great noſe ! who views thee, gazing through great glaſs,
Thee ſtill more lovely thinks.
Thou doſt the noſe of creature far ſurpaſs
Who only water drinks.

No Turkey-cock's proud throat thy tints outvies.
How many wealthy folk
Have not ſo rich a noſe ! To paint ſuch dyes,
Much time muſt be beſpoke.

Le verre eſt le pinceau duquel on t'enlumine ;
Le vin eſt la couleur
Dont on t'a peinct ainſi, plus rouge qu'vne guigne,
En beuuant du meilleur.

On dict qu'il nuiſt aux yeux. Mais ſeront ilz lez maiſtres ?
Le vin eſt gariſon
De mes maux. J'ayme mieux perdre les deux feneſtres
Que toute la maiſon.

VII.

Boire autant de fois du bon
Qu'a de lettres noſtre nom,
Cela garit noſtre vie
De ſoing & melancholie.

J'en veux auoir le cueur net.
Verſez donc dans ce goddet.
Sur ce boire d'excelence
J'en veux faire experience.

Mon nom eſt trop court vrayment,
Veu ce breuuage excelent ;
J'y voudrois bien encor mettre
A tout le moins vne lettre.

Si le breuuage n'eſt bon,
Jan *ſimplement j'auray nom ;*
Mais s'il eſt plaiſant & digne,
Mon nom ſera Marc Anthoine.

VIII.

Bon vieil drolle Anacreon,
On faict encore mœmoire
De toy, qui, bon compagnon,
Faiſois des chanſons a boire.
Pour l'amour de luy, compere,
De ce bon piot taſtons !
Mais ce nous eſt vitupere
De boire, ſi ne chantons.

The wine-glaſs is the bruſh, thy form to ſhow;
The colour is the wine,
Which paints thee with a more than cherry glow,
Drinking from choiceſt vine.

They ſay it hurts the eyes.—Are they to chooſe?
But wine doth always cure
My woes. I'd rather both the windows loſe,
Than the whole houſe, I'm ſure.

VII.

To drink as oft of liquor found
As letters in our name are found,
Is ſure to baniſh from our life
All melancholy care, and ſtrife.

I fain would purge ſuch things away.
So fill this flagon full, I pray.
On beverage ſo excellent
I'll try the ſaid experiment.

My name's too ſhort, I find, in truth,
For this is right good drink in ſooth;
So that I think at leaſt 'twere fit
To add one letter unto it.

If the drink be a meagre one,
I'll only have the name of *John*;
But if it fine and fitting be,
My name ſhall be *Mark Antony*.

VIII.

Quaint old Anacreon,
To thee the fame belongs
Of boon companion,
Who wrote his drinking-ſongs.
For love of him, my friend,
Let us this good wine drain,
And, further grace to lend,
Tune up a drinking-ſtrain!

Doncq' en mœmoire de luy,
Chacun diſe vn Vau de Vire.
Ainſi ſe paſſe l'ennuy.
Le mien premier ie vay dire :
Mon cueur ne peut pas bien rire,
Si ce n'eſt lors que ie boy.
O ! que c'eſt vn dur martire,
Bon vin, que viure ſans toy !

Quand il eſt force raiſins
Et que bonne eſt la vandange,
On viſite ſes voiſins,
On ne faict poinct de l'eſtrange ;
Le dueil en lieſſe on change ;
Tous ſont ioyeux & contans,
Et de la ſoif on ſe vange,
Chantans : Viue le bon temps !

Ne faictes point plus le fin
Que toute la compaignie.
Je vay boire a vous, voiſin,
Et a voſtre bonne amie.
Prenez garde, ie vous prie,
Maintenant comme ie boy ;
Car voſtre chanſon finie,
Faudra faire comme moy.

IX.

Bon vin, fay moy raiſon d'une ſoif violente
Dont je ſuis au goſier ardantement epris,
D'auoir recours a toy, lors qu'elle me tourmente,
J'en tiens de mes ayeux leſquelz me l'ont appris.

Je te cheris touſiours comme ma propre vie ;
Sans toy, bonne liqueur, que ſeroit ce de moy ?
Auſſi ſachant que l'eau eſt ta grande ennemie,
Je ne la puis aymer, tout pour l'amour de toy.

Then, to his memory,
Each ſing a Vau-de-Vire.
So tædium will fly:
Mine firſt I'll carol here:—
My heart can never ſmile
When for my drink I pine;
O 'tis a torture vile
To live without good wine!

When vine with cluſters bends,
And vintage-yield is good,
One viſits then one's friends,
Eſcaping ſolitude;
Sad ſpirits then rejoice;
All glad and gay we ſee;
We puniſh thirſt, our voice
Singing: "O time of glee!"

My friends, than all the reſt
Don't leſs frank-hearted prove.
Your health! and hers, whom beſt
Within your heart you love.
And notice, my good friend,
How I now drink to you:
When your ſong's at an end,
Your bumper will enſue.

IX.

Good wine, avenge me on a raging thirſt
By which my throat is violently caught.
To have recourſe to thee, when tortured firſt,
Was by my ſires the leſſon to me taught.

I ever cheriſh thee as my own life;
Without thee, liquor dear, what fate would me
Befall? I, conſcious of thy deadly ſtrife
With water, hate it, all for love of thee.

L'eau monſtre, a ſon effect, qu'a boire elle n'eſt bonne ;
Elle rend l'homme eticque & palle & morfondu ;
Mais toy, tu rendz gaillarde & ſaine la perſonne,
L'argent qu'on met pour toy n'eſt poinct argent perdu.

Puiſque je t'ayme tant, il faut que je te baiſe ;
Il faut, vin amoureux, que me baiſes auſſi.
Je ne m'en iray poinct, tant je ſuis a mon aiſe,
Tandis que ie ſcauray que tu feras icy.

X.

Ces gens la me font rire
Qui font les grans docteurs ;
Neantmoins, a vray dire,
Ne ſont que piaffeurs,
Qui de coſté ſouuent iettent l'œillade,
Brauans ſur vn pauć, pour veoir s'on les regarde.

Quand on faict bonne chere
Parmy les gobeletz,
Qu'on dict chanſons a boire,
Ilz demeurent muetz.
A mon aduis, ce n'eſt grande ſageſſe
Eſtre ſans dire mot parmy tant de jeuneſſe.

Puiſqu'en table ilz ſe trouuent
Sans propos & diſcours,
Je penſe qu'ilz ne peuuent
Bien diſcourir d'amours.
Ilz ne ſcauroient chanter un Vau de Vire.
Faut qu'ilz viennent a nous, afin de les inſtruire.

Aual ceſte venelle
Ce bon boire verſons.
Toute la kyrielle
De drolles & garçons,
Je boy a vous, car beaucoup ie vous priſe :
Et puis ie vous diray nouuelles de Deniſe.

Water, if drunk, entails refults not good;
For it makes mortals hectic, pallid, pained;
Thou giv'ſt my body health and hardihood,
The money ſpent on thee is money gained.

Since I ſo love thee, I muſt have a kiſs;
O loving wine, thou too muſt now kiſs me.
I will not go, ſince I find ample bliſs,
In only knowing that here thou wilt be.

X.

Thoſe coxcombs make me ſmile
Who feign deep learning's tone,
And yet are all the while
Mere ſtrutting fops alone,
Who often caſt a furtive glance aſide,
And curvet in the ſtreets, to ſee if they are eyed.

Where men make goodly cheer,
And brimming goblets drain,
Singing a Vau-de-Vire,
Thoſe others dumb remain.
I hold it is not very wiſe, in ſooth,
Never to ſpeak one word among ſo many youth.

Doubtleſs, ſince thus they fail,
At table, aught to ſay,
They could not tell a tale
Of love, in loving way:
Nor cheerful Vau-de-Vire ſing in their turn:
They'll have to come to us, and ſee if they can learn.

Through this ſmall lane let's try
To pour this good drink down.
To all you, company
Of drolls, and lads in town,
I drink, becauſe you all I ſo regard;
And then, I'll tell you news of Deniſe that I've heard.

Deniſe ayant bien loing faict maint voyage
Et les guerres hanté,
Dict neantmoins auoir ſon pucelage
Encore rapporté.
Bon cueur, garçons ! elle n'eſt pas perdue,
Elle eſt reuenue Deniſe,
Elle eſt reuenue !

XI.

Ce vin vaut bien le chariage :
Il va en l'abaye du Bec.
On en trempera l'hyſophage
Que l'on ne peut endurer ſec.
En careſme ceſte boiſſon
Seruira de ſaulce au poiſſon.

Prendre impoſt ſur ſi bon breuuage,
C'eſt prendre impoſt ſur la ſanté.
Meſchant fut ſi cruel vſage
Quiconcque a jadis inuenté !
Sans luy auecques peu d'argent
Nous boirions plus librement.

Mais, bon vin, je prens patience :
Je veux, en dépit de l'impoſt,
Te faire entrer dans ma deſpence ;
Car ſans toy je mourrois bien toſt,
Tu es remede ſouuerain
A pluſieurs maux du corps humain.

J'ay ſouuent, faute de potage,
Veu la chair qui au pot brulloit :
Si elle n'eſt ſouuent a nage,
La freſſure aux coſtes tiendroit.
Vn auare eſt fort mal baſty ;
Il meurt le poulmon tout roſty.

Deniſe, far countries having ſought,
And followed the campaign,
Says, ſhe her maidenhood has brought
Uninjured, back again.
Rejoice then, youths! Not loſt, again
She is come back Deniſe,
Come back again!

XI.

This wine well will carriage pay:
In it goes to Bec's Abbaye.
That œſophagus 'twill cure
Which can never drought endure.
Such good drink will ſerve in Lent
As fiſh-ſauce and condiment.

Impoſt put on wine ſo good
Were to tax health's hardihood:
Villanous were ſuch abuſe,
And whoever taught its uſe!
But for him, though we were poor,
We might drink of ampler ſtore.

But, good wine, I patient wait:
I will, (though the tax I hate),
Still to pay thy charges try;
For without thee I ſhould die.
Thou art ſovran remedy
For much human miſery.

Often, when I ſoup had not,
I've watched meat burn in the pot:
If not kept a-boiling quick,
To the ſides the tripe would ſtick.
Miſers are ſo ill purveyed,
That they die with lungs decayed.

Les aduocatz n'en meurent guere,
Qui boyuent auec les cliens,
Ayans vne bonne matiere,
Ilz s'en lauent fort bien les dens.
O ! que ceſt eſtat m'aggreroit,
Car, ſi on n'y gaigne, on y boit.

XII.

Chantre de table & beuueur
M'eſt iniure ordinaire ;
Mais chacun a ſon humeur ;
Je n'y ſcaurois que faire.
Liqueur, chere amie,
Pour la calomnie
Ne crains poinct ! Je ſois tondu, ſi jamais je t'oublie !

Serois ie bien s'idiot,
Soubz l'ombre d'une iniure,
En laiſſant le vin au pot,
D'eſtre traiſtre a nature ?
O gentil breuage !
Ce ſeroit dommage
Qu'en fin on te fiſt ſeruir de vinaigre au potage.

Touſiours dans le vin vermeil
Et aultre liqueur bonne,
On void vn petit ſoleil
Qui fretille & rayonne.
Cela eſt vn ſigne
Que le vin eſt digne.
C'eſt pour en boire qu'on prend tant de peine a la vigne.

Quand j'ay la ſoif au goſier,
Pour cor je prens ma taſſe ;
Le vin me ſert de limier
Pour luy faire la chaſſe.
El' s'en eſt fuye !
Paſſons noſtre vie
En ce doux contentement, mon voiſin, je vous prie !

Drinking with his clients, fate
So kills not the Advocate.
With a goodly cauſe to plead,
He can waſh his teeth indeed.
How that calling would me pleaſe!
If they loſe, they drink at eaſe!

XII.

A table-minſtrel and a ſot,—
Men often call me ſo;
But each to his own taſte, I wot:
I don't care much, I know.
Dear beverage,
Though ſlander rage,
I never will forget our friendſhip, I'll engage!

Could I a dotard be ſo dull,
From dread of ſuch diſgrace,
As leave the flagon ſtanding full,
Traitor to nature's race?
O gentle name,
It were a ſhame
For cruet-vinegar ſuch noble wine to claim.

Ever within the roſy wine,
Or other liquor rare,
There ſeems a tiny ſun to ſhine,
Which gleams and glitters there.
That is a ſign
Of goodly wine,
To drink of which leads men to cheriſh ſo the vine.

When in my throat a thirſt is found,
My bugle-horn's my cup;
The wine goes with me, as a hound,
The hunt to follow up.
"Gone, gone away!"—
Neighbour, I pray,
May we ſo paſs our life in glad content and play!

XIII.

C'eſt icy que ie veux cercher
La pierre philoſophale ;
C'eſt icy que ie veux ſoufler :
Mon fourneau, ce ſera ma fale.

Mon ſoleil, c'eſt le vin ſans eau,
Le bon ſidre, c'eſt mon mercure.
Je les mettray dans mon fourneau
Tous purs comme ilz ſont de nature.

Y deuſſe ie employer mon bien,
Je ne veux poinct d'aultre alchymie ;
Encore n'y perdray ie rien,
Car boire contente ma vie.

O quinte eſſence de pommier !
Si touſiours j'en beuuois de telle,
Seroit ce ſubiect pour juger
Qu'il me faut mettre en curatelle ? . . .

XIV.

Certes hoc vinum eſt bonus !
Du mauuais latin ne nous chaille ;
Si bien congru n'eſtoit ce jus,
Le tout ne vaudroit rien qui vaille.
Eſcolier, j'appris que bon vin
Aide bien au mauuais latin.

Ceſte ſentence praticquant,
De latin je n'en appris guere,
Y penſant eſtre aſſez ſcauant,
Puiſque bon vin j'aymois a boire.
Lorſque mauuais vin on a beu,
Latin n'eſt bon, fuſt il congru.

Fy du latin ! parlons françois ;
Je m'y recongnois daduantage.

XIII.

'Tis here that I the queſt deſire
Of philoſophic ſtone;
My throat ſhall be my furnace-fire;
Here be my bellows blown.

My ſun ſhall be unwatered wine;
Good cider, mercury;
I'll put them in this fire of mine
In native purity.

Should I on them expend my wealth,
No alchemy but this
Would I deſire for gold or health;
For drinking is my bliſs.

Quinteſſence of the apple-tree!
Were I to drink thee dry,
Would that ſufficient reaſon be
To doubt my ſanity?

XIV.

Certes, hoc vinum eſt bonus.
Never mind a little ſin
In my Latin: but to us
Bad wine is not worth a pin.
In my ſchool-boy days I found
Good wine makes bad Latin found.

Practiſing that maxim well,
Latin learned I ſcarce a jot:
So that I could only tell
That I loved the good wine-pot.
If men drink bad wine, be ſure
They no Latin can endure.

Fie on Latin! French let's mind;
That I ſtudied with more craft.

Je veux boire vne bonne fois,
Car voicy vn maiſtre breuuage.
Certes, ſi j'en beuuois ſouuent,
Je deuiendrois fort eloquent.

Pendant que ce vin j'aualois,
Qui me chatouilloit ſur la langue,
Il me ſembloit que je faiſois
En court quelque belle harangue.
J'auois bien du contentement. . .
Mais il s'eſt paſſé viſtement !

XV.

LE VIEILLARD.

Conſeillez moy pour ma ſanté,
Car vous ſcauez la medecine ;
Et vous ſerez bien contenté.

LE MEDECIN.

Pour vous j'emploiray ma doctrine,
Vous conſeillant fidellement,
Et ne veux poinct de voſtre argent.

LE VIEILLARD.

Que faut il pour ma toux garir
Et le rheume qui me tourmente
Et cuide me faire mourir ?

LE MEDECIN.

Recipe *du jus de la plante*
Qui ſe ſouſtient par echalas
Deux ou trois fois a ton repas.

LE VIEILLARD.

J'ay l'eſtomach debilité,
Si bien qu'a grand'peine il diggere
M'engendrant vne crudité.

Let me drink long; for I find
This wine good as can be quaffed.
Were I oft to taſte its flow,
I moſt eloquent ſhould grow.

While I drank the wine,—(that ſort
My tongue tickled, I confeſs),—
I dreamt that I made, in court,
Some grandiloquent addreſs.
O how pleaſed I felt, and gay!—
Ah, it ſwiftly paſſed away!

XV.

OLD MAN.

I aſk your counſel for my health;
In your great wiſdom I confide;
'Twill add, too, ſomewhat to your wealth.

PHYSICIAN.

For you my beſt ſkill ſhall be tried,
For you preſcribing faithfully;
And I decline your proffer'd fee.

OLD MAN.

What muſt I take to cure my cough,
And this continual catarrh
Which threatens ſoon to cut me off?

PHYSICIAN.

Recipe:—Juice of plants that are
Well trained around vine-pole to climb;
Take twice or thrice at each meal-time.

OLD MAN.

I ſuffer great debility
Of ſtomach: hardly can digeſt,
Engendering a crudity.

LE MEDECIN.

Recipe *pour ton ordinaire*
Et te donne a trauers les dens
Du rouge cyrop d'Orleans.

LE VIEILLARD.

La goutte aux ioinctures des os
Me tient alors que le temps change,
Si bien que j'en perdz le repos.

LE MEDECIN.

De decoction de vandange
Recipe *trois voltes & plus :*
Ne ſonge tant en tes eſcus.

LE VIEILLARD.

Tous vos Recipes *ſont de vin.*
Le vin, eſt ce choſe ſi bonne !
Sans luy ne ſeriez medecin !

LE MEDECIN.

A tous ceux la le vin j'ordonne,
Qui en humeur me ſont egaux,
Car le vin garit tous mes maux.

XVI.

Compaignon marinier,
Grande & pleine eſt la mer ;
Le flot bat au riuage.
Il faut prendre ce bort,
Car le vent eſt trop fort.
Ne perdons poinct courage !

Las ! je crains bien que l'eau
N'ait dedans ce bateau
Entré durant l'orage.
Sus ! compagnon, tirons
La pompe & la vuidons !
Ne perdons poinct courage !

PHYSICIAN.

Recipe:—Daily, as is beſt,
Adminiſter, in dental way,
Red ſyrup of the Orleanais.

OLD MAN.

In change of weather gout doth keep
The joints of all my bones in pain,
So that at night I cannot ſleep.

PHYSICIAN.

Recipe:—Three times o'er, again,
And more, decoction of the vine;
Don't heed ſo much thoſe crowns of thine.

OLD MAN.

Your *Recipes* are always wine.
Is wine ſo very good a thing?
Without it, fails your medicine!

PHYSICIAN.

I'm always ſafe in ordering
Thoſe of my humour ſuch a doſe;
For wine alone cures all my woes.

XVI.

My ſhip-mate, now d'ye ſee
How high and full the ſea:
The wave rolls on the ſhore.
On t'other tack let's ſail,
Too ſtrongly blows the gale:
Don't let us give hope o'er!

Alas! the water may
Through leaks have forced its way
Amid the tempeſt's roar:
Let's man, my ſhip-mates ſtout,
The pumps, and pump it out!
Don't let us give hope o'er!

N'ayans plus rien, ſinon
Le trincquet, qui ſoit bon,
Sa voile & ſon cordage,
Il nous le faut hauſſer
Pour mauuais temps paſſer,
Ne perdons poinct courage !

Le vaiſſeau trop chargé
Eſt beaucoup ſoulagé.
La charge & l'equipage
Eſt preſque dans le port :
C'eſt vn grand reconffort.
Ne perdons poinct courage !

Compagnon marinier,
N'allons plus ſur la mer,
Car je crains le nauffrage.
Mais ſi le bateau plein
Faict trafic de ce vin,
Ne perdons poinct courage !

Ce qui nous eſt reſté
Eſt ore en ſeureté.
Si refaiſons voyage,
Faut le vaiſſeau tourner
Pour le recalfeutrer.
Ne perdons poinct courage !

XVII.

C'eſt aſſes, troupe honorable,
De ces gentilz chantz Virois ;
Il faut ſe leuer de table.
Le reſte a vne aultre fois ;
Car peut eſtre
Que le maiſtre,
Qui nous aſſemble ceans,
N'oſe dire
Le martyre

Since now we've no device
But the main-brace to ſplice,
With ſail and ropes it bore,
Let's clear and hoiſt away,
To ſteady the ſhip's way:
Don't let us give hope o'er!

The veſſel, laden full,
Begins to right her hull;
The harbour's to the fore:
The cargo and the crew
We now with comfort view.
Don't let us give hope o'er!

My ſhip-mate, now d'ye ſee,
No more let's go to ſea,
For ſhipwreck I abhor.
But if our veſſel fine
Make profit of this wine,
Don't let us give hope o'er!

All that our traffic gains
In ſafety now remains:
Let's go to ſea once more.
Heel the ſhip on her beam,
Let caulkers cloſe each ſeam,
Don't let us give hope o'er!

XVII.

'Tis now time, moſt worſhipful friends,
That theſe gentle Vaux-de-Vire ceaſed:
At preſent our banqueting ends.
The reſt will await future feaſt;
For you ſee
Perhaps he
Who kindly invited us here,
Our good hoſt
May be croſt,

Et mal que luy ſont les dens.
Souuent incommodité
Prouient d'auoir trop chanté.

Mais il eſt trop volontaire
Pour auoir le cueur marry
D'auoir veu la bonne chere
Que nous auons faict chez luy.
Monſieur l'hoſte,
Voyez, i'oſte,
Mon bonnet honneſtement.
On me prie
Que ie die
Qu'on vous rend grace humblement,
Mais, ſi le vin reſte au pot,
Qu'il eſt encor de l'eſcot.

Faictes en lauer la bouche
A quelques vns d'entre nous,
Auant qu'vn varlet y touche,
Puiſque tout depend de vous.
Je ne cure,
Je vous jure,
Jamais ma bouche aultrement.
Noſtre hoſteſſe,
Je vous laiſſe
Mille mercis en payment.
Cecy ſeroit eſuenté :
J'en boy a voſtre ſanté !

J'ay ouy dire a ma grand'mere,
(Touſiours des vieux on apprend)
Que de la goutte derniere
La bonne chere depend.
Bonne femme,
Que ton ame
Puiſſe eſtre au ciel en repos !
J'ay enuie,
Si j'ay vie,

And martyred by toothache ſevere;
Extreme vocal efforts oft cauſe
Some ſtiffneſs and pain of the jaws.

But he is too gallant, no fear,
To be in his ſpirit diſtreſt
Becauſe of the excellent cheer
Each of us has made as his gueſt.
Maſter hoſt
I now toaſt,
With bonnet politely up-raiſed,
And all pray
Me to ſay
How very ſincerely you're praiſed;
But if wine remain in the pot,
We ſtill have to reckon the ſhot.

Let ſome of the party be quick,
And waſh their mouth well with the cup,
Ere ever a varlet can lick
The precious reſiduum up.
I can ſwear
That I care
No other tooth-tincture to ſwill.
Hoſteſs mine,
I conſign
In thanks the amount of the bill.
This wine would be ſpoilt in the air:
I drink to your health what is there!

My grandmother preached to her friends,—
(One picks wrinkles up from the old),—
That good cheer entirely depends
On the laſt drop the bottle doth hold.
In Heaven
Be given
Good ſoul, to your ſpirit repoſe!
If I live,
I will ſtrive

D'enſuyure bien tes propos.
Quand ſur le bon vin ie ſuis,
J'en laiſſe moins que ie puis.

XVIII.

De nous ſe rid le Francois ;
Mais, vrayment, quoy qu'il en die,
Le ſildre de Normandie
Vault bien ſon vin quelques fois.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faict grand bien a la gorge !

Ta bonté, o ſidre beau,
De te boire me conuie ;
Mais pour le moins, ie te prie,
Ne me trouble le cerueau.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faict grand bien a la gorge !

Je ne perds poinct la raiſon
Pourtant a force de boire,
Et ne vay point en cholere
Tempeſter a la maiſon.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faict grand bien a la gorge !

Voiſin, ne ſonge en procès ;
Pren le bien qui ſe preſente.
Mais que l'homme ſe contente,
Il en a touſiours aſſez.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faict grand bien a la gorge !

Eſt pas ceſtuy la logé ?
En eſt il demeuré goutte ?
De la ſoif que ie redoubte
Je me ſuis tres bien vangé.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faict grand bien a la gorge !

To follow the courſe you propoſe.
For when I fall in with good wine,
To leave it I ſhrewdly decline!

XVIII.

At us the Frenchman often laughs;
But yet ſometimes, for all his cry,
The cider of our Normandy
Is more than worth the wine he quaffs.
Down it goes; try, try!
The throat it comforts mightily!

Your excellence, O cider brave!
Leads me a draught of you to chooſe;
I only beg you won't confuſe
The wits my ſober brain may have.
Down it goes; try, try!
The throat it comforts mightily!

Neither do I loſe all my wit,
When I indulge in drink I love,
Nor yet tempeſtuouſly move
About the houſe, diſturbing it.
Down it goes; try, try!
The throat it comforts mightily!

Don't dream of any lawſuit, friend:
Juſt take the good that comes to thee;
Let man with that contented be;
Then Heav'n enough doth always ſend.
Down it goes; try, try!
The throat it comforts mightily!

Well down has all that cider paſt?
Does there remain one ſingle drop?
My thirſt I have contrived to ſtop;
I'm well avenged on it at laſt.
Down it goes; try, try!
The throat it comforts mightily!

XIX.

Diſons a Dieu aux gentilz Vau de Vire :
Le temps n'eſt plus qu'on les doibue chanter,
Puiſqu'on nous faict tant de maux ſupporter.
Nos deuanciers n'auoient tant de martyre.

La paix eſtoit & nous auons la guerre ;
Et ſe chaſſoit la ſoif a bon marché ;
Mais du depuis que s'eſt creu le peché ;
On void ſouuent infertile la terre.

Chacun faiſoit a Vire marchandiſe,
Et les marchandz eſtoient en grand honneur ;
Ores chacun s'eſtime grand ſeigneur,
Aymant l'orgueil, pareſſe & friandiſe.

Des bons bourgeois les anciennes races
Sont en mépris & preſqu'a poureté :
Les eſtrangers leurs biens leur ont oſté,
Et leurs maiſons par procez & falaces.

Nous ne tenons plus rien de noz grandz peres,
Sinon la ſoif & boire tout d'aultant.
Mais nous n'oſons quand il nous couſte tant. . .
Beuuons cecy qui ne nous couſte gueres.

XX.

De ce Virois conſeruons la mæmoire,
A tout le moins a la table, en beuuant ;
Lequel ne beut jamais en rechignant,
Et qui nous faict ſi ioyeuſement boire.
Vne bonne boiſſon
Priſe auec marriçon
Par vn Saturnien
Ne luy faict poinct de bien ;
Mais le vin, honoré d'un gentil Vau de Vire,
N'apporte que ſanté, en ne beuuant du pire.

XIX.

Bid we adieu to the ſweet Vaux-de-Vire,
The time no longer can their muſic bear;
We have, alas! ſo many woes to ſhare:
Our fires had no ſuch martyrdom ſevere.

Now there is war, where formerly was peace:
At a ſmall coſt men well could quench their thirſt;
But now, ſince wickedneſs is at its worſt,
The earth's fertility oft ſeems to ceaſe.

At Vire the people all in commerce throve,
Its merchants were accounted of great fame;
But all now covet lordly rank and name,
And proud, luxurious indolence they love.

The ancient burgeſs families ſo brave,
Are now deſpiſed, almoſt in beggary:
Strangers have robbed them of their property
And houſes, got by tricks of legal knave.

We nothing from our grandfathers poſſeſs,
Except our thirſt, and waſſail-bouts all round:
But ah! we dare not,—'tis too coſtly found;—
Let us drink this, which coſts us far, far leſs.

XX.

Let us preſerve remembrance of that ſon of Vire,
At leaſt while here we drink, this board around,
Who drinking grudgingly was never found,
And who taught us to drink with ſuch rejoicing cheer
A goblet full,
By dotard dull
Drunk with a curſe,
Makes him ſtill worſe;
But wine, if but a pretty Vau-de-Vire come firſt,
Brings health to all, who drink not of the worſt.

Plus eſt honneſte un Vau de Vire, en table,
Qui va louant hautement le bon vin,
Qu'en mal parlant dire de ſon voiſin
Quelque propos qui n'eſt poinct veritable,
Ou faire des diſcours
D'impudicques amours,
Ou quelque aultre deuis
Que tiennent les amis,
Quand ilz ſont aſſemblez pour follaſtrer & rire.
Il vaut bien mieux chanter, en ne beuuant du pire.

On peut bien boire & n'eſtre poinct yurongne:
On peut auſſi chanter ſans eſtre fol.
On priſe tant le chant du roſſignol!
Mais ces chanſons, qui font rougir la troigne
Par le vin ſauoureux,
Valent mille fois mieux.
Beuuons, chacun ſa fois,
Pour l'amour du Virois
Qui a faict ces chanſons. On n'en deuſt pas meſdire:
Ce fut vn bon garçon, qui ne beuuoit du pire.

XXI.

Dire touſiours vne chanſon
De Vau de Vire & beuuerie
M'apporteroit quelque ſubçon
Qu'on faſcheroit la compaignie.
Diſons en d'aultres, ie vous prie;
Car j'entendz qu'vn tas de badaux
S'en vont diſant: "Ce n'eſt qu'yurongnerie
Que les Vau de Vire nouueaux."

Donc, pour tel ſcandale euiter,
Quel ſubiect prendrons nous pour rire?
Eſcoutes, ie vous veux conter
Quelque choſe que j'ay ouy dire:
"Que chacun ores ne reſpire
Que fraude & que meſchanceté;

At table nobler is a Vau-de-Vire, in ſooth,
Which loudly ſings the praiſes of good wine,
Than of one's neighbour, with unkind deſign,
To tell ſome ſcandal which offends againſt the truth;
Or themes to move
Of wanton love,
Or ſuch as that
Unmeaning chat,
Which friends uſe, met in merry mood to quench their thirſt.
'Tis better far to ſing, and drink not of the worſt.

A man may ſurely drink, and yet be clear in head;
A man may ſing, and yet continue wiſe;
The vocal nightingale how much we prize!
But thoſe ſweet ſongs that tinge the throat with bluſhing red
By precious wine,
Are more divine.
Let each toaſt here,
That ſon of Vire
Who made theſe ſongs. He truly ought not to be curſt;
He was a comrade good, who drank not of the worſt.

XXI.

Always to compoſe a ſong
Of the Vau-de-Vire and drink,
Might convict me of too long
Wearying the gueſts, I think.
Other themes, then, let us try;
For ſome witleſs ones, I hear,
Keep ſaying that,—"'Tis mere debauchery
"To indite new Vaux-de-Vire."

Now, ſuch ſcandal to abate,
What gay ſubject ſhall be ſtirred?—
Liſten, and I will relate
A new ſtory that I heard:
'Twas:—"That mortals now produce
"Nought but fraud and villany;

Que pour le gaing on veult s'entre ſeduire."
Peult eſtre dict on verité.

On parle auſſi des aduocatz :
" Que ce n'eſt plus que tricherie."
Mais cela ne me touche pas ;
Je n'ayme plus la plaiderie.
Tauerniers, qui meſlent la lie
Et qui font boire moictié d'eau,
Sont par ſus tous d'vne meſchante vie ;
Ils ſuſſent bien dans le tombeau.

Mais, ſans y penſer, nous venons
Touſiours tomber ſur le breuuage ;
Auſſi tenir nous ne pouuons,
En table, plus propre langage.
Vault mieux ſuyuant le vieil vſage
Vn Vau de Vire caioler,
Que mal parler. Qui fera trop du ſage
Pour ne l'oüir, il s'en peut aller.

XXII.

En vn jardin d'ombrages tout couuert,
Au chault du jour, j'ay trouué Magdaleine,
Qui prez le pied d'vn ſycomore vert,
Dormoit au bord d'vne claire fonteine.
Son lict eſtoit de thym & mariolaine.
Son tetin frais n'eſtoit pas bien caché.
D'amour touché,
Et tout gaillard, pour auoir beu chopine,
Incontinent je m'en ſuis approché :
Sus, ſus ! qu'on ſe reſueille !
Voicy vin excelent
Qui faict leuer l'oreille ;
Il faict mal qui nen prent.

Je n'eus pouuoir, ſi belle la voyant,
De m'abſtenir de baiſoter ſa bouche ;
Si bien qu'en fin la belle s'eſueillant

"And that for gain they wilfully ſeduce."
Well, perchance 'tis verity.

So of Advocates they talk:—
"They think but of trickery."
That affecteth not my walk;
I've reſigned law's drudgery.
Taverners who mix their wine,
And their drink half-watered ſell,
Do, one and all of them, live lives malign;
Were they buried, it were well!

But, quite thoughtleſſly, we come
Round again on drink to reſt:
Thus, at table, in our home,
Uſing converſe that is beſt.
I prefer, in good old wiſe,
Vau-de-Vire to carol gay,
Than friends to ſlander. He who would deſpiſe
Such light mirth, may go away!

XXII.

In garden all trelliſed with ſhade,
At hot noon, I found Magdalene
Beneath a green ſycamore laid,
Aſleep, her young boſom half ſeen:
A bright fountain freſhened the ſcene,
Where thyme with ſweet-marjoram ſtrove.
Touched with love,
And gay, having drunk a chopine,
Enraptured I ſtole through the grove.
Awake! Fill high the cup!
Here's wine that's of the beſt!
That makes the ear prick up,
And ſhames the ſober gueſt!

Such beauty I could not refrain,
Entranced by her loveline's rare,
From kiſſing again and again.

Me regarda auec un œil farrouche,
En me diſant : " Biberon, ne me touche ;
" Tu n'es pas digne auec moy d'eſprouuer
" Le jeu d'aimer.
" Belle fillette a ſon aiſe ne couche
" Auec celuy qui ne faict qu'yurongner."
Sus, ſus ! qu'on ſe refueille !
Voicy vin excelent
Qui faict leuer l'oreille ;
Il faict mal qui n'en prent.

Je luy reſpondz : " Ce n'eſt pas deſhonneur
" D'aymer le vin, vne choſe ſi bonne.
" Voſtre bel œil entretient en chaleur
" Et le bon vin en ſanté ma perſonne.
" Pour vous aymer faut il que j'habandonne
" Le ſoing qu'on doibt auoir de ſa ſanté ?
" Fy de beauté
" Qui ſon amant de deplaiſir guerdonne,
" Au lieu du bien qu'il auoit merité."
Sus, ſus ! qu'on ſe refueille !
Voicy vin excelent
Qui faict leuer l'oreille ;
Il faict mal qui n'en prent.

" J'ayme bien mieux l'vmbre d'vn cabaret,
" Et du bouchon de tauerne vineuſe
" Que cil qui eſt en ce beau jardinet."
La belle alors me reſpond depiteuſe :
" Tu ne m'es bon : cherche vne aultre amoureuſe ! "
Puiſque par toy i'ay perdu mes amours
Touſiours, touſiours,
Contre l'amour & la ſoif rigoureuſe,
Je ſois, bon vin, armé de ton ſecours !
Sus, ſus ! qu'on ſe refueille !
Voicy vin excelent,
Qui faict leuer l'oreille ;
Il faict mal qui n'en prent.

Awaking, ſhe cried, with fierce air:
"Fie! Touch me not, drunkard! Forbear!
"Unfit thou art with me to prove
"Joys of love:
"Mere ſottiſh wine-bibber can ne'er
"The heart of a fair maiden move."
Awake! Fill high the cup!
Here's wine that's of the beſt!
That makes the ear prick up,
And ſhames the ſober gueſt!

I anſwer: "It is no diſgrace
"To like wine, a liquor ſo fine:
"I'm warmed by your exquiſite face,
"My health is ſuſtained by good wine.
"To love you, am I to decline
"Due meaſures my health to improve?
"And muſt love,
"For pleaſure which ſhould have been mine,
"In diſcontent cauſe me to rove?"
Awake! Fill high the cup!
Here's wine that's of the beſt!
That makes the ear prick up,
And ſhames the ſober gueſt!

"I'd rather by far have the ſhade
"Of tavern, and buſh for its ſign,
"Than that in this trim garden made."
Then, frowning, that ſweetheart of mine
Said: "Go:—I will never be thine."
Then, ſince thou a traitor didſt prove
To my love,
Abide with me, O thou good wine,
Both love and dire thirſt to remove.
Awake! Fill high the cup!
Here's wine that's of the beſt!
That makes the ear prick up,
And ſhames the ſober gueſt!

XXIII.

Eſt ce pas commettre vn grand vice
Qu'abreuuer les gens d'auarice ?
C'eſt quand au pot ou au tonneau
Dans le boire on meſle de l'eau.

L'eau eſt de mauuaiſe nature ;
L'eau met les pieux a pourriture.
Qui faict un catharre ? C'eſt l'eau.
J'en ſuis tant malade au cerueau !

Gaſter bon vin d'eau de fonteine
Faict perdre au vigneron ſa peine.
Aſſez ſerons arrouſes d'eau,
Quand ſerons portés au tombeau.

En feſtins, en nopces & feſtes,
Qui, voulant traicter gens honneſtes,
Leur feroit boire du ſidre eau
Seroit trop auare ou trop veau.

Voicy qui a tres bonne mine :
J'en vay boire a vous, ma voiſine !
Certes il n'y aura poinct d'eau,
S'il eſt auſſi bon qu'il eſt beau.

Tel boire il ne croiſt ſur ma terre ! . .
Voila le cul ! . . . Je dis du verre.
Du voſtre il vous faut acquiter,
Et vn Vaudeuire chanter.

XXIV.

Faulte d'humeur noz chous ſont mors,
En noz jardins par ſechereſſe ;
Faute d'abbreuuer bien mon cors,
Si j'allois mourir, que ſeroit ce ?

Sangoy ! je ne m'y firay pas.
Mourir ſec, a faute de boire,

XXIII.

Do they not practiſe monſtrous vice
Who quench folks' thirſt with avarice?
They do ſo, who in tun or pot
Mix water with the drink we've got.

Water is of an evil ſtamp;
Foot-rot originates in damp.
What gives a cold? Water, again.
It enervates my very brain!

With water, good, ſound wine to ſpoil,
Waſtes the vine-dreſſer's time and toil.
Enough of water we ſhall have
When we are carried to the grave.

He who, at feſtivals, to treat
His friends, or weddings, where they meet,
Made them drink cider half-and-half,
Were a great miſer, or great calf.

Here's ſome that hath a ſavour true:
I'll drink it, my fair friend, to you!
Certes, there is no water there,
If it be good as it is fair.

None ſuch there groweth on my land!
I turn the glaſs up in my hand!
You too muſt take your bumper here,
And carol forth a Vau-de-Vire.

XXIV.

For lack of rain, our garden-ſtuff
Has died, becauſe 'tis over-dry;
And, ſhould I fail to take enough
Of drink within me, ſo might I!

I could not warrant the event.
Of thirſt, for want of drink, to die,

C'eſt vn tres malheureux treſpas,
Et de tres funeſte mœmoire.

A boire, a boire viſtement !
Je veux tenir ma gorge humide,
De peur de mourir pourement,
Comme noz chous, ſec & aride.

Toutes fois moy & mon jardin
Nous differons en vne choſe :
Je me veux abbreuuer de vin,
Et d'eau noſtre courtil s'arroſe.

XXV.

Grand ſoulas m'eſt d'ouïr aux tables
Chanter ces rouges muſeaux,
Auecques leurs groſſes falles,
Ces Vaudeuire nouueaux.
Leurs goſiers ſont les tuyaux
Qui ne ſont pas animez
De vent comme les regales ;
Mais de ces vins bien aymés.

Celuy qui faict du criticque
Et du Raminagrobis,
Meſpriſant ceſte muſicque,
En table, auec ſes amis,
Pour ſes ſerieux deuis,
Je ne le tiens poinct plus fin
Que celuy la qui praticque
Ces chanſons ſur le bon vin.

Je ſerois fort bien du ſage
Comme luy, ſi ie voulois ;
Mais on diroit qu'au meſnage
Ou en mal je ſongerois.
Rechigner ie ne pourrois
Auec ceux qui ſont ioyeux,
Je ne mancque de courrage :
Voyons qui boira le mieux !

Is dreadful diſembodiment,
And of moſt tragic memory.

For mercy's ſake, bring me a draught!
Let me my throat keep wet enough;
That I may not, with cup unquaffed,
Die poorly, like dry garden-ſtuff.

Yet in one thing we don't conſent,
I and my garden, to agree:—
Water's my garden's element,
And wine I want to moiſten me!

XXV.

At the table I delight
Lips of roſy dye to hear,
With great jowls in purple dight,
Singing theſe new Vaux-de-Vire.
Still their throats like organs flow,
Which no wind-blaſts ventilate
Such as diapaſons blow,
But theſe wines moſt delicate.

He who criticiſm tries,
And ſuch Phariſaic ends,
But contemns our minſtrelſies,
When at table, with his friends,—
Him, though on deep things he pore,
I account not more renowned
Than that other, who his lore
In good wine and ſongs has found.

I, like him, could act the ſage,
Were I to ſuch temper brought;
But they'd murmur, I engage,
That I nurſed ſome ſelfiſh thought.
Never could I heſitate
With boon comrades to be free:
My good ſpirits ne'er abate:
Who will drink the beſt, let's ſee!

Je ne m'enquers de l'affaire
Du Turc ny de ſes voiſins,
Des poles ny de la ſphere,
Mais ſeulement des raiſins.
Les ſorciers ſont ſi malins !
On dict qu'ilz les font perir :
Ces meſchans, qui le bon boire
Perdent, on deuſt bien punir !

XXVI.

Hardy comme vn Ceſar, je ſuis en ceſte guerre,
Ou l'on combat, armé d'vn pot & d'vn grand verre.
Pluſtoſt vn coup de vin me perce & m'entre au cors,
Qu'vn boulet, qui cruel rend les gens ſi toſt mors.

Les cliquetis que j'ayme eſt celuy des bouteilles.
Les pippes, les baraux, pleins de liqueurs vermeilles,
Ce ſont mes gros canons, qui batent, ſans faillir,
La ſoif, qui eſt le fort que ie veux aſſaillir.

Je trouue, quant a moy, que les gens ſont bien beſtes
Qui ne ſe font pluſtoſt au vin rompre les teſtes,
Qu'aux coups de coutelas, en cerchant du renom :
Que leur chault, eſtans mortz, ſi on en parle ou non ?

De trop boire frappée, vne teſte en rechappe ;
Sent bien vn peu de mal, lorſque le vent la happe ;
Mais, quand on a dormy, le mal s'en va ſoudain.
A ces grandz coupz de Mars, tout remede y eſt vain.

Il vaut bien mieux cacher ſon nez dans vn grand verre,
Il eſt mieux aſſeuré qu'en vn caſque de guerre.
Pour cornette ou guiddon, ſuyure pluſtoſt on doit
Les branches d'hyerre, & d'yf, qui monſtrent ou l'on boit.

Il vaut mieux, prez beau feu, boire la muſcadelle,
Qu'aller ſur vn rampart faire la ſentinelle.
J'ayme mieux n'eſtre poinct en tauerne en deffaut,
Que ſuyure vn capiteine a ſa breche, a l'aſſaut.

I care nought the news to hear
Of the Turk or his deſigns:
Of the Poles, or of the Sphere,
Only of the cluſtered vines.
Sorcerers ſuch tricks will try!
They are ſaid to blaſt the grape:
Villains who make vines run dry,
Never ſhould their doom eſcape!

XXVI.

I am brave as a Cæſar, in wars where they fight
With a glaſs in the left hand, and jug in the right.
Let me rather be riddled by drinking my fill,
Than by thoſe cruel balls that ſo ſuddenly kill.

'Tis the claſhing of bottles to which I incline;
And the pipes and the rundlets, all full of red wine,
Are my cannon of ſiege, which are aimed without fault
At the thirſt, the true fortreſs I mean to aſſault.

For my own part, thoſe people are fools, I opine,
Who don't rather prefer a good headache from wine,
Than compete for renown by a cutlaſs and blow;
If they're killed, what care they if men praiſe them or no?

Should the head after revelry ache in cold wind,
A preſcription is always moſt eaſy to find;
For your headache will flee after ſound ſleep at night:
But Mars' fatal diſaſters nought ever ſets right.

'Tis far better in tumbler to ſhelter one's noſe,
Where 'tis ſafer than in a war-helmet from blows.
Better leader than trumpet or banner is ſign
Of the ivy, and yew-buſh, that ſhow where there's wine.

It is better by fireſide to drink muſcadel,
Than to go on a rampart to mount ſentinel.
I would rather the tavern attend without fail,
Than I'd follow my captain the breach to aſſail.

Neantmoins, tout excez je n'ayme & ne procure,
Beuueur quant au renom, mais non pas de nature.
Bon vin, qui nous fais rire & hanter noz amis,
Je te tiendray touſiours ce que ie t'ay promis.

XXVII.

He ! qu'auons nous affaire
Du Turc, ny du Sophy ?
Don, don.
Pourueu que j'aye a boire.
Des grandeurs je dy : Fy !
Don, don.
Trincque, ſeigneur ; le vin eſt bon !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

Qui ſonge en vin ou vigne,
Eſt un preſage heureux,
Don, don.
Le vin, a qui rechigne
Rend le cueur tout joyeux,
Don, don.
Trincque, ſeigneur ; le vin eſt bon !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

Meſchant eſt qui te brouille :
(Je parle aux tauerniers)
Don, don.
Le breuuage a grenouille
Ne doibt eſtre aux celiers,
Don, don.
Trincque, ſeigneur ; le vin eſt bon !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

Que ce vin on ne couppe ;
Ançois qu'on boiue net,
Don, don.
Je pry toute la trouppe
De vuider le goddet,
Don, don.

All exceſſes, however, I hate and diſclaim,
Not a toper by nature, but only in name:
Jolly wine, bringing laughter and friendly carouſe,
I have promiſed, and ever will pay you my vows.

XXVII.

Ho! wherefore need we vex our brain
About the Turk or Sophy?
Dong, dong.
If ample wine to me remain,
I covet no grand trophy.
Dong, dong.
Hob-nob, ſir, good wine has come!
Hoc acuit ingenium.

To dream of wine, or of the vine,
Is a moſt happy preſage:
Dong, dong.
To moping ſoul, a vintage fine
Conveys a cheerful meſſage.
Dong, dong.
Hob-nob, ſir, good wine has come!
Hoc acuit ingenium.

Accurſed be he who mixeth thee;
(I ſpeak to hoſts of tavern):
Dong, dong.
Frogs' beverage to all is free,
But ſuits not cellar-cavern.
Dong, dong.
Hob-nob, ſir, good wine has come!
Hoc acuit ingenium.

This wine ſhould all unwatered be,
And pure go down the throttle:
Dong, dong.
I beg that all the company
Will finiſh out the bottle.
Dong, dong.

Trincque, ſeigneur, le vin eſt bon !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

XXVIII.

Je ſuis beaucoup irrité
Contre toy vin deſloyal ;
Tu m'as faict beaucoup de mal ;
Tu m'as mis a poureté,
Et nous as faict diſputer bien ſouuent, ma femme & moy . . .
C'eſt a vous a qui ie boy !

Vin tu me ſembles ſi bon,
Que tu m'as faict vendre mon clos,
Pour payer tous mes eſcots
Et engager ma maiſon.
Tout le monde ne ſçait pas encor ce que ie doy.
C'eſt a vous, a qui ie boy !

Nous verrons lequel ſera
De toy ou moy le plus fort.
Je feray tout mon effort ;
Si ie puis, tout coulera.
Entre dans mon goſier : ie me veux vanger de toy.
C'eſt a vous, a qui ie boy !

XXIX.

J'ay grand' peur d'vne maladie :
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?
Deia ma face en eſt bleſmie.

Les harencs toſt perdent la vie
Quand ilz ſont hors l'eau de la mer ;
De meſme ie ne puis durer,
Lorſque la boiſſon m'eſt faillie.
J'ay grand' peur d'vne maladie :
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?
Deia ma face en eſt bleſmie.

Hob-nob, ſir, good wine has come!
Hoc acuit ingenium.

XXVIII.

I bear an angry thought
Againſt thee, traitor wine;
In poverty I pine,
By thee upon me brought:
Thou very oft haſt made my wife fall out with me.
I drink, O wine! to thee.

Wine, who appeared ſo juſt,
And made me ſell my field
Payment of ſcores to yield,
And put my houſe in truſt;
Not ev'ry one, as yet, knows all the claims on me.
I drink, O wine! to thee.

Soon we ſhall better tell
Which of us is more ſtrong.
I'll wreſtle well and long;
I hope all will go well.
Enter within my throat, I'll be revenged on thee.
I drink, O wine! to thee.

XXIX.

I greatly dread one malady:—
Since I had drink, an hour has paſt!
Alas! ſo long how could I laſt?
My looks are changing rapidly.

The herring's breath is quickly ſpent
When he is taken from the ſea;
Such too is the reſult to me
If ſtarved of vinous nutriment.
I greatly dread one malady:—
Since I had drink, an hour has paſt!
Alas! ſo long how could I laſt?
My looks are changing rapidly.

Mais comme vn haranc n'ay enuie
D'auoir touſiours le bec en l'eau ;
Mais me faut tenir le muſeau
En quelque bonne maluoiſie.
J'ay grand' peur d'vne maladie :
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?
Deia ma face en eſt bleſmie.

Perdrons nous, pour femme & meſgnie,
De boire a tirelarigot ?
Faut il laiſſer tout plein le pot ?
Voicy ſi bonne compaignie.
J'ay grand' peur d'vne maladie,
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?
Voicy ſi bonne compaignie.

XXX.

Il faut boire, comme on dict, qui ſa mere ne tette.
Puiſque ſommes tous ſeurés, beuuons donc de ce bon piot.
En rainceant noz goſiers, aualons noz miettes.
Eſt vuide le pot,
Tirelarigot !

Il n'eſt pas encore temps de ſonner la retraicte.
Quand on s'en va ſur ſa ſoif, ce n'eſt jamais vn bon eſcot,
En rainceant noz goſiers, aualons nos miettes.
Eſt vuide le pot,
Tirelarigot !

J'ay touſiours cinq ſolz ou ſoif ; mais l'argent que j'appette
Ne me vient pas ſi ſouuent que la ſoif que ie hay ſi fort.
En rainceant noz goſiers, aualons nos miettes.
Eſt vuide le pot,
Tirelarigot !

Yet as with herring, not with me;
His mouth in water always thrives;
Whereas my muzzle ever ſtrives
To plunge in ſome good Malvoiſie.
I greatly dread one malady:—
Since I had drink, an hour has paſt!
Alas! ſo long how could I laſt?
My looks are changing rapidly.

Muſt we, for wife and family,
Ceaſe to carouſe and ring Rigault?
Are we from full wine-pot to go?
Here is ſuch pleaſant company!
I greatly dread one malady:—
Since I had drink, an hour has paſt!
Alas! ſo long how could I laſt?
Here is ſuch pleaſant company.

XXX.

He muſt drink, it is ſaid, whom his mother won't ſuckle.
So let us, who are weaned, to this good liquor buckle.
As our crumbs paſs, drain we the glaſs;
Let the wine go,
Ring the Rigault!

For it is not the time yet to beat our retreating,
And it were an ill reck'ning to thirſt after meeting.
As our crumbs paſs, drain we the glaſs;
Let the wine go,
Ring the Rigault!

I have always five ſous, or elſe thirſt; but that treaſure
Comes to me far more ſeldom than thirſt without meaſure.
As our crumbs paſs, drain we the glaſs;
Let the wine go,
Ring the Rigault!

J'engagerois bien plus toſt mon ſoye & ma jacquette
Que j'endure plus ce mal ; je le veux noyer dans ce flot.
En rainceant noz goſiers, aualons nos miettes.
Eſt vuide le pot,
Tirelarigot !

XXXI.

Jadis Agamemnon,
Pour, deuant Ilion,
A ſes heros complaire,
Leur faiſoit boire vin,
Vray nectar, que Juppin
Donne aux dieux dans Homere.

C'eſt grande charité
Que remettre en ſanté
Vne gorge alterée.
Luy donnant, au matin,
Du jus incarnatin,
Pour charmer la broüée.

Les vers il faict mourir :
J'en prens, pour m'en garir,
Et nettoyer mon ventre.
Au ſoir, eſtant couché.
Suis malade & tranché,
Si quelque vin n'y entre.

Aux loix eſtudiant,
Mon compagnon voyant
Ses rougeaſtres rubricques,
Cerchoit ſoudain liqueur
Qui fuſt de leur couleur,
Aux tauernes publicques.

T'imitant, compagnon,
Ne me faut de jambon

I would ſooner pledge jacket and all, than I ever
Could endure this vile thirſt, which I'll drown in this river.
As our crumbs paſs, drain we the glaſs;
Let the wine go,
Ring the Rigault!

XXXI.

Agamemnon, to give joy
To his comrades before Troy,
Made them freely drink of wine:
Ganymede, with ſervice due,
Poured to gods that nectar true,
As is told in Homer's line.

Charity beſtows its wealth
In reſtoring to good health
Throat in thirſtineſs that pined;
Giving it, at morning-ſhine,
Viny juice incarnadine:
So miſt flies before the wind.

Vermifuge, it makes worms die:
Cures me of that malady,
Renovating my inſide.
And at nightfall, on my bed,
I feel ſick with aching head,
If no draught of wine betide.

When I ſtudent was of laws,
My companion thought, becauſe
Rubrics were of roſy dye,
That ſome liquor ſhould be found
Of like hue; and ſought around
Ev'ry public tavern nigh.

So, like thee, companion mine!
I want no ham ſuperfine;

Pour m'inciter a boire :
J'ay bientoſt aualle.
Sans d'vn ſergeant ſallé,
Attendre vn compulſoire.

Es tu pas, gentil vin,
De triſteſſe & chagrin
L'heureuſe ſepulture ?
Les fais tu pas mourir,
Affin de maintenir
En ſanté la nature ?

XXXII.

J'auois chargé mon nauire
De vins qui eſtoient tres bons,
Telz comme il les faut a Vire,
Pour boire aux bons compagnons.
Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce poure homme marinier,
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu ſur la mer.

Nous eſtions bonne troupe,
Aymans ce que menions,
Qui ayans le vent en pouppe
L'un a l'aultre en beuuions.
Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce poure homme marinier,
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu ſur la mer.

Deia, proches du riuage,
Ayans beu cinq ou ſix coups,
Nous fiſmes triſte nauffrage
Et ne ſauuaſmes que nous.
Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce poure homme marinier,
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu ſur la mer.

Il fuſt mieux en noſtre gorge
Ce vin, que d'eſtre en la mer :
Quand chacun chez ſoy le loge,
Il eſt hors de tout danger.

Forthwith I to quaff proceed;
Nor the ſpicy warrant, wrung
From a ſaucy bailiff's tongue,
To incite my thirſt I need.

Gentle wine, then, art thou not
Of a lone and diſmal lot
Beatific ſepulture?
Sorrow doſt thou not deſtroy,
That, for nature, health and joy
Thou may'ſt pleaſantly enſure?

XXXII.

My ſhip was laden on the flood
With wines of excellency rare,
Such as at Vire by comrades good
Are wanted to make merry there.
Give this poor mariner to drink ſome alms for love of charitie,
Who through misfortune and the ſtorm has loſt his all at ſea.

A jolly crew, we ſailed our craft,
With that delicious cargo fraught,
And, while freſh breezes blew right aft,
Drank to our healths the wine we brought.
Give this poor mariner to drink ſome alms for love of charitie,
Who through misfortune and the ſtorm has loſt his all at ſea.

The land we neared: upon the deck
Ourſelves were half-ſeas-o'er, or ſo;
When the ſhip ſtruck, became a wreck,
And, all ſave us, ſank down below.
Give this poor mariner to drink ſome alms for love of charitie,
Who through misfortune and the ſtorm has loſt his all at ſea.

'Twas better, therefore, that yon wine
Went down our throats, than down the ſea:
Lodgers at home are, I opine,
From all miſhap and danger free.

Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce poure homme marinier,
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu ſur la mer.

XXXIII.

J'ayme parfaictement
Vn breuuage excelent,
Qui aux gens endormis refueille le courage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

Boiray ie ſimplement
Ce que boit ma jument?
Je penſe que ce n'eſt le faict d'vn homme ſage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

On n'en peut proprement
Faire vn appoinctement:
On ne faict, beuuant l'eau, jamais bon mariage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

Turc ne ſéray vrayment,
Car l'Alcoran deffent
Le vin, qui n'eſt creé que pour l'humain vſage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

Le bon vin & l'argent,
C'eſt bon aſſortiment.
Sans eux, ie ſuis honteux comme vn regnard en cage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

Helas! il me ſouuient
D'vn qui fut mon parent:
A boire ainſi j'appris de ce bon perſonnage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

Give this poor mariner to drink ſome alms for love of charitie,
Who through misfortune and the ſtorm has loſt his all at ſea.

XXXIII.

I ſet a price immenſe
On drink of excellence,
Becauſe it makes dull mortals' courage riſe.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-ſenſe.

To drink horſe-drink, it thence
Follows by conſequence,
Is not the duty of a man that's wiſe.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-ſenſe.

He can't with providence
Make ſettlements: and hence
The water-drinkers find poor marriage-ties.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-ſenſe.

From Turk, be my defence!
The Koran takes offence
At wine, which as a gift of God we prize:
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-ſenſe.

Good wine, and ample pence,
Suit my intelligence;
I'm ſhamed without them, as a caged fox lies.
Who water-drinking tries
Has got no common-ſenſe.

I think with love intenſe
On parent, long gone hence,
From whom I learned to drink in fitting guiſe.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-ſenſe.

Vous laiſſes longuement
Ce vin cueillir le vent.
Beuues, voiſin, d'aultant ; car vous en eſtes d'aage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.

XXXIV.

Je ne trouue en ma medecine
Simple qui ſoit plus excelent
Que la bonne plante de vigne,
D'ou le bon vin clairet prouient.

Il n'y a chez l'appothicaire
Cirop que ie cheriſſe mieux
Que ce bon vin qui me faict faire
Le ſang bon & l'eſprit ioyeux.

Qu'on ne m'apporte poinct de caſſe,
Et qu'on ne courre au medecin :
De vin qu'on rempliſſe ma taſſe,
Qui me voudra rendre bien ſain !

En mon recipe *qu'on ordonne*
Que ie boiray vin d'Orleans :
La recepte me ſera bonne ;
Les medecins, honneſtes gens.

Mais s'ilz m'ordonnent de l'eau douce
Où la ptiſane ſimplement,
Sont gens qui veulent tout de courſe
Me faire mourir pourement.

Je ne veux ny laict ny fruictage :
De cela je ne ſuis friand ;
Mais je vendrois mon heritage,
Pour auoir de ce vin riant.

Cold winds o'er wine diſpenſe
A vapid influence.
Drink freely, neighbour; you are old likewiſe.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-ſenſe.

XXXIV.

In pharmacopœia of mine,
No ſimple I find of more worth
Than that noble plant of the vine,
Whence good roſy wine iſſues forth.

No chemiſt poſſeſſes a drug
Whoſe virtues more highly I prize,
Than good wine from bottle or jug,
Which makes health and ſpirits to riſe.

Away with your caſſia! Don't go
To ſummon phyſician for me:
Let wine in my goblet but flow,
And ſound as you pleaſe I ſhall be!

For *Recipe*, let them indite
That Orleans wine I muſt drink:
I'm ſure ſuch preſcription is right,
Such doctors are honeſt, I think.

But ſhould they the cold-water-cure
Or ſimple tiſane on me try,
Such gentry, I vow, will be ſure
To cauſe me directly to die.

No milk nor fruit-diet be mine:
'Twould ne'er ſet my malady right:
To have ſome of that laughing wine,
I gladly would ſell my birthright.

O ! que c'eſt dure departie
De ma bouche & de ce bon vin !
A tous ceux la ie porte enuie,
Qui en ont encor verre plein !

XXXV.

J'ayme la compaignie
Ou ſont mes bons amis ;
Mais le feſtin m'ennuye,
Ou n'y a point de ris.
Ces vieux auares refformés
Vous feront perdre,
De dueil de les veoir rechigner,
Vn bon diſner.

Nous debuons nos grandz peres
Suyure (ce m'eſt aduis),
Qui laiſſoient les affaires,
En table o leurs amis ;
Au ſoir en s'entre viſitans,
Sur le fourmage,
Les chaſtaignes ou le jambon,
Beuuoyent du bon.

Auecques leurs comperes
Et voiſins, en hyuer,
En brazillant les poires,
S'artoyent a deuiſer ;
Chacun faiſant du temps paſſé
Quelque beau compte ;
Se recreans, ſans mal talent,
Honneſtement.

Femmes traictoyent les hommes
Sans les oſer tancer,
Mais, au temps ou nous ſommes,
Ne ſont plus que roſſer.

O parting I tolerate ill,
When lips from good liquor I pull!
I envy all thoſe who have ſtill
Before them a glaſs that is full!

XXXV.

I like thoſe meetings beſt
Where my good friends repair,
But banquets I deteſt,
If joy be abſent there.
Thoſe old reforming miſers
Are very little worth:
At ſight of ſuch a doleful crew,
You food eſchew.

As our fires did, ſo we,
I think, would find it good
From our feſtivity
All buſineſs to exclude.
When they their ev'ning viſits
Exchanged, then with their cheeſe,
And with the ham, and cheſtnuts fine,
They drank good wine.

In winter, as they ſtewed,
With neighbour and with friend,
The pears, came interlude
Of ſtories without end.
Each told ſome brave tradition
Of times long ſince gone by;
Amuſed in eaſy, cheerful way,
With harmleſs play.

Then women loved the men,
And never dared to ſcold:
But times are changed ſince then,—
They beat us,—grown ſo bold!

Elles meſmes alloyent perſer
Du meilleur ſildre,
Joyeuſes de veoir leurs maris
Bien reſiouis.

Femmes ne ſont plus telles
Qu'elles eſtoyent jadis.
Ceux qui ſe paſſent d'elles
Font bien, a mon aduis.
Toutes fois, veu le bon racueil
De noſtre hoſteſſe,
Elle tient encor des anciens
Tant bonnes gens.

Noſtre hoſteſſe, ie treuue
Voſtre ſildre loyal ;
Et, quoy que l'on en boyue,
Ne vous faict poinct de mal.
Si voulez a voz ſeruiteurs
En laiſſer boire,
Je ſeray, ie vous le prometz,
De voz valetz.

XXXVI.

J'ay encor a cheminer
Et faire vne longue traicte.
Bon ſildre, entre en mon goſier,
Mais, auant que ie t'y mette,
Arreſte, arreſte !
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
M'y troubleras tu poinct la teſte ?

Quiconcque veut trauailler,
Faut tenir ſa gorge nette,

They went themſelves to open
The choiceſt cider-butt,
Pleaſed to ſee mirthfulneſs and eaſe
Their huſbands pleaſe.

Women are no more ſuch
As they were wont to be:
He who avoids them, much
Accords in mood with me.
Yet from the pleaſant welcome
That our kind hoſteſs gives,
Her breeding ſtill recalls our good
Old neighbourhood.

Hoſteſs, the tap you keep
Of cider, is moſt pure;
And, though we drink it deep,
Does you no harm, I'm ſure.
If you'll but let your ſervants
Drink ſome of that fine tap,
Your varlet, tapſter of that caſk,
To be, I'll aſk.

XXXVI.

My journey ſtill is long
Far over hill and plain.
Hail, cider good and ſtrong!
But, ere the cup I drain,—
Draw, draw the rein!
If I drink,
Do you think,
If I drink,
Do you think,
Your fumes will not confuſe my brain?

He who has toil in view,
To cleanſe his throat is fain,

Et bien ſouuent la mouiller ;
Mais, auant que ie t'y mette,
Arreſte, arreſte !
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
M'y troubleras tu poinct la teſte ?

Bon ſildre, oſte le ſoucy
D'vn procez qui me tempeſte,
Quand tu paſſeras par cy ;
Mais, auant que ie t'y mette,
Arreſte, arreſte !
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
M'y troubleras tu poinct la teſte ?

Il faut, pour l'amour des gens,
Ne fuſt ce qu'vne gouttette
Boire, puiſque ie te tiens ;
Mais non pas que tout i'y mette.
Arreſte, arreſte !
Car ie croy,
Si ie boy,
Car ie croy,
Si ie boy,
Que tu m'y troubleras la teſte.

XXXVII.

Je ſuis né Bas Normand, mais ma bouche auinée
Dict eſtre d'Orleans,
Et que le vin clairet, qui eſt de ſa contrée,
Je doibs loger ceans.

Oft moiſt'ning it anew;
But, ere the cup I drain,—
Draw, draw the rein!
If I drink,
Do you think,
If I drink,
Do you think,
Your fumes will not confuſe my brain?

Remove, O cider clear!
My lawſuit's vexing pain,
While you refreſh me here;
But, ere the cup I drain,—
Draw, draw the rein!
If I drink,
Do you think,
If I drink,
Do you think,
Your fumes will not confuſe my brain?

For the hoſt's ſake, I'll taſte
One drop: then on again,
Good cider, I muſt haſte;
The whole cup I won't drain.—
Draw, draw the rein!
For I think,
If I drink,
For I think,
If I drink,
Your fumes will much confuſe my brain!

XXXVII.

Low-Norman born, this vinous mouth of mine
Of Orleans boaſts to be;
And I muſt lodge therein the roſy wine
That comes from that countrie.

Mon goſier dict auſſi qu'il a pris ſa naiſſance
Du terroir des bons vins,
Et qu'il ne peut durer, s'il n'a de l'accoinctance
Auec eux, ſes voiſins.

Mon eſtomach auſſi me dict que ſa nature
Ne ſe peut pas changer;
Le chargeant de pommé, qui n'eſt ſa nourriture,
Que c'eſt l'endommager.

Doncques, quictant le vin, j'ay ſur moy (dont je tremble),
Trois mortelz ennemis.
Que feray ie a cela? Faictes nous boyre enſemble,
Et nous rendez amis.

Bouche, eſtomach, goſier; je voudrois, ie vous iure,
Rendre vn chacun contant;
Mais du ſidre il faut boyre & changer de nature,
N'ayant guere d'argent.

Car le vin eſt trop cher; l'impoſt, les quatrieſmes,
Peſte des biberons,
Faute d'un peu de vin feront mourir de rheumes
Les poures compaignons.

XXXVIII.

Je ne me puis deſgouſter
De hanter
Ces bons cerueaux de tauerne,
Qui, pour gouſter les bons vins,
Sont bien fins,
Sachans comme on les diſcerne.

Vin d'vne oreille aux gens vieux
Et gouteux
Sert de laict & nourriture;
Mais qui le vermeil boira
Bien fera:
Il gaignera la teincture.

My throat, too, ſays that it was born and bred
In land of wine that's good;
And that it can't ſurvive unleſs 'tis fed
From its own neighbourhood.

My ſtomach, too, ſays it can never move
From its own way a whit;
If filled with liquor from an apple-grove,
That would do harm to it.

If I quit wine, I thus have, (dreadful thought!),
Three mortal enemies:
What muſt I do? Let's all, together brought,
Drink, then good friends ariſe.

Mouth, ſtomach, throat, I gladly would arrange
To make you all content:
But cider you muſt drink, your nature change,
For lack of pleniſhment;

For wine's too dear: "the impoſt," and "the fourth,"
The drinker's miſery,
Will cauſe poor topers, periſhed for the worth
Of a drop wine, to die.

XXXVIII.

I cannot bring myſelf to hate
To congregate
With thoſe good fellows of the pot,
Whoſe aptneſs for diſcerning wine
Becomes ſo fine,
By frequent teſting of the lot.

To gouty old folks, wine, if good,
Is milk and food,
Preſerving them from atrophy;
He who the roſy ſort will take,
Makes no miſtake:
He ſoon will catch its vermeil dye.

Le blanc endort & fuſt bon,
Ce dict on,
A ces femmes ſi cruelles ;
Quand il les endormiroit,
On n'auroit
Au logis tant de querelles.

Le bon ſildre en dict on rien ?
Il vaut bien
Que quelque choſe on en die ;
Et certes, qui m'en croiroit,
On n'auroit
Aultre boire en Normandie.

Le breuuage compoſé
N'eſt priſé.
Auſſi ie laiſſe la biere
Aux Anglois & Allemans
Et Flamans,
Qui ont l'ame roturiere.

Jamais pour bon n'aduouray
Le poiray :
C'eſt vn nuiſible breuuage.
Toutes fois ie le permetz
Aux valetz,
Leſquelz n'ont ſoing du meſnage.

De la ſoif on nomme l'eau
Le bourreau,
Qui la faict mourir martyre.
Breuuage de pœnitent,
Qui le prend
N'a pas bien cauſe de rire.

Au beuueur d'eau, qui criroit :
" Le roy boit "
Feroit vn roy de grenouilles.

The white is drowſy, and were beſt
To cauſe to reſt,
'Tis ſaid, harſh women from their toils;
When they were once all put to ſleep,
That wine would keep
The houſehold free from many broils.

For cider is there nought to ſay?
I think we may
Some panegyric of it try;
And, if my verdict you'll believe,
You won't receive
Another drink in Normandy.

Mixtures of divers qualities
Men do not prize.
With my conſent is beer reſigned
To Engliſh, Germans, and to ſuch
As, with the Dutch,
Bear only a commercial mind.

To perry ne'er will I aſſign
The rank of fine:
It is a drink injurious,
And only fitting to be quaffed
As lackeys' draught
Who have no charge about the houſe.

Water they chriſten as the worſt
Headſman of thirſt,
As martyr cauſing it to die.
O beverage of miſery!
Who doth thee try,
Hath no good cauſe for jollity.

To water-drinker, to exclaim
"The King drinks!" name
Of King of Frogs would give alone.

Feſtin qu'on deſtrampe d'eau
N'eſt poinct beau :
Faut que de vin tu le mouilles.

S'il y a ſildre excelent,
Bien ſouuent
On l'aime ſur tout breuuage.
Tu es, bon ſidre orangé,
(Tout ſongé)
Vn bon meuble en vn meſnage.

XXXIX.

L'amour ie laiſſeray faire
Et les dames courtizer.
Il ne me faut plus qu'a boire
D'autant, & me repoſer.

Deia le poil me griſonne ;
Deia la goutte ie ſens.
Je veux traicter ma perſonne
Auec les Galle Bontems.

Si j'auois touſiours en caue
Vn muy de vin ſauoureux,
Fuſt a'Orleans ou de Graue,
Je me tiendrois bien heureux.

Sans me ſoucier d'vſure,
Qui n'a jamais bon ſuccez,
J'irois le veoir, ie vous iure,
Plus ſouuent que mes procez.

Car j'ay vn mal de nature :
Mon poulmon tout ſec deuient ;
Et mourrois par aduenture,
Si ne beuuois bien ſouuent.

Ceſte couppe eſt toute pleine ;
J'en vay lauer mes poulmons.

A feaſt with water-bottles dreſt,
Is all unbleſt:
It muſt your wine's kind preſence own.

Cider, if it be ſuperfine,
Above all wine
Men oft prefer in their carouſe.
Fine orange-tinted cider, thou,
(We muſt allow),
Art a good chattel in the houſe!

XXXIX.

To love I do not much incline,
Nor bend to dames' beheſt.
I only want to drink my wine,
And then to take my reſt.

My hair's already growing gray,
Already comes the gout.
I fain would paſs my time away
With joyous comrades ſtout.

If in my cellar I could have
Always a fragrant caſk
Of wine of Orleans, or Grave,
No better I ſhould aſk.

For uſuries I ſhould not care,
Which never well ſucceed;
I'd oftener try that caſk, I ſwear,
Than in the law-courts plead.

For an in-born defect have I:
Throat-thirſtineſs is mine;
And peradventure I might die,
Unleſs oft drinking wine.

Before me ſtands a brimming diſh;
My cheſt ſhall have its fill:

C'eſt le chauld & la ſaline,
Ce n'eſt pas nous qui beuuons.

XL.

Las ! ie voy bien que m'a quictè m'amie !
Elle m'a dict que ie boy trop ſouuent
Et que cela m'abbregeroit la vie.

Je m'en vay donc en vn deſert ſauuage.
Ne beuuant vin ny ſildre aucunement,
J'y paſſeray le reſte de mon aage.

Si je n'y boy que de l'eau toute pure,
Bien toſt ainſi ie finiray mes jours
Car tel boire eſt contraire a ma nature.

Ce me ſera tres dure pœnitence.
Ainſi mourray regrettant mes amours,
Comme vn hermite, en faiſant abſtinence.

Puiſqu'aux deſertz on ne boit rien qui vaille,
Laiſſer ne veux ce bon vin dans le pot.
J'en boy a vous, premier que ie m'en aille.

Appres ma mort, faut ſur ma tombe eſcrire :
" Cy giſt qui a bien aymé le piot :
" C'eſt grand dommage aux tauerniers de Vire."

XLI.

La bouteille c'eſt ma cuirace,
Mon caſque c'eſt le gobbelet,
Et le jambon mon piſtolet.
Qu'on me rempliſſe ceſte taſſe ;
J'en veux (le cueur poinct ne me fault)
Combatre la ſoif qui m'aſſault.

It is the heat and the ſalt-fiſh,
It is not we who ſwill.

XL.

Too well I ſee that me my Love has left!
She told me I too oft my thirſt aſſuage,
And that I ſoon ſhall be of life bereft.

I go, then, in a deſert lone to pine,
And there to paſs the remnant of my age,
Taſting no more of cider nor of wine.

If there I but of water pure partake,
My days will thus end very ſpeedily.
Such drink would ne'er my thirſty nature ſlake,

And would to me be grievous penitence.
Thus, ſadly mourning o'er my love, I'd die,
Like eremite, performing abſtinence.

Since in the deſert no fine wine is got,
I'll drink your health before I take my flight.
I won't leave this good liquor in the pot.

On my tomb let this epitaph appear:—
"Here lies one who in wine did much delight:
"One greatly mourned by taverners of Vire."

XLI.

The wine-bottle is my cuiraſs,
A goblet for helmet I chooſe.
A ham is the piſtol I uſe.
Come, ſpeedily fill up this glaſs;
I fain, (and my courage ne'er fails),
Would combat the thirſt that aſſails.

Bien mieux qu'a Sainct Denis, en France,
On qu'a la bataille de Dreux,
Parmy les potz combatray mieux
Et auecques plus d'aſſeurance :
Rien ie ne turay de ce coup
Que la ſoif, que ie hay beaucoup.

Je hazarderois bien ma vie
Prez de la bouche des canons,
Si au lieu de poudre & de ploms
Ilz ſont chargés de Maluoiſie :
Aultrement ne me parlez poinct
De perdre le moulle au pourpoinct.

Il n'eſt que meſnager ſa vie,
Et chanter, viuans bien contans,
Les Vaudeuire du vieux temps,
Et faire touſiours chere lie.
Quand le bon compagnon mourra,
Paye ſes debtes qui voudra !

La ſoif me tenoit a la gorge :
Je luy ay bien liuré l'aſſault ;
Je luy ay faict faire vn beau ſault !
Touſtes fois, s'elle ne deſloge,
Ce verre remply, ie pourrois
L'oſter peut eſtre a l'aultre fois.

XLII.

Laiſſons viure malheureuſes
Ces ames ambitieuſes,
Et ioyeuſement viuons
De ſi peu que nous auons.

L'vſurier, par grand' miſere,
Craignant trop cherement boire,
Meurt de ſoif vilainement
Pour amaſſer de l'argent.

More brave than at French St. Denys,
More brave than on Dreux's battle-field,
I'd fight among wine-pots, nor yield
To any contending with me.
I'd kill only thirſt by ſuch wound;
Thirſt, hated with hatred profound.

My life would be ventured by me
Cloſe up to the guns, if, inſtead
Of powder and bullets of lead,
They were charged with Malvoiſie:
Don't otherwiſe aſk me to chooſe
My ſurcoat's lay-figure to loſe!

We've only to manage our life,
And ſing, in the midſt of content,
The olden-time Vaux-de-Vire, ſent
To keep us unſaddened by ſtrife.
On a boon companion's deceaſe,
Thoſe ſettle his debits who pleaſe!

I've had a ſharp ſtruggle with thirſt:
I've well cannonaded his ſtrength,
And captured his fortreſs at length!
But even if I get the worſt,
With full glaſs at ſome other time,
I hope to his caſtle to climb.

XLII.

Let ſouls that ambitious be
Paſs their lives devoid of glee;
But let us find joyaunce brave
In the little that we have.

Miſers, through their wretched cheer,
Fearing that drink coſts too dear,
Die of thirſt,—a dreadful end!—
Hoarding what they would not ſpend.

Qui trop au meſnage penſe
Et qui conte ſa deſpence,
N'ayant en l'eſprit repos,
Ne peut viure bien diſpos.

La goutte vn drolle n'affronte,
Qui boit ſans ſonger au conte ;
Auares en ſont ſaiſis,
Qui ont les eſcus moiſis.

Les miens ne moiſiſſent guere,
Pourueu que ie trouue a boire.
Je ſçay qu'aprez le treſpas
Plus ne ſeruent les ducatz.

Si j'eſtois vn jour en France
Quelque officier de finance,
Verres, bouteilles, tonneaux,
Seroyent mes meubles plus beaux.

Flacons pleins de Maluoiſie
Seroyent ma tapiſſerie ;
Vn logis n'eſt bien paré,
Ou l'on demeure alteré.

Rempliſſez moy ceſte couppe :
Que ie boiue a ceſte trouppe !
Verre vuide ne vaut rien
Parmy tant de gens de bien.

XLIII.

Le temps iadis, on ſe ſouloit eſbattre,
Eſtant, l'huys clos, la neige & les glaçons ;
Pres vn beau feu, trois a trois, quatre a quatre,
Enſemble au ſoir eſtoient les bons garçons.
En repetant les viroiſes chanſons,

He who thinks too much of pence,
Ever counting his expenſe,
Having no repoſe of mind,
Never can contentment find.

Gout attacks not merry ſot,
Coſt of drink who counteth not;
Miſers are of gout diſeaſed,
Who have crowns by mildew ſeized.

Mildew ſeldom ſeizes mine,
If I get enough of wine.
Well I know, when life is o'er,
Ducats profit us no more.

Were I, ſome day, made in France
An official of finance,
Glaſſes, bottles, caſks, ſhould be
Grandeſt furniture for me.

All my gorgeous tapeſtry
Should be flaſks of Malvoiſie;
Manſions are adorned the worſt,
Where the tenants live in thirſt.

Brimming fill for me this cup:
To your healths I'll drink it up!
Empty glaſs we ne'er ſhould view
In ſo worſhipful a crew.

XLIII.

Of yore, the folks amuſed themſelves in-doors,
When winter came, and icicles, and ſnow;
Boon friends, in threes and threes, or fours and fours,
Near blazing fire, ſate in their ruſtic row.
In order then the ſongs of Vire would flow,

Sans detenir aucun mauuais langage,
Ou ſur la poire ou bien ſur le fromage,
Paſſoient ioyeux le temps honneſtement.
S'il y auoit chez eux de bon breuuage,
L'habandonnoient fort volontairement.

Mais maintenant (ce qui beaucoup m'eſtonne)
Chez ſon voiſin on ne hante, non plus
Que ſi c'eſtoit quelque eſtrange perſonne :
Les Vau de Vire on eſtime eſtre abus.
Leur ſeul ſoulas, c'eſt d'auoir des eſcus.
Pour vn amy on ne veut rien deſpendre :
Qui a bon ſildre, il le garde pour vendre,
S'il encheriſt en l'arriere ſaiſon.
Vn chacun veut, ſoutonnier, pres ſa cendre,
Se mal traictant, enrichir ſa maiſon.

Le bon vieil temps enſuyuons, ie vous prie :
Eſcus ne ſont que crainte & penſement ;
Mais que puiſſions bien paſſer ceſte vie,
Qu'eſt il beſoin nous damner pour l'argent ?
Auec repos, auec contentement,
Vſons des biens que le Ciel nous enuoye.
Il ne faut pas, faute d'vn peu de ioye,
Le bec en l'eau, nos jours precipiter.
Les anciens nous ont monſtré la voye :
Faict il pas bien qui les peut imiter ?

XLIV.

Lorſqu'on perſe chez mon voiſin
Vn tonneau de bon ſidre plein,
Ou de bon vin,
Me ſemble qu'on me fiance :
J'ay bonne eſperance
D'en boire vne ſoupirance
Soir ou matin.

Without a word that could offend the ear,
And o'er the pears, or cheeſe, their homely cheer,
They paſſed the time in harmleſs joyouſneſs.
If in the houſe ſome goodly drink ſtood near,
They quitted it with perfect readineſs.

But now,—(to me, I own, a wondrous change),—
Men pay no viſits to their neighbours, more
Than if their lives had been entirely ſtrange:
The Vaux-de-Vire as follies they deplore,
Their only joy is hoarding more and more.
For a friend's ſake, they won't incur expenſe:
But hold good cider, for the gain of pence,
Till the price riſe in the late ſeaſon's days.
Each crouches o'er his hearth, with craft intenſe
Starving himſelf, his houſe's wealth to raiſe.

Let us reſtore the good old time, I pray:
Money does nought but fear and trouble wake;
To make this life paſs happily away,
Muſt we deſtroy ourſelves for money's ſake?
In reſt and ſweet contentment let us take
The bleſſings Heav'n deigns lovingly to ſend:
And not, for lack of what ſome joy can lend,
By water-drinking, death anticipate.
Our ſires have ſhown us the right way to wend:
Is not he wiſe, who them can imitate?

XLIV.

When, at his own houſe, neighbour mine
Taps a full caſk of cider fine,
Or of good wine,
I ſeem betrothed to be:
Foreſhadowing with glee
At eve, or morn, for me
Some taſte divine.

Il ſe plaiſt d'ouir vn cas nouueau
Quelque romant ou compte beau
De mon cerueau.
J'en forge & luy en vay faire
Pour auoir matiere
De faire tirer a boire
De ſon tonneau.

Mon voiſin ie tiendrois vn an
Sur le vin, lorſque du grand Cham
Ou du Soldan
Je luy compte quelque fable
Qu'il croit veritable,
Ou que ie parle a ſa table
Du Preſtre Jan.

Luy & moy, ſi c'eſt en hyuer,
Nous nous mettons prez du fouyer
A deuiſer
Du temps de ſon feu grand pere,
Sans ceſſer de boire,
Comme j'en vais la maniere
Vous demonſtrer.

C'eſt ainſi comme nous faiſons,
Luy & moy, quand nous deuiſons
Prez des tiſons,
Deteſtans melancholie
Et chiquanerie
Qui puiſſe eſtre forbannye
De noz maiſons.

XLV.

Louons l'Eternel,
Bibimus ſatis,
Et l'hoſte, lequel
Nos pauit gratis,

He loves to hear the ſtory new,
The old romance, the ballad true
My fancy drew.
Of them I fabricate
Such ſtore for him, that ſtraight
His ſpiggot turns: till late,
The draughts enſue.

My neighbour would a whole year hang
Over the wine, when the Great Cham,
Or the Soldan
Adorns my fable well,
On which, as true, he'll dwell;
Or at his board I tell
Of Preſter John.

In winter, he and I oft ſit
Beſide the hearth, to chat a bit,
Trying to hit
The time of his grandſire;
Still drinking by the fire,
Juſt as I now deſire
To ſhow you it.

'Tis thus his hours and mine go by,
When we in fond garrulity
The embers ſee;
We gloomy themes abjure;
And in our homes, be ſure,
We never could endure
Chicanery.

XLV.

Give God the praiſe,
Bibimus ſatis;
Hoſt in kind ways
Nos pavit gratis:

Et ſans rechigner
Onerans menſas
De metz delicas.

Il nous ayme bien,
Hoc patet nobis ;
Car ſon meilleur vin
Deprompſit cadis,
Et nous en a faict
Vſque ad oras
Remplir nos hanaps.

Les frais ne ſoient grands
Coram amicis.
Faut s'entre hanter
Sumptibus paucis ;
Mais touſiours le vin
Lauet gingiuas
Apres le repas.

Qu'on en donne donc
Cunctis conuiuis ;
A l'hoſte boirons
Pateris plenis,
Le remercians :
A vingt ans d'icy,
Puiſſions faire ainſi !

XLVI.

Medecin de ma triſteſſe,
Remply mon verre, echançon
Mourray ie de ſechereſſe,
Tant prez d'vn ſi bon garçon ?
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.

Choiſis les potz, car du pire
Si tu me venois verſer

He with ſuperb fare
Onerans menſas
In his good-will.

He loves us well,
Hoc patet nobis;
As his beſt wines tell
Deprompſit cadis;
Bidding us with them
Uſque ad oras
Our beakers fill.

Be the coſt ſmall
Coram amicis.
Merry in hall
Sumptibus paucis;
Yet, after meat, wine
Lavet gingivas
Long as we ſwill.

Be it, then, poured
Cunctis convivis;
Toaſt our landlord
Pateris plenis,
Thanking him warmly.
Twenty years hence,
Let's recommence!

XLVI.

Phyſician of my mournfulneſs,
Fill up my glaſs, O ſeneſchal!
And I to die of thirſtineſs
With ſuch good comrade at my call?
No, no; no, no; alas! no, no.

Chooſe well the wine-pots; for if juice
Inferior you were to pour,

Et pourement me ſeduire,
Ce ſeroit pour me chaſſer.
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.

Je ſçay bien que ie te garde,
Si me vas fauoriſant.
A la perſonne veillarde
Mauuais boire eſt il duiſant ?
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.

Boire bon, pluſtoſt moins boire,
Nous faict fuir a mille maux.
Mon cors n'eſt pas lauatoire,
Ou l'on iette toutes eaux.
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.

Eſt ce du vin de ton maiſtre
Que tu m'as icy verſé ?
Dormirois ie poinct peut eſtre
Si j'en eſtois bien bercé ?
Nenny, nenny, helas ! nenny.

XLVII.

Meſſieurs, voulez vous rien mander ?
Ce bateau va paſſer la mer,
Chargé de bon breuuage.
Le matelot le puiſſe bien mener
Sans peril & ſans nauffrage !

Il va couler icy aual :
Pourueu qu'vn pilleur deſloyal
Ne le prenne au paſſage,
Et que le vent ne le meine point mal,
Il va deſcendre en Brouage.

Helas ! ce vent n'eſt guere bon.
Nous ſommes perdus, compagnon !

And me ſo ſhamefully ſeduce,
You thus would drive me from your door.
No, no; no, no; alas! no, no.

I well know that I won't leave you,
If you my happineſs regard,
Of him whoſe future years are few,
Is nauſeous drink the due reward?
No, no; no, no; alas! no, no.

Though we drink little, goodly drink
Makes us eſcape a thouſand woes.
My body's not a common ſink
Wherein all refuſe water goes.
No, no; no, no; alas! no, no.

Pray, is this draught you pour, as fine
As for your maſter's ſelf you keep?
If ſoundly cradled in this wine
Might I procure no wink of ſleep?
No, no; no, no; alas! no, no.

XLVII.

Sirs, have ye no commands to-day?
This veſſel ſoon will ſail away,
Well laden with good wine.
The ſailor ſkilfully her courſe can lay,
In ſafety o'er the brine.

On ſhe will ſail at eaſe:
If no rude pirate ſeize
On her as ſhe doth go,
And if ſhe meet not with an adverſe breeze,
To Brouage there below.

Alas, we're tempeſt-toſt.
My ſhipmates, we are loſt!

Vuider faut ce nauire,
Et mettre tous la main a l'auiron. . .
Regardez comme je tire !

Si vous tires autant que moy,
Bien toſt ainſi, comme ie croy,
Gaignerons le riuage.
Il eſt bien prez ; car deia ie le voy. . .
Compagnon, prenons courage !

XLVIII.

Me voulez vous garir de la berlue ?
En vn verre bien net
Faut ſeulement mettre deuant ma veue
De ce bon vin clairet,
Qui chaleur donne a l'ame morfondue.
Encore chopine pleine,
Encore chopine !

Me voulez vous, quand je ſuis en cholere,
Regaillardir le cueur ?
Tant ſeulement il me faut faire boire
Cete bonne liqueur,
Qui le chagrin eſchange en bonne chere.
Encore chopine pleine,
Encore chopine !

Me voulez vous faire conter & dire
Mille propos ioyeux ?
De ce bon vin dictes moy que je tire
Quelque bon coup ou deux ;
L'homme ſongeart il faict cauſer & rire.
Encore chopine pleine,
Encore chopine !

Bale out our veſſel full:
All hands to man the pumps muſt take their poſt;—
Look you how I can pull!

If you will pull like me,
In ſhort time we ſhall be
The harbour drawing near.
It is not far already, I can ſee;—
Shipmate, away with fear!

XLVIII.

Would you free my eyes from daze?
In glaſs bright and clean
Only be before my gaze
That fair red wine ſeen,
Which inſpires dull ſouls with praiſe.
Bring one full chopin more;
One chopin more!

Would you my ſwift choler ſlake,
Raiſe my ſpirits up?
Juſt prevail on me to take
That good wholeſome cup
Which can ſad hearts cheerful make.
Bring one full chopin more;
One chopin more!

Would you have me joyous thought
Gaily intertwine?
Then to me let there be brought
Draughts of this good wine,
With loud mirth for dreamer fraught.
Bring one full chopin more;
One chopin more!

XLIX.

Mon mary ha, que ie croy,
Par ma foy,
Le goſier de chair falée :
Car il ne peut reſpirer
Ny durer
Si ſa gorge n'eſt mouillée.

Lorſqu'il eſt en grand couroux,
Voulez vous
Luy addoucir le courage ?
Faictes luy tant ſeulement
Promptement
Boire quelque bon breuuage.

Pourueu qu'il ne vende rien
De ſon bien,
S'il boit, j'en ſuis reſiouie ;
Car j'ay tout au long du jour
Son amour,
Et ſommes ſans faſcherie.

J'ay vn peu gouſté en fin
Ce bon vin :
Or, viue ce bon breuuage,
Qui mon homme en ſanté met
Et nous faict
Viure en paix en mariage !

L.

Monſieur de ceans,
Ces honneſtes gens
Ne vous pourroient ruiner
A chopiner ;
Car le ſidre ne vaut plus
Qu'vn carolus.

XLIX.

My huſband has, as I conceive,
And do believe,
His gullet cured with brine:
For he can neither thrive
Nor live
With throat unſoaked in wine.

When he is in a tow'ring rage,
Would you aſſuage
And make his wrath decline?
You've only got to make him taſte,
In haſte,
A pitcher of good wine.

If he would only not abate
His good eſtate,
When he drinks, I am glad:
For all day long I duly prove
His love,
And we are never ſad.

I have juſt taſted, once or twice,
That wine ſo nice:
And I ſay:—"Long live wine;
"Which does my huſband's health improve,
"And love
"With wedded life entwine!"

L.

Kind Sir, you need not fear
That theſe good people here
Could ruin you by a deſign
On too much wine;
For cider only coſteth us
A Carolus.

Quant eſt pour la chair,
Il couſte trop cher
A traicter les gens de paons
Et de phaiſans.
Auſſi, pour garder ce poinct,
N'en auons poinct.

Nous auons pourtant
Tout noſtre contant
De metz, pour noſtre repas,
Bien delicatz ;
Mais nous n'auons pas la faim
De longue main.

Doncq, permettez nous,
(Je parle pour tous)
De n'eſpargner ce pommé
Si bien aymé,
Sauf a boire, ſur la fin,
Vn peu de vin.

Il vaut bien vrayment
Son peſant d'argent.
Or, ie ne fay plus de cas
De tous ces platz ;
Approchez pluſtoſt le pot
Prez de l'eſcot.

Je n'euſſe chanté,
Si ce n'euſt eſté
Ce bon boire, qui bien vaut
Qu'on chante hault
En depit de noz voiſins,
Gens trop chagrins.

Mais qu'a ton perdu ?
Ce qui leur eſt deu
Les met en grand penſement
Inceſſamment.

As butcher-meat would come
To a much larger ſum,
So peacocks, pheaſants, for the pot
Cannot be got:
Neither, to ſettle that affair,
Do we much care.

Yet not without a diſh
Are we, that ſuits our wiſh,
For our repaſt, elaborate
And delicate;
Only we do not underſtand
The hungry hand.

Then pray, permit us here,
(For all, I crave your ear,)
To ſpare not this good apple-wine,
So very fine;
Sure that, at laſt, we ſhan't eſcape
Some wine of grape.

Its worth I eſtimate
At ſilver of like weight.
I feel that now no more I care
For all that fare;
Rather, ſay I, bring us the pot,
Then pay the ſhot.

My voice I'd ne'er have raiſed
But for that cider praiſed,
To which doth rightfully belong
A luſty ſong
In deſpite of our neighbours' frown,—
Folks too caſt-down.

What is it they have loſt?
They always dwell the moſt
On what they ought by rights to have;
For ever grave.

Que m'en chaut, ſi ie n'ay pas
Tant de ducas ?

Cinq ſolz font autant,
Quand on eſt contant,
Et qu'on iette les ennuis
Derriere l'huis,
Que d'eſcus les facz tous pleins
A ces vilains.

L'hoſte, s'il vous plaiſt,
Voila voſtre arreſt :
De voſtre ſidre on boira
Tant qu'on voudra ;
Nous nous tiendrons bien contans
Pour les deſpens.

LI.

Ma femme ſe dict mal pourueue,
Que ie perdz les biens & la veue,
A force de boire du bon ;
Mais ne faut qu'elle s'en tourmente ;
Car c'eſt vne choſe excelente
Qu'vn venerable biberon.

On dict que ſes ans il abbrege ;
Ainçois il a grand priuilege :
Car, cependant qu'il boit d'autant,
Il ne crainct poinct que la pepie,
Qui aux poulets oſte la vie,
Le faſſe mourir a l'inſtant.

Il n'eſt meurtrier ny ſanguinaire :
Car tout le feu de ſa cholere,
Beuuant bien, il trampe & deſtainct ;
Mais que celuy la on redoubte,
Qui ne beuuant que goutte a goutte
Frappe quand on n'y penſe poinct.

If ſcantier my ducats be,
What is 't to me?

Five ſous are as great ſtore,—
If men behind the door
Would only caſt their cares away,—
As great, I ſay,
As are the bags all full of crowns
Of thoſe dull clowns.

For you, hoſt! if you pleaſe,
The laws we make are theſe:—
We'll drink your cider, *quantum ſuff.*
And long enough,
And feel that we with ſpirits gay
The coſt can pay.

LI.

My wife complains of want of pelf,
And ſays I waſte ſight, goods, myſelf,
By drinking wine that's mellow;
She need not vex herſelf a jot:
Becauſe a venerable ſot
Is really a grand fellow.

They ſay that he'll abridge his days;
But then he gains in other ways:
For, long as he keeps drinking,
He fears not leſt dyſpepſia,
Which carries chickens off, they ſay,
Will kill him too, unthinking.

He's not bloodthirſtily inclined:
For all the choler of his mind
His long draughts quench and ſoften;
Him rather they have cauſe to fear,
Who drinks a little there and here,
And, unforeſeen, ſtrikes often.

Helas ! que faict vn pauure yurongne ?
Il ſe couche & n'occit perſonne ;
Ou bien il dict propos ioyeux ;
Il ne ſonge poinct en vſure.
Et ne faict a perſonne iniure.
Beuueur d'eau peut il faire mieux ?

LII.

Mes bons ſeigneurs, ie penſe, a mon aduis,
Que s'entre veoir & viſiter ſouuent,
C'eſt ce qui faict touſiours les bons amis.
Vſons les vns des autres librement,
Et que chacun, ſur ce boire excelent,
Laue ſon cueur de toute hypocriſie. . .
Aux Alemans bien boire eſt courtoiſie.

En table, on eſt pour boire & pour manger,
Et ſon repas prendre ioyeuſement.
Or ſus ! afin de vous encourager,
Je vay le mien vuider premierement.
C'eſt vn fourrier qui va tant ſeulement
Pour les autres le logis recongnoiſtre. . .
Touſiours ma ſoif ne ceſſe de renaiſtre.

Je voudrois bien en aſſaillir quelqu'vn
De ceux qui vont, ce ſemble, rechignant.
Il faut laiſſer le chagrin importun,
A tout le moins a la table en beuuant.
Cecy s'en va droict au Pont Ecoulant :
C'eſt a Guibray d'icy la droicte voie. . .
Que ce bon vin rafraiſchit bien le foye !

LIII.

Mon cher ſoucy, o bouteille m'amie,
Secourez moy !
Vienne mouiller voſtre douce liqueur
Mon goſier ſec & garir ma pepie !
Enneouoy !

Poor topers do but what they can;
They go to bed, but ſlay no man;
Or with gay converſe end it.
They never dream of uſury.
They do no one an injury.
Can water-drinkers mend it?

LII.

Kind Sirs, I venture to adviſe
That frequent viſits greatly tend
To cauſe good friends to fraterniſe.
Let's viſit, then, as friend with friend;
And, in this fine wine, each attend
To waſh off all hypocriſy:—
Drinking is German courteſy.

At table we ſhould drink and eat,
And our repaſt take joyouſly.
To aid you by example meet,
My glaſs I'll empty inſtantly.
'Tis but a ſcout, who pryingly
Is by the reſt ſent on before.—
My thirſt at once revives for more.

O were that thirſt to him but ſent
Who ſeems to grumble at his cheer!
Away with haunting diſcontent,
At leaſt while we're carouſing here.
To Pont-Ecoulant this will ſteer:
To Guibray hence the ſhorteſt way.—
How this good wine doth thirſt allay!

LIII.

My bottle, my moſt truſty friend,
Be my ally!
Come, let thy dulcet liquor bleſs
My throat, and my dyſpepſy end!
Enneovoy!

Longtemps y a qu'a haute voix je crie :
" Secourez moy ! "
D'vn peu de vin reconfortez mon cueur,
Ou aultrement ie vay perdre la vie. . .
Enneouoy !

Je ſuis armé contre mon ennemie :
Secourez moy !
Faictes ainſi : ſervez moy de ſecond !
Serez vous poinct, voiſin, de la partie ?
Enneouoy !

Vn bon amy n'attend pas qu'on luy die :
" Secourez moy ! "
Vn verre plein, & fuſt il tres profond,
Je vuide bien, auant que l'on m'en prie.
Enneouoy !

Tirez vn coup, ayez l'ame hardie ;
Secourez moy !
Deia d'vn coup que j'ay mis prez du cueur
Ma ſoif en a preſque perdu la vie.
Enneouoy !

Mon cher deſir, o bouteille m'amie,
Secourez-moy !
Vienne mouiller voſtre douce liqueur
Mon goſier ſec & garir ma pepie !
Enneouoy !

LIV.

Meſſieurs, maintenant delaiſſez
Tous vos procez.
Aſſez vous aurez d'aultre temps
Pour d'auarice
Faire exercice
Sur les cliens.

Long unto thee my cries aſcend:
"Be my ally!"
Cheer with ſome wine my heart's diſtreſs,
Elſe end my life and happineſs.
Enneovoy!

From foe I now myſelf defend:
Be my ally!
Be my ſtout ſecond in the fight!
My neighbour, won't thou, too, attend?
Enneovoy!

True friend waits not till call we ſend,
"Be my ally!"
Full glaſs, and deep, 'tis my delight,
Unaſked, at one good draught to end.
Enneovoy!

With a freſh draught, freſh boldneſs blend:
Be my ally!
The draught will bring heart-happineſs,
And to my thirſt deſtruction ſend.
Enneovoy!

My bottle, well-beloved friend,
Be my ally!
Come, let thy dulcet liquor bleſs
My throat, and my dyſpepſy end!
Enneovoy!

LIV.

Ceaſe, gentlemen, a little while,
Your lawſuits' guile.
Sufficient time will yet remain
For avarice
To exerciſe,
On clients, gain.

Les aduocatz qui n'ont repos
Sont mal diſpos ;.
On les void bientoſt griſonner.
Le perſonnage
Qui eſt bien ſage
Ne veut plaider.

Je n'ayme point dillation
Sur la boiſſon.
On ne prend poinct ſur moy deffaut
Ny contumace,
A pleine taſſe
Quand boire il faut.

Mais il faut, quand j'ay beu mon pot,
Payer l'eſcot.
D'vn client vous auez les ſas,
Qui vous deffraye,
Et le vin paye,
Qu'il ne boit pas.

Mais je ne ſuis pour cenſurer
Voſtre meſtier ;
Tous eſtatz tendent a l'argent.
Ceſte iournée
Soit celebrée
Joyeuſement !

Feſte qui vient au mois de may
Rend le cœur gay ;
Et puis voicy bonne liqueur :
Qu'elle ſoit beue,
Et qu'on ſalue
Noſtre majeur !

A vous, monſieur noſtre majeur,
De fort bon cueur !
Prenez le mal que font les dens

Thoſe Advocates who never reſt,
Are ſouls unbleſt;
We ſee their hairs grow gray with ſpeed.
The perſonage
Who is moſt ſage,
Will never plead.

No dilatory pleas love I,
When drink I try.
They don't catch me malingering,
Nor outlaw found,
When goblets round
Have their full ſwing.

But, when I've turned my wine-pot o'er,
How clear the ſcore?
Your client's bags, crammed to the brim,
Will you well pay;
And wine defray,
Not drunk by him.

But I'm not here to diſapprove
The trade you love;
'Tis money governs ev'ry ſtate.
Let us, at leaſt,
This day with Feaſt
Now celebrate.

A Feſtival that comes in May
Makes the heart gay;
And here there is good wine for cheer:
Quench, then, your thirſt,
Saluting firſt
Our Major here!

To you, our Major, thus our love
We gladly prove!
Submit to toothache, if it bore,

En patience,
Et non vengeance
Sur les cliens.

LV.

Ne hantant point le monde
Je ne fay que refuer ;
Ma femme au logis gronde
Ne ceſſant de crier ;
J'en fuis melancholicque ;
Mais pour fuir le chagrin
Faut que ie communicque
Auecques mon voiſin.

L'hyuer, durant la pluye,
Au ſoir nous nous hantons ;
Prez beau feu, la roſtie
Dans le vin nous trampons.
Nous ne parlons d'affaires,
Mais de diſcours plaiſant,
Cependant que les poires
Et marrons vont cuiſant.

Si le vin, apres rire,
Nous deffault, volontiers
Aux courtz feſtus on tire
A qui payra ſon tiers.
Si ſçauons en tauerne
Quelque bonne boiſſon,
On dit : " Pren la lanterne,
" Apportez en, garçon ! "

La voiſine s'eſgaye,
Et ne ride ſon front,
Lorſque ſon mary paye
Comme les aultres font.
Elle ſucre la poire,
Diſant le petit mot,

Quite patiently :—
Not cruelly
To clients poor !

LV.

Far from the world, my life
In dreamineſs goes by ;
At home, my ſcolding wife
Is ever in full cry ;
In melancholy mood,
Such wearineſs to mend,
I feel it muſt be good
To go and ſee my friend.

On rainy winter night
Aſſembled, gueſts and hoſt,
By good fire's blazing light,
In wine we dip the toaſt.
We talk of no affairs,
But jocund themes alone ;
While cheſtnuts and the pears
Are roaſting on hearth-ſtone.

If, after mirth, our wine
Run ſhort, in pleaſant way
We draw ſtraws, to divine
Who for ſome more ſhall pay.
If a good tap we know
In tavern kept hard by,—
" Boy, take the lantern, go,
" Fetch hither ſome,"—we cry.

Our neighbour's wife is gay,
Her forehead ſhows no frown,
Although her huſband pay,
Like all the reſt, caſh down.
She ſugars o'er the pears,
She chatters ſmall-talk ſtill ;

Nous aide meſme a boire
Et ſe met de l'eſcot.

Lorſque me preſſe l'heure,
Je retourne au logis ;
Ma femme eſt la qui pleure,
Ainſi qu'il m'eſt aduis,
Et me dict en cholere :
" Que fay ie ſeule au lict ?
" Eſt il ſeant de boire
" Ainſi juſqu'a minuict ? "

De peur d'auoir querelle,
Et d'eſtre martyré,
Je me couche aupres d'elle,
Faignant d'eſtre alteré.
Peu a peu ie la baiſe,
Ne diſant mot pourtant :
Vne femme mauuaiſe
On dompte en la flatant.

Meſſieurs, ie vous ſuplie
Que ie boyue a vous tous :
Les femmes ie n'oublie,
Car je crains leur couroux.
Bon vin, quand ie me couche,
Si j'auois ton pareil,
Pour en lauer ma bouche,
J'aurois vn bon ſommeil.

LVI.

Ne laiſſons poinct ſecher
Le paſſage des viures.
Mais que nous ſoyons yures,
Nous nous irons coucher.

Yea, ſhe our drinking ſhares,—
She pays with us the bill!

When late the hour appears,
Returning to my home,
My wife is there in tears,
As I hear when I come.
She greets me teſtily:—
"I lie a-bed, alone:
"Do you thus ſhameleſſly
"Carouſe till midnight's gone?"

To ſave all angry ſtir,
And ſhun a martyr's fate,
I lay me down by her,
Feigning my thirſt is great.
Her, by and by, I kiſs,
But not a word ſay I:
A termagant like this
Is tamed by flattery.

My friends, I'm now inclined
To drink to you all here;
I bear our wives in mind,
Becauſe their wrath I fear.
Good wine! when ſleep I get,
Had I ſome one like thee,
My thirſting mouth to wet,
Sound would my ſlumbers be!

LVI.

Dry not the channel up
Through which our food is led;
When drunk, we'll go to bed
After our maſter-cup.

Noyans noſtre ſoucy
En ce doux d'Agorie,
Beuuons tous, ie vous prie,
A l'hoſte que voicy !

Il n'a poinct de regret
Au ſidre qu'il nous donne ;
En euſt il vne tonne,
Il l'habandonneroit.

Voulez vous rien mander
La bas a la riuiere ?
Y auez vous affaire ?
Les trippes vay lauer.

O ſoulas des goſiers,
O tres bon ius de pomme !
Prions pour le bon homme
Qui planta les pommiers.

LVII.

Nous ſommes vne grande trouppe
D'infortunez,
Qui, pour auoir trop mis la couppe
Deſſoubz le nez,
Sommes malades au cerueau
Du mal de pippe,
Qui prend ceux qui breuuage d'eau
Ne mettent dans leur trippe.

On nous dict : Comme de nature
Le ſcorpion
Meſme eſt bon contre ſa bleſſeure
Pour gariſon ;
Qu'il faut retourner aux bons vins
Comme a la beſte
Qui nous a mis ces tintouins
Et ce mal dans la teſte.

Let us our ſorrows drown
In this ſweet D'Agorie;
To our hoſt's welfare, we
Will ſwallow bumpers down.

Not at all does he grieve
Over his cider-caſk;
Nor, of a tun, would aſk
That we a drop ſhould leave.

Down at yon river-ſide
Do you no errand need?
Thither I'll now proceed
To waſh my inner-ſide.

Throat-ſolace, hail to thee,
Apple-juice, dear to thirſt!
Pray for his ſoul, who firſt
Planted the apple-tree!

LVII.

We're a great troop, alas!
Oppreſſed by many woes,
Becauſe we've held the glaſs
Too oft beneath our noſe;
Such qualms our brain confuſe,
As ſtrike, from pipes of wines,
Thoſe who no water uſe
Within their inteſtines.

As ſcorpion, (they ſay),
Is naturally ſure
His venom to allay
By ſympathetic cure,
So we muſt ſeek again
Good wine, the beaſt that bred
In us this aching pain,
This buzzing in the head.

C'eſt le ſubiect pourquoy nous ſommes
Venus de loing.
Secourez donc ces paoures hommes
En leur beſoing,
Et nous donnes, pour nous garir,
Ce bon breuuage,
Qui redonne plus de plaiſir
Qu'il n'a faict de dommage.

Loge, bon vin, en ma poictrine,
Entre chez moy !
Puiſque me ſers de medecine
Quand ie te boy !
Qui me verra tout avaller
Ne s'en eſtonne !
Il ne ſe faut poinct eſpargner
Pour guarir ſa perſonne.

LVIII.

N'approche, auarice chiche,
De ma table aucunement :
Tu fis mourir pourement
Mon voiſin, quoy qu'il fuſt riche.
Riche auare eſt peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le ſeray pas.

Dedans ſa maiſon fermée
Tous les iours il ſe cachoit ;
Sa cheminée il bouchoit,
Craignant perdre la fumée.
Riche auare eſt peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le ſeray pas.

Il portoit a ſa ceincture
Ses ſouliers qu'il eſpargnoit ;
De ſon poil il reſerroit
Et des ongles la rongneure.
Riche auare eſt peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le ſeray pas.

That is the reaſon why
We poor men come from far.
Give, then, your charity
To us who patients are,
And grant us for our cure
That goodly liquid charm,
Which, if it hurt, will, ſure,
Far more than heal the harm.

Lodge in my breaſt, good wine,
O enter into me,
Serving as medicine
When I reſort to thee!
Let him who ſees me take
The whole, be not ſurpriſed!
Since, for my perſon's ſake,
Self muſt be ſacrificed.

LVIII.

Vile avarice, get hence!
My table come not nigh:
Thou madeſt my neighbour die,
Though rich, in indigence;
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no: I will be wiſer.

He every day would uſe
In his cloſed houſe to hide;
He ſtopped his chimney wide,
Leſt he the ſmoke ſhould loſe.
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no: I will be wiſer.

His ſhoes, their ſoles to ſpare,
He at his girdle wore;
Nail-parings he would ſtore,
And croppings of his hair.
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no: I will be wiſer.

S'il donnoit, au jour de feſte,
A deux paouures vn denier,
Ce n'eſtoit ſans rechigner ;
Encor demandoit ſon reſte.
Riche auare eſt peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le ſeray pas.

Pour ne perdre l'eau ſalée
Du merlut, quand il bouilloit,
De la ſouppe il en faiſoit
Dont il paſſoit la journée.
Riche auare eſt peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le ſeray pas.

D'eſtrain & de chaneuotte
Se chauffoit tous les hyuers :
Il euſt vendu volontiers
La graiſſe de ſa calotte.
Riche auare eſt peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le ſeray pas.

Mais, quant eſt de ſon breuuage,
Ayant vin a plein tonneau,
Il ne beuuoit que de l'eau.
S'il eſt mort, eſt ce dommage ?
Riche auare eſt peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le ſeray pas.

Cecy ſerue d'exemplaire !
Et beuuons ſans chicheté
Bon vin pur pour la ſanté,
Tel qu'il eſt né de ſa mere.
Riche auare eſt peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le ſeray pas.

LIX.

N'abregeons poinct noſtre vie
Par trop nous attedier :
Cent ans de melancholie
Ne payront pas vn denier.

If, on a feſtal day,
He gave two poor one mite,
He, grudging, would delight
To make them change repay.
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no: I will be wiſer.

To ſave the ley ſaline
Of ſtockfiſh, when he boiled,
At ſoup thereof he toiled,
And but on it would dine.
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no; I will be wiſer.

Hemp-litter, void of ſap,
Warmed him in winter's cold:
He gladly would have ſold
The greaſe of his ſkull-cap.
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no; I will be wiſer.

Then, for his drink, inſtead
Of his well-filled wine-caſk,
Water alone he'd aſk.
'Tis a good thing he's dead.
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no: I will be wiſer.

Let him a warning be!
And let us well incline
To quaff good wholeſome wine,
Pure-born of vintage-tree.
Out on a wealthy miſer!
No, no: I will be wiſer.

LIX.

Short life do not conſume
In diſmal hankering:
An hundred years of gloom
Will not one penny bring.

Attendons a rechigner,
Quand nous ſerons malades,
Qu'on viendra nous ordonner
Des breuuages ſi fades.

Ores, que ſommes alaigres,
Et en ſanté, Dieu mercy,
Laiſſons la ces ſildres aigres ;
Je trouue bon ceſtuy cy.
Il eſt ſain & chauld auſſi
Au ventre & a la bouche :
Auſſi l'hoſte que voicy
En boit, quand il ſe couche.

Il traicte la compaignie
Certes aſſez proprement.
Si nous eſtions a la pluye,
Nous ſerions bien pirement.
Je hay naturellement
L'orage & la tourmente.
Mais le vin incontinent
M'en oſte l'eſpouuante.

L'eau qui nourriſt la grenouille,
Me refroidit trop les dens ;
J'ayme mieux qu'elle me mouille
Par dehors que par dedans.
A vous, monſieur de ceans !
Plegez moy, je vous prie :
Voicy vn doux paſſe tems,
Mais qu'il ne vous ennuye.

LX.

Nous ſommes trop long tems icy ;
J'ay peur qu'il vous ennuye !
Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuye !

Put off your looking ill
Till doctors ſhall preſcribe:
You then will have your fill,
But naufeous draughts imbibe.

But now, while we are gay,
With, thank God! no diſeaſe,
Thoſe four drinks caſt away;
This cider does me pleaſe.
'Tis ſound, and warm it makes
The mouth, and eke the cheſt:
'Tis what our landlord takes
When he retires to reſt.

He treats the company,
I'm ſure, to all that's right;
Out in the rain we'd be
In very much worſe plight.
By nature I deteſt
The ſtorm and hurricane;
But wine is quickly bleſt
In calming me again.

Water will frogs ſuſtain,
But makes my teeth to grin:
I like it to remain
Outſide me, not within.
Good health, my friend, to thee!
Pledge me with heartineſs.
'Tis pleaſant paſtime; free,
I truſt, of wearineſs?

LX.

Too long we have ſtayed here;
You're tired of us, I fear!
Let's take our leave; you're tired of us, I fear!

Monſieur noſtre hoſte, grand mercy !
Nous ſommes trop long temps icy :
Monſieur noſtre hoſte, grand mercy !
Couurez vous, ie vous prie !
Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !

Vous auez par trop grand ſoucy,
Nous ſommes trop long temps icy :
Vous auez par trop grand ſoucy
Traicté la compaignie.
Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !

A vous, du reſte que voicy !
Nous ſommes trop long temps icy :
A vous du reſte que voicy !
Il eſt fol qui s'oublie !
Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !

S'il vous plaiſt, vous ferez ainſi !
Nous ſommes trop long temps icy !
S'il vous plaiſt, vous ferez ainſi !
Chacun vous en ſupplie.
Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !

LXI.

Nous ſommes armés comme il fault :
A l'arme ! a l'aſſaut ! a l'aſſault !
Nous ſommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monſtre ce qu'il ſcait faire !

Il ſemble que le cueur vous fault :
A l'arme ! a l'aſſault ! a l'aſſault !
Il ſemble que le cueur vous fault,
Car vous faictes piteuſe chere.
Nous ſommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monſtre ce qu'il ſcait faire !

La trompette a ſonné bien hault :
A l'arme ! a l'aſſault ! a l'aſſault !

Beſt thanks, our landlord dear!
(Too long we have ſtayed here):
Beſt thanks, our landlord dear!
I beg your hat you'll wear.
Let's take our leave; you're tired of us, I fear!

You have, as we can ſwear,
(Too long we have ſtayed here):
You have, as we can ſwear,
Regaled us far and near.
Let's take our leave; you're tired of us, I fear!

Your health, with what's left there!
(Too long we have ſtayed here):
Your health, with what's left there!
'Twere fooliſh to forbear!
Let's take our leave; you're tired of us, I fear!

Pray do ſo, with like cheer!
(Too long we have ſtayed here):
Pray do ſo, with like cheer!
Each one entreats you here.
Let's take our leave; you're tired of us, I fear!

LXI.

We are armed againſt all harms.
To arms! to arms! charge! to arms!
We are armed againſt all harms:
Each one show how he can fight!

You appear to feel alarms:
To arms! to arms! charge! to arms!
You appear to feel alarms,
Judging by your appetite.
We are armed againſt all harms:
Each one ſhow how he can fight!

Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms:
To arms! to arms! charge! to arms!

La trompette a ſonné bien hault,
Encor premier nous faut il boire !
Nous ſommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monſtre ce qu'il ſcait faire !

Nous en aurons le cueur plus chault ;
A l'arme ! a l'aſſault ! a l'aſſault !
Nous en aurons le cueur plus chault,
Et vaincrons mieux noſtre aduerſaire.
Nous ſommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monſtre ce qu'il ſcait faire !

A vn j'ay faict faire vn beau ſault !
A l'arme ! a l'aſſault ! a l'aſſault !
A vn, j'ay faict faire vn beau ſault !
Vous en ferez en la maniere.
Nous ſommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monſtre ce qu'il ſcait faire !

LXII.

Oſtes moy ce medecin
Qui veult que de l'eau ie boyue
Et que ie quicte le vin,
Vne liqueur ſi ſouefue !
Penſant ainſi me garir
Il me veut faire mourir.

L'eau eſt a mon naturel
Vn element tout contraire ;
Et ce medecin cruel
Me vient conſeiller d'en boire !
Fy, fy de ſon recipe !
Je n'y ſeray plus trompé !

Si ce meſchant i'euſſe creu,
Las ! ie ſerois mort tout roidde ;
Si ſeulement i'euſſe beu
Sa ptiſane & ſon eau froidde.

Hark! the trumpet ſounds to arms!
We muſt drink before we fight!
We are armed againſt all harms:
Each one ſhow how he can fight!

Now our heart with courage warms.
To arms! to arms! charge! to arms!
Now our heart with courage warms,
And the foe we'll put to flight.
We are armed againſt all harms:
Each one ſhow how he can fight!

I've brought down one of their ſwarms!
To arms! to arms! charge! to arms!
I've brought down one of their ſwarms!
Do the ſame, and you'll do right.
We are armed againſt all harms:
Each one ſhow how he can fight!

LXII.

Send off that phyſician of mine
Who orders me water to take,
And bids me give over my wine,
Which my thirſt would pleaſantly ſlake.
Thus thinking my illneſs to cure,
He'd very ſoon kill me, I'm ſure.

For water an element is
Entirely diſcordant with me;
Yet that cruel counſel of his
Preſcribes it my potion to be!
His *Recipe* how I abhor!
I won't be deceived any more!

If I had put faith in that knave,
Alas! I'd been ſtiff under mould;
'Tis well I ne'er took what he gave,—
His tiſane, and water ſo cold.

Quand ce bon vin j'ay gouſté,
J'ay recouuert ma ſanté.

Beuuant du bon, ie ne crains
Jamais vne maladie ;
En depit des medecins,
Je viuray toute ma vie.
Je ſcay bien ce qui m'eſt bon :
J'en boy a vous, compaignon !

LXIII.

On va diſant que j'ay faict vne amie,
Mais je n'en ay encore poinct d'enuie :
Je ne ſcay pas a bien pindariſer :
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'vn baiſer.

Quand j'aurois beu, elle voyant ma trongne
M'iroit diſant : "Je ne veux poinct d'yurongne :
"Je veux amy plus propre a courtizer."
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'vn baiſer.

Tous mes deuis ſeroient de beuuerie ;
Et, quand on a maiſtreſſe aſſez iolie,
D'aultres diſcours il luy conuient vſer.
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'vn baiſer.

Faiſant l'amour, ie ne ſcaurois rien dire
Ny rien chanter, ſinon vn Vaudeuire.
Ce ſeroit trop vne fille abuſer :
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'vn baiſer.

Je m'en vay boire a celles qui cheriſſent
Ceux qui de vin, non d'eau, leurs cors rempliſſent.
Ce ſont ceux la qu'on deburoit mieux priſer.
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'vn baiſer.

As ſoon as I taſte this good wine,
Freſh vigour recovered is mine.

If good wine I drink, I can dare
To baffle diſeaſe, never fear!
And, ſpite of all medical care,
I'll live all my life in good cheer.
I know what is wholeſome for me:
And drink it, my comrade, to thee!

LXIII.

They often tell me I've a ſweetheart got,
But as it is, as yet I want one not:
A fine Pindaric bard I could not be:
Drinking is ſweeter than a kiſs to me.

When I had drunk, ſhe would eſpy my ſtate,
And would keep ſaying,—"I a drunkard hate:
"I like a ſwain more fit for gallantry."
Drinking is ſweeter than a kiſs to me.

My goſſip all to drinking-bouts would tend;
And if one have a very lovely friend,
One ought to talk in quite another key.
Drinking is ſweeter than a kiſs to me.

In courtſhip, I ſhould ignorant appear,
Nor could I ſing, ſave but a Vau-de-Vire;
Treating a maiden far too ſlightingly:
Drinking is ſweeter than a kiſs to me.

Thoſe girls I now will toaſt, whoſe loves incline
To water-drinking leſs than drinking wine:
'Tis they who ought the more eſteemed to be.
Drinking is ſweeter than a kiſs to me.

LXIV.

O tintamare plaiſant
Et doucement reſonnant
Des tonneaux que l'on relie !
Signe qu'on boira d'autant !
Cela me faict reſiouir.
O belle harmonie !
Las ! ſans toy, j'allois mourir
De melancholie.

Comme moy, tout bon beuueur
Au maillet & au chaſſeur
Met les deux mains ſans vergongne,
Et s'employe de bon cueur
A releuer ſes tonneaux,
Et luy meſme congne ;
Pour remplir toſt ſes vaiſſeaux,
Haſte la beſongne.

Vignes ſans fruict & pommiers
Auoient dedans noz goſiers
Trop laiſſé la ſechereſſe
Et aux tonneaux & celiers.
Ceſt an, par fertilité,
Nous donne largeſſe :
Ne crions plus la cherté.
A vous, noſtre hoſteſſe !

Voicy bon ſidre nouueau.
Je croy qu'il eſt faict ſans eau :
Il eſt chauld a la fourcelle,
Et donne juſqu'au cerueau.
Le Dameret excelent
Ha la couleur telle.
Si j'en beuuois bien ſouuent,
Faudroit la hardelle.

LXIV.

O reſonance moſt ſweet,
Glad din of caſks complete
With hoops which men apply!
Sound with much drink replete!
I'm filled with ecſtaſy.
O lovely harmony!
Alas! without thee, I ſhould die
Of ſheer melancholy.

Each drinker, good as I,
Does mallet, chiſel try,
And, in unbluſhing-wiſe,
Both hands in carpentry
Employ, to hoop his caſks.
His axe his own arm plies;
Hogſheads well filled, and ſoon, he aſks,
Intent on ſuch a prize.

Bare apple-trees, bare vines,
Had left our throats the ſigns
Of thirſt from over-drought;
Caſks, cellars, drained of wines.
This year's fertility
With wealth to us is fraught:
Don't any more cry ſcarcity;
Hoſteſs! your health is ſought.

Here's cider, prime and new;
I think, no water-brew:
It warms the throat like fire,
And brain; a cordial true.
Such tints, ſo bright and ſoft,
Good Damerets attire.
Were I to drink it very oft,
A ſweetheart I'd deſire.

Au prix d'antan, vn chacun
Dict qu'on ha trois potz pour vn.
Bon marché ! pour vne choſe
Qui donne vn ſi bon parfum !
Je trouue en toy plus d'odeur
Qu'au muſq & la roſe.
Baiſe moy, mon paouure cueur ;
Et de moy diſpoſe !

LXV.

On plante des pommiers aux bors
Des cymetieres, prez des mors,
Pour nous remettre en la mœmoire
Que ceux, dont la giſent les cors,
Ont aymé comme nous a boire.

Si doncq de nos predeceſſeurs
Il nous fault enſuyure les mœurs
Ne ſouffrons que la ſoif nous tue :
Beuuons des pommiers les liqueurs
Ou bien de la plante tortue.

Pommiers, croiſſans aux enuirons
Des tombeaux des bons biberons,
Qui ont aymé voſtre breuuage,
Puiſſions nous, tandis que viurons,
Vous veoir chargez de bon fruictage !

Ne ſongeons plus aux treſpaſſez ;
Soyons gens de bien, c'eſt aſſez ;
Au ſurplus, il faut viure en ioye.
Que ſeruent les biens amaſſez,
Au beſoing qui ne les employe ?

LXVI.

Or ſus, beuuons ! Que nous ſert de plorer ?
En attendant qu'on oye publier
La douce patience,
Il faut de ce bon vin lauer ſa conſcience.

Three pots for one, they ſtate,
Compared with laſt year's rate.
Cheap! for what yields the noſe
A ſcent ſo delicate!
Fragrance I find in thee
More than in muſk or roſe.
Poor darling ſweetheart, come, kiſs me,
And of myſelf diſpoſe!

LXV.

Apple-trees are grown beſide
Churchyards where the dead abide,
That we may be kept in mind
How thoſe mortals, ere they died,
Drank like thoſe they've left behind.

If we do, then, as we ought,
What our predeceſſors taught,
Let not thirſt us ever kill.
Drink we juice from orchards brought,
Or from plant of vine-wreathed hill.

O ye apple-trees, around
Tombs of worthy topers found,
Who of yore eſteemed your juice,
May we ſee, alive and ſound,
You fair fruitages produce!

Dream not of thoſe now no more;
Be virtuous; 'tis ample ſtore;
So live all your days in joy.
What avails the hoarded ore,
Which men do not well employ?

LXVI.

Come, come, let us drink! of what comfort are tears?
While waiting to welcome the herald who bears
The news of ſweet truce,
Abſolve we our conſcience with this good grape-juice.

Car auſſi bien que ſeruiront nos biens ?
Aux heritiers on laiſſe des moyens
Dont ilz font chere lie :
Faiſons la, cependant que nous ſommes en vie.

Ne ſoyons poinct ſi vilains & hagardz,
Que de laiſſer ce bon vin aux ſoldardz
Qui nous font tant d'oultrage !
S'ilz le beuuoient ſans nous, ce ſeroit grand dommage.

Laiſſons, voiſin, ces meſſieurs deuiſer :
Je boiray tout, ſi tu me veux pleger ;
Mais aprez, n'en fay doubte,
Tu ſortiras dehors, ſi tu en laiſſes goutte.

On ne diroit qu'vne mouche y euſt beu :
Or, boy, ainſi que boire tu m'as veu,
En depit de la guerre ;
Cela ne nuira poinct a ceux qui ſont en terre.

LXVII.

O gentil ioly mois de may,
Qui es le plus beau de l'année,
Ta dix & neufieſme journée,
Dy moy quand ie la reuoiray,
Celle qui eſt tant a mon gré ?

La feſte qui faict oublier
Les procez aux gens de practicque,
Pour vuider vn verre authanticque,
Nettoyans leur plaideur goſier
Tont raucque a force de crier.

Que les auares aduocas
Gaignent a ſe rompre la teſte :
Pourueu qui ie ſois de leur feſte,
Certes ne me ſouciray pas
De leurs procez ny de leurs ſas.

For pray of what uſe will our property be?
We leave it to heirs, who in revels make free
Our ſavings to ſpend:
Let's do ſo ourſelves, ere we come to our end.

Don't let us ſuch villains and haggards be found
As leave this good wine to the plunderers round,
Who outrage us ſo:
That they drank it without us, 'twere pity to know.

Such gentry may plot, and may plan, my good friend:
If you will but pledge me, I'll drink to the end:
But then, without doubt,
If you leave a drop in, you will ſoon be put out.

You ſwallow ſo little, you drink like a fly:
You've ſeen me drink often,—do you drink as I,
In ſpite of war-ſtrife;
It won't hurt the fallen, no longer in life.

LXVII.

O ſweet and lovely month of May!
The faireſt that in all the year
Comes round, to me be pleaſed to ſay
How ſoon once more thy nineteenth day
Shall dawn, a day to me ſo dear?

The Feaſt, when counſellors reſign
Their law, and practice abrogate,
To quaff authentic flaſk of wine,
And lave their throats, which pleadings fine
Had rendered hoarſe with ſhrill debate.

Let Advocates who luſt for gold
Make lucre of their bawling taſk:
I certainly ſhall lightly hold
Their bags, and briefs which they enfold,
If to their Feaſt they will me aſk.

Mieux vaut vuider & affaillir
Un pot qu'vn procez difficile.
Au moins cela m'eſt plus vtile ;
Car les procez me font vieillir :
Le bon vin me faict raieunir.

A vn bon biberon jamais
Calotte en teſte ne fut veue.
A vous, meſſieurs de la cohue !
Faictes ainſi, & me pleges,
Et plus ne vous entre manges.

LXVIII.

Puiſque bon temps ne dure plus,
Je veux le ſiecle habandonner :
En vn monaſtere reclus
Mes jours il me faut confiner,
Ou ceux qui le vin vont crier
Je ne puiſſe oüir ny entendre ;
Car, pour mon vieil amy trouuer,
Faudroit le froc quicter ou vendre.

Tous les droles, mes compaignons,
Quand d'eux me viendra ſouuenir,
Auront part en mes oraiſons ;
Mais de vin s'il fault s'abſtenir,
Helas ! on me voira gemir,
N'en beuuant a leur ſouuenance :
Mais pourray ie poinct obtenir
Pour ceſt effect quelque diſpence ?

Au couuent encor ie ne fuis ;
De cecy ie puis bien gouſter :
J'en vay boire a vous, mes amis !
Dictes moy : " Grand mercy, frater ! "
Las ! comme pourray ie quicter
Vne ſi douce compaignie ?
Et qui viendra reconforter
Au couuent ma dolente vie ?

'Tis better to aſſail and drain
A wine-pot than a ſtiff law caſe.
Lawſuits make me grow old amain,—
The good wine makes me young again;—
Let me, at leaſt, the wine embrace!

No true boon comrade e'er was found
With covered head. In mode polite,
Hats off!—Law gentlemen all round,
Your healths!—And pledge me as you're bound;—
And,—don't each other tear and bite!

LXVIII.

Since ſorry times are rife,
Recluſe I mean to dwell:
And paſs my monkiſh life
In monaſtery cell,
Where I can't hear nor ſee
The criers of the wine;
Nor, till from cowl ſet free,
Rejoin that friend of mine.

All my companions rare,
When thoughts of them croſs me,
My oriſons will ſhare;
But if wine there can't be,
Alas! they'll ſee me moan
Over the vacant pot:—
Could not for me alone
Be diſpenſation got?

My convent life here ends:
I well can taſte this wine:
I drink to you: my friends,
Say;—"*Frater*, thanks be thine."
Alas! how could I leave
So ſweet a company?
In convent, did I grieve,
Who'd ſoothe my miſery?

Voila le fondz tout apparent :
Voyez : je n'y ay rien laiſſé.
Ce ſeroit dommage vrayment
Que ce beau verre fuſt caſſé
Par quelque valet inſenſé,
Ou chambriere mal appriſe.
Bon vin en verre bien raincé
Boire d'autant ! *c'eſt ma deuiſe !*

LXIX.

Puiſque, beaux baſilicz, qui tuez par la veue,
Je tiens ma liberté que j'eſtimois perdue,
Beaux yeux, aſſeurez vous qu'on ne me voira pas
Retomber en voz lacs !

L'experience ores me deburoit faire ſage :
On euite les lieux ou l'on a faict nauffrage.
Sage n'eſt le marchand qui eſt encor allé
Par ou l'on l'a volé.

Pour n'y retomber poinct, que me fault il donc faire ?
Eſt ce poinct le meilleur de ne ſonger qu'a boire,
Si ces beuueurs, leſquels ſont touſiours ſur le vin,
N'ont poinct d'amour au ſein ?

Pour chaſſer ceſt amour, lequel me fantaſie,
Je ne veux eſpargner ny vin ny Maluoiſie,
Me deuſt il faire mal ! Petit mal j'ayme fort,
Qui plus grand mal endort.

J'ayme mieux employer en beuuettes gentilles
L'argent qu'il faudroit mettre a courtiſer les filles.
Vn beau taincl rouge & frais par Bacchus on acquert ;
Par Venus, on le pert.

I've drained it now. In fact,
Nothing is left within.
To have that fair glaſs cracked,
Were truly a great ſin,
By lacquey,—ſtupid aſs!—
Or maid, not over-nice:—
"*Good wine, in well-rinſed glaſs,*
"*Drink out!*"—is my device!

LXIX.

Since, beauteous baſiliſks, who by a ſingle glance can kill,
My liberty, which I thought loſt, I find is with me ſtill,
Bright eyes, be ſure that ne'er again for me need any net
Henceforth by you be ſet.

Experience henceforth, I know, will render me more wiſe;
We dread the place where ſhipwreck lately loſt our merchandiſe:
That merchant is not ſage who would the pathway travel o'er
Where he was robbed before.

What then have I to do, to try of damage to beware?
Would not the wiſeſt plan be found, for drink alone to care,
If thoſe good fellows who the joys of wine do always prove,
Have hearts ſecure from love?

To exile far away this love, which grieves my fantaſy,
I will not ſpare the beſt of wine, nor yet of Malvoiſie;
Can that hurt me? If ſo, I far prefer a little ill,
If it the greater kill.

I'd rather uſe in pleaſant taverns, of the better ſort,
The money which I ſhould expend were I fair girls to court;
For Bacchus gives the roſy tint and countenance of joy,
Which Venus would deſtroy.

LXX.

Pluſieurs, en ſe ſcandaliſant
De noz chanſons du Vau de Vire,
Secrettement s'en vont diſant
Qu'elles ne ſont que nous induire
A boire d'autant & a rire
Et faire en table maint excès.
Mais telles gens, qui ne ſont que meſdire,
Sur rien fonderoient vn procès.

Quand vn Vaudeuire eſt chanté,
A boire on ne contraincT perſonne,
S'il n'a ſoif & neceſſité.
Je ſuis d'aduis que l'on ordonne,
Pour ces gens qui trouuent l'eau bonne,
Et veulent ſur tout cenſurer,
Ayant chanté, que pour boire on leur donne
De l'eau, de peur de s'enyurer.

Quand nous diſons vne chanſon,
Qui de boire nous admoneſte,
De peur qu'en aucune façon
Le vin ne nous trouble la teſte,
Honneſtement faiſons requeſte
Qu'on ait a nous en diſpenſer,
Or n'en beuuons, ſinon vne goutette,
Si de boire on nous veut preſſer.

L'autheur de ces chanſons icy
Ne les fiſt pour contraindre a boire,
Mais pour chaſſer de luy ſoucy,
Quand il n'eſtoit a l'auditoire.
Il ne penſoit rendre notoire
Son nom, quand il les compoſoit:
Au moins, meſſieurs, ne blaſmes ſa mæmoire,
Si quelque yurongne en abuſoit.

LXX.

Some ſurly perſons, menacing diſgrace
To our poor carols of the Vau-de-Vire,
In ſecret whiſper all about the place
That they teach nothing elſe than, as they hear,
To drink too much, and make too merry cheer,
And, when at table, to commit exceſs.
But ſuch folks, who do nothing elſe than ſneer,
Would found, on no good grounds, litigiouſneſs.

When Vau-de-Vire is ſung in company,
No gueſt is ever unto drink conſtrained,
If he thirſt not, nor feel neceſſity.
I think, indeed, that it ſhould be ordained,
For thoſe who water's virtues have maintained,
And ſeek, above all things, to ban and blame,
That when they've ſung, pure water ſhould be drained
By them. They won't get drunk upon the ſame.

When we, too, ſing a hearty drinking-ſong,
Admoniſhing us ſtill to drink the beſt,
Leſt any-wiſe, in any faſhion wrong,
Our head might by the liquor be oppreſſed,
We make, in loyal manner, our requeſt
That we may be excuſed, of courteſy:
Or drink, at moſt, but a mere drop, if preſſed,
Out of politeneſs and civility.

The author of theſe ſongs which here you find,
Compoſed them, not to teach debauchery,
But to chaſe care from his own lonely mind
When he was abſent from the company.
He never dreamed of notoriety,
When ſo he wrote them, for his humble name:
So, Sirs, at leaſt don't charge his memory,
If drunkard ſhould abuſe them, with ſuch blame.

LXXI.

Que Noé fut vn patriarche digne !
Car ce fut luy qui nous planta la vigne
Et beut premier le ius de ſon raiſin.
O le bon vin !

Mais tu eſtois, Lycurgue, mal habile,
Qui ne voulus qu'on beuſt vin en ta ville.
Je ne ſcay pas ou tendoit ton deſſein,
O le bon vin !

Qui boit bon vin, il faict bien la beſongne.
On voict ſouuent vieillir vn bon yurongne,
Et mourir jeune un ſçauant medecin.
O le bon vin !

Le vin n'eſt poinct de ces mauuais breuuages
Qui beus par trop font faillir les courages :
J'ay, quand j'en boy, le courage herculin.
O le bon vin !

Puiſque Noé, vn ſi ſainct perſonnage,
De boire bien nous a monſtré l'vſage,
Je boiray tout. Fay comme moy, voiſin !
O le bon vin !

LXXII.

Que l'on faſſe cet' eau ſeruir
Ou a faire le pot bouillir,
Ou a tramper la mourue !
Icy n'en entrera ia !
L'eau le monde ſubmergea,
Et la terre en fut perdue.

Qu'on en arrouſe le iardin !
Mais d'en aller gaſter ce vin,
Seroit ce pas grand' offence ?

LXXI.

Noah was truly a patriarch good!
Planting the vine after days of the flood,
He the firſt drank his own grape-liquor fine.
O the good wine!

But, O Lycurgus, how fooliſh wert thou,
Wine in thy city who didſt diſallow,—
What upon earth could have been thy deſign?
O the good wine!

He who drinks good wine doth happineſs ſeize.
Jolly old topers oft live at their eaſe,
While he dies young who pores over med'cine.
O the good wine!

Wine is no liquid of qualities queer,
Which in exceſs will make gallant men fear.
Drinking it, Hercules' courage is mine.
O the good wine!

Since ſuch a holy man taught us the lore
How to drink well, I will drink all the more.
Pray let my practice, O neighbour, be thine.
O the good wine!

LXXII.

Be this water put to uſe
Kettle-boiling to produce,
Or to ſteep ſalt codfiſh in!
Here ſhall none of it be found!
For by it the world was drowned,
And the earth deſtroyed for ſin.

Fill the garden wat'ring-pot
With it; but this wine ſpoil not.
That would be a high offence.

Quand ie boy le vin tout pur,
C'eſt tout vn : ie n'ay pas peur
Que pour ce ma femme tance.

C'eſt, c'eſt mon vray roſſignolet,
Qu'vn crieur de bon vin clairet :
L'eau ne faict que mal au ventre.
Quel bien faict elle aux goſiers,
Qui n'en faict pas aux ſouliers
Et bottes, quand ell' y entre ?

Que l'on faſſe cet' eau ſeruir
Ou a faire le pot bouillir,
Ou a tramper la mourue !
Icy n'en entrera ia.
L'eau le monde ſubmergea,
Et la terre en fut perdue.

LXXIII.

Qui eſt comme moy bon beuueur
Ne crainct tant trouuer vn voleur
Comme vn mauuais breuuage :
Car d'vn voleur on ſe deffend ;
Mais celuy qui mauuais vin prend
Perd bien toſt tout courage.

Je voudrois, mauuais vin beuuant,
Me veoir la gorge au meſme inſtant
Bien courte deuenue ;
Mais, quand le bon vin je boirois,
Que le col i'euſſe encor trois fois
Auſſi long qu'vne grue.

Quant a l'eau ne me parlez poinct
D'en boire, ſi n'y ſuis contrainct,
Ou ſi ne ſuis hermite ;
Encor faudroit il quelquefois
Que vin ie beuſſe dans les bois,
Ou ie mourois bien viſte.

When the wine I drink is pure,
Then I dread not to endure
My wife's ſcolding virulence.

He's true nightingale of mine,
Who ſings out good roſy wine:
Water-drink the ſtomach hates.
Why ſhould throats that fluid uſe,
Which does harm to boots and ſhoes,
When inſide it penetrates?

Be this water put to uſe
Kettle-boiling to produce;
Or to ſteep ſalt codfiſh in!
Here let none of it be found!
For by it the world was drowned,
And the earth deſtroyed for ſin.

LXXIII.

He who, like me, drinks well and long,
Fears leſs to meet with robber-wrong
Than with bad tap of wine:
Againſt a robber we can fight;
But him who drinks bad liquor, fright
Soon brings to woe condign.

I wiſh, when drinking wine that's bad,
That my throat on a ſudden had
Become of ſhorteſt ſtrain;
But when I drink of wine that's nice,
Then I could wiſh my neck were thrice
As long as that of crane.

For water-drinking, don't to me
Speak of it, unleſs forced I be,
Or I as hermit live;
And even then, unleſs I ſhould
Drink wine ſometimes amid the wood,
I could not long ſurvive.

Je ſcay bien que ie bois des mieux.
Mais j'en reſſemble a mes ayeux ;
Il faut ſuyure nos peres.
En laiſſant les vieilles façons,
Jamais ſi bien que nous penſons
N'iront droict nos affaires.

LXXIV.

Quand ſuis ſans verre & breuage,
C'eſt ſans cocque vn limaçon,
Sans liurée, c'eſt vn page,
C'eſt vn eſcolier ſans leçon.

C'eſt vn chaſſeur ſans ſa trompe,
Sans braguette vn lanſquenet,
C'eſt vn nauire ſans pompe,
C'eſt vn berger ſans flageolet.

C'eſt vn ſoldat ſans panache,
C'eſt ſans pifre vn tabourin,
C'eſt vn charpentier ſans hache,
C'eſt vn orpheure ſans burin.

Sans vin ie perds contenance :
C'eſt ce qui mieux me conuient,
Comme au cheualier la lance,
Et la baguette a vn ſergeant.

Je vous annonce la guerre ;
Pour l'amour de mon amy
Que voicy dedans ce verre,
Je ne boiray poinct a demy.

LXXV.

Qui eſt celuy qui eſt giſant
Soubz ceſte froidde ſepulture ?
— Vn riche auare qui viuant
Ne beuuoit que l'eau toute pure.

I well know that I drink good ſtore.
So did my anceſtors before;
Whom we ſhould imitate.
If we forſake the good old ways,
Never, whate'er our fancy ſays,
Will our affairs go ſtraight.

LXXIV.

Without my glaſs and beverage,
I am an unſhelled ſnail;
Without a livery, a page;
Student, where leſſons fail.

A hunter, but without his trump;
A breeches-leſs recruit;
A veſſel, but without a pump;
A ſhepherd, without flute.

A warrior, without a creſt;
A fifer without fife;
A joiner, of no axe poſſeſt;
A goldſmith without knife.

Wine-leſs, I feel as in a trance:
Wine-full, I'm right again,
As to the knight is his good lance,
To ſergeant is his cane.

A war I now proclaim to thee;
For love of my dear friend,
Whom in this drinking-glaſs you ſee,
Half-meaſures will not end.

LXXV.

Who is he that lies below,
Under this cold ſepulture?
—A rich miſer; who, we know,
Drank in life but water pure.

Quelle mort l'a faict trepaſſer ?
—Il eſt mort d'vne ſoif cruelle,
Pour n'auoir voulu rechauffer
D'vn verre de vin ſa fourcelle.

Pourquoy ne croiſt ſur ſon tombeau
Que du chardron qui l'enuironne ?
— Qui n'a jamais beu que de l'eau
Ne produict herbe qui ſoit bonne.

Pourquoy eſt ce vn Pater noſter
Que pas vn ores ne luy donne ?
—Pour ce qu'ayant vin en chantier,
Il n'en faiſoit boire a perſonne.

Eſt il mort ſans eſtre ploré ?
—Quel dueil voulez vous qu'on en faſſe ?
Qui comme luy meurt alteré,
Il faict trop grand' honte a ſa race.

Vrayment tu es bien ou tu es :
Tes heritiers comme ie penſe,
De ton bon vin faiſant gros nez
Laueront bien leur conſcience.

LXXVI.

Roſſignolet muſicien,
Au printemps tu chantes fort bien,
Quand tu vas ſaluant l'aurore ;
Mais ſi j'eſtois roſſignolet,
Beuuant de ce bon vin clairet,
Je chanterois bien mieux encore.

Vray eſt que moy qui ſuis inclin
A dormir a l'aiſe au matin,
Ne chanterois de ſi bonne heure ;
Mais ayant vn peu ſommeillé
Puis de vin ma fale mouillé,
Ma chanſon ſeroit bien meilleure.

What diſeaſe brought on his end?
—Of a cruel thirſt he died;
Since no wine did e'er deſcend
To enliven his inſide.

Wherefore grows upon his grave
Nothing ſave thoſe thiſtles bare?
—Water-drinkers' corpſes have
Never borne a plant that's fair.

Why no *Pater Noſter* ſaid?
Why no maſs, nor holy hymn?
—Of his wine, in cellar laid,
No one got a draught from him.

Did none ſorrow for his death?
—Pray, what mourning would you have?
Who dies parched like him, his breath
Yields for a diſhonoured grave.

Where you lie, you are well placed:
Your executors, I think,
Your choice wines will freely taſte,
And abſolve themſelves in drink.

LXXVI.

Nightingale, muſician ſweet,
Thou doſt well the ſpring-time greet,
Bright Aurora welcoming;
But, were nightingale's voice mine,
Drinking of this roſy wine,
Far more ſweetly I ſhould ſing.

True it is, that I, who love
In the morn long ſleep to prove,
Should not quite ſo early trill;
But if I could ſometime ſleep,
And my throat wine-moiſtened keep,
My ſong would be better ſtill.

D'auſſi bon matin toutes fois
Que toy, leuer ie me pourrois,
Selon le vin qu'il faudroit boire :
Car pour bien me deſendormir,
Du bon vin qu'on me vienne offrir,
J'ouuriray bien toſt la paupiere.

LXXVII.

Sur mer ne veux par folie
En hazard mettre ma vie,
Pour augmenter mes moyens.
Pourueu qu'a mon grè ie boyue,
Et que mon peu ie conſerue,
Ça bas ie ne veux plus riens.

Plus toſt quiƈterois ma terre
Que le pot & que le verre !
Je ſuis deia vieillard gris,
Le vin tous mes maux appaiſe
Et m'oſte vne toux mauuaiſe
Qui me tient toutes les nuiƈtz.

Le vin mes forces reſueille :
Quand ie n'en boy poinƈt, ma vieille
En ha le cueur fort eſtrainƈt ;
Car, au ſoir, quand ie me couche,
Je luy dy, s' elle me touche :
" *Non, je ne le feray poinƈt.*"

Vien donc, vin de couleur belle,
Me rechauffant la fourcelle,
Garir mon rheume & ma toux !
Pour moy, qui ſuis vieux bon homme,
N'eſt ſain le ius de la pomme :
Le vin eſt propre pour nous.

And I could, at morning red,
Quite as early quit my bed,
Juſt according to the wine.
Were I aſked good wine to take,
Soon my eyelid would awake:
Quite as ſoon, O bird, as thine!

LXXVII.

I don't wiſh at all to be
Riſking life upon the ſea,
To increaſe my ſtore.
Let me drink quite unreſtrained,
And, my little means retained,
Here I want no more.

Rather let me loſe my land
Than the wine-cup leave my hand!
Now I'm gray and grave,
Wine doth cure all my diſeaſe,
And a tireſome cough appeaſe,
Which all night I have.

Wine invigorates my force:
When I drink not, then of courſe
My old wife can tell;
For at eve, when I take reſt,
She no longer is careſt,
As I don't feel well.

Come then, wine of colour fine,
Warming up this throat of mine,
Cold and cough to cure!
With an old good-man like me,
Apple-juice will not agree:
Wine's the thing, I'm ſure!

LXXVIII.

Si nos malheurs bien toſt ne prennent fin,
Triſtes malheurs qui trauaillent la France,
J'ay peur, Oliuier Baſſelin,
Qu'on ne te mette en oubliance.

Las ! Baſſelin, auecques le bon temps
Que tu auois, faiſant tes Vau de Vire,
S'en ſont allez les bonnes gens,
Leſquelz les ſouloient ſi bien dire !

Sur le bon vin ſi les voulois chanter,
L'vſurier tance, & l'auare en murmure,
Diſant que nous irons queſter,
Et, rechignez, nous font iniure.

Des bons beuueurs ioyeux ie fay grand cas ;
Ilz n'ont jamais les ames ſi meſchantes
Que ces vilains, qui n'oſent pas
Boire, pour accroiſtre leurs rentes.

Or, nous allons, Oliuier Baſſelin,
Nos verres pleins vuider en ta mæmoire.
Puiſque bon nous trouuons ce vin,
Haut ! hault le bras ! Il faut tout boire.

LXXIX.

Si voulez que ie cauſe & preſche,
Et parle latin proprement,
Tenez ma bouche touſiours fraiſche,
De bon vin l'arrouſant ſouuent ;
Car ie vous dis certeinement :
Quand i'ay ſeche la bouche,
Je n'ay pas plus d'entendement
Ny d'eſprit qu'vne ſouche.

LXXVIII.

If our misfortunes find not ſpeedy end,
Theſe ſad misfortunes, which in France we ſee,
I fear, Olivier Baſſelin, old friend,
That ſoon will come forgetfulneſs of thee.

Ah, Baſſelin! with the brave olden times
When thou didſt improviſe thy Vaux-de-Vire,
The brave companions, too, are gone; thy rhymes
Who well could chant, their revelry to cheer!

When I would ſing them now, o'er our good wine,
Uſurers ſcold us, and the miſers cry,
Saying that we in beggary ſhall pine;
Thoſe louts inſult us everlaſtingly.

Ye joyous comrades, 'tis for you I care;
You never have ſo niggardly a ſoul
As thoſe malicious wretches, who won't dare
To drink, for fear of robbing their rent-roll.

But now, Olivier Baſſelin! a glaſs
We'll drain,—a full one,—to thy memory.
And, ſince this wine for excellent may paſs,
Raiſe, raiſe the arm! To thee we'll drink it dry!

LXXIX.

If you want me to chat and preach,
And Latin ſpeak correctly,
Keep my mouth watered, I beſeech,
With good wine circumſpectly.
For unto this I ſtick,
That when my throat is dry,
My wit is dull, my ſenſe is thick,
No intellect have I.

Mais toſt mon eſprit ſe deſgele
Lorſque ie mouille le goſier ;
Et je me remetz en ceruelle
Potz & verres a manier.
Le bon vin me faict reſueiller,
Alors que ie ſommeille,
Et plus cauſer & jargonner
Qu'vne vieille qui teille.

Or demandez bien a ma mere,
Soit au ſoir ou ſoit au matin,
Alors que l'on m'a faict bien boire,
Si je parle pas bon latin :
Elle dira par Sainct Copin
Que j'y ſuis habile homme.
Qui me faict ſcauant ? C'eſt ce vin,
Et ce bon ius de pomme.

LXXX.

Si i'ay vn amy, quand ie boy,
Je voudrois qu'il beuſt auec moy
Du meilleur vin que l'on peuſt boire ;
Car, pour moy, ie le vay jugeant :
Plus grand bien on ne me peult faire
Que de bon vin en m'abreuuant.

Mais ſi j'auois vn ennemy,
Qu'il ne beuſt jamais qu'a demy,
Quoy qu'il euſt vne ſoif extreme ;
Encor que ce ne fuſt pas vin,
Que ſon breuuage fuſt de meſme
Ce qui faict tourner le moulin.

Ce luy ſeroit affliction
Plus grande, a mon oppinion,
Qu'aux Enfers n'eſt celle a Tantale ;
Encor plus grande, que ie croy,
S'il deſiroit oindre ſa ſale
De bon vin, autant comme moy.

But ſpeedily my ſpirit thaws,
If wine my gullet ſoften;
Then brain and wit awake, becauſe
The cups and cans come often.
Good wine drives off my ſleep,
Quite wide-awake I feel,
And greater chatter keep
Than dame at ſpinning-wheel.

Go, aſk my mother:—Does ſhe think,
At ev'ning, or at morning,
When I have had a hearty drink,
My Latin merits ſcorning?
She'll vow, by Sainte Chopine,
I clever work produce.
Who teach me? 'Tis this wine,
And this good apple-juice!

LXXX.

If fate to me in drinking gave
A friend, then he ſhould ſurely have
The very beſt wine to be got;
Since of all things I hold it firſt
That greater kindneſs you cannot
Show unto me when I feel thirſt.

But if it were an enemy,
Half-meaſures only he ſhould try,
Although extreme his thirſt ſhould rage;
And thoſe, too, not of wine: but ſtill
Should have, as his ſole beverage,
The ſtream that turns the water-mill.

He then would ſuffer greater woe
Than Tantalus in ſhades below,
Unleſs I very much miſtake;
Still greater, if of his dry throat
He longed, like me, the thirſt to ſlake
With that good wine on which I doat.

LXXXI.

Se treuuent trois lettres en vin,
Qui font Vigueur, Ioie, Nouriture,
Et denotent bien ſa nature,
Comme dict fort bien mon voiſin.

Le bon vin redonne vigueur
Et force au corps qui eſt malade,
Et chaſſe la triſteſſe fade ;
Nourriſt le corps, purge le cueur,

Faict de la bile election ;
Le ſang eſpois il ſubtiliſe,
Et noſtre appetit il aguiſe
Et aide a la diggeſtion.

Et bref, le vin, pris ſobrement,
Eſt touſiours vne bonne choſe.
Je n'en prendray que ceſte doſe :
Prenez la voſtre meſmement.

Je me ſens bien reconforté :
O belle & bonne creature !
Tu as, de ce coup, ie te iure,
Ma toux & mon rheume emporté.

LXXXII.

Tous les ſept ſages Gregeois
Beuuoient bien chacun deux fois ;
Nous en boirons doncq bien trois,
Qui tant ſages ne ſommes pas.
Il y en a qui ne font cas
Que d'hypocras.

Je n'ayme ſucre ni miel ;
Il n'eſt theriacque tel
Que vin en ſon naturel.

LXXXI.

Three letters which in VIN are found,
Mean *Vigour*, *Joy*, and *Nutriment*:
My neighbour well ſays, thus are meant
Three gifts that in good wine abound.

Freſh vigour it will ſoon impart
To frame that long in ſickneſs pined;
Cheer up the melancholy mind,
Nouriſh the body, purge the heart,

Produce ejection of the bile;
Congeſted blood 'twill render light,
Will ſharpen up the appetite,
And help digeſtion all the while.

In ſhort, wine, drunk in ſober guiſe,
Is always a good thing to take.
With this doſe only, thirſt I ſlake:
My worthy friend, take yours likewiſe.

Much comfort I already find:
O creature excellent and fair!
By that one draught, I have, I ſwear,
Left all my cough and cold behind.

LXXXII.

All the ſeven Greek wiſe men
Drank, at leaſt, each twice; ſo then
We will thrice the goblet drain,
Who for minor ſages paſs.
Some there are who prize, alas!
Nought ſave hypocras.

Sugar, honey, are no treat
To me: nor is cure complete
Wanting wine of flavour meet.

Diray ie hypocras mal baſti
Valoir mieux que vin de Sainct̃i ?
J'aurois menti.

Aux accouchées laiſſons
Ces doucereuſes boiſſons :
Ce bon ſildre careſſons.
Mauuais vin, bon pommé le vault.
Vous ſcauez ce que faire il faᷓlt,
Quand il faict chault.

Varlet, qui bon maiſtre ſert,
Doibt boire a luy, deſcouuert.
A vous, meſſieurs. S'il appert
Que je n'en laiſſe aucunement,
C'eſt ſigne que ce reſtorent
Eſt excelent.

LXXXIII.

Tout a l'entour de nos rampars
Les ennemis ſont en furie :
Sauuez nos tonneaux, ie vous prie !

Prenez plus toſt de nous, ſoldartz,
Tout ce dont vous aurez enuie :
Sauuez nos tonneaux, ie vous prie !

Nous pourrons au moins en beuuant
Chaſſer noſtre melancholie :
Sauuez nos tonneaux, ie vous prie !

L'ennemy, qui eſt cy deuant
Ne nous veult faire courtoiſie.
Vuidons nos tonneaux, ie vous prie !

Au moins, s'il prend noſtre cité,
Qu'il n'y trouue plus que la lie :
Vuidons nos tonneaux, ie vous prie !

Hypocras to glorify
More than good wine of Sainĉti,
Were to tell a lie.

Such ſweet drinks let us reſign
To ſick dames: this cider fine
Praiſe we as a drink divine.
Than bad wine it does leſs harm.
You know what will work a charm
When the weather's warm!

He who ſerves a maſter good,
Drinking to him, doffs his hood.
Your good healths! 'Tis underſtood
That if not a drop remain,
This refreſhing draught we drain
Is quite pure from ſtain.

LXXXIII.

The fierce beſieging hoſt
Preſs hot our ramparts round:
Keep our caſks ſafe and ſound!

Sooner all elſe be loſt
That plunderers have found:
Keep our caſks ſafe and ſound!

That with the wine-cup's flow
Mirth may again abound;
Keep our caſks ſafe and ſound!

But as th' advancing foe
Would fain our arms confound,
Drain our caſks ſafe and ſound!

That, if he take our town,
The lees alone be found;
Drain our caſks ſafe and ſound!

Deuſſions nous marcher de coſté,
Ce bon fildre n'eſpargnons mie :
Vuidons noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !

LXXXIV.

Touſiours auecques moy je porte
Vn fort bon entonnoir a vin.
Je n'emprunte en aucune ſorte
L'entonnoir de noſtre voiſin.
Le mien m'a tant couſté d'argent,
Que c'eſt vne choſe infinie :
Auſſi m'a t il toute ma vie
Servy continuellement.

Goſier, qui naturellement
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,
Ne laiſſe entrer en ma fourcelle
Breuuage, s'il n'eſt excelent !

J'ayme vne bonne compaignie
Plus volontiers qu'vn bon repas,
Pour paſſer ma melancholie
Qui m'aduanceroit le treſpas.
Prez mes amis honneſtement
J'ayme mieux boire & mouiller l'anche,
Que manger mon pain en ma manche,
N'ayant jamais contentement.

Goſier, qui naturellement
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,
Ne laiſſe entrer en ma fourcelle
Breuuage, s'il n'eſt excelent !

J'ayme tant ceſte melodie
De nos Vau de Vire nouueaux !
Je fay juge la compaignie
Que les vieux ne ſont point plus beaux.

If we muſt march, quaff down
This cider, all around:—
Drain our caſks ſafe and ſound!

LXXXIV.

I always have by me
A funnel, prime for wine,
Nor any-wiſe make free
To borrow aught but mine.
Such ſums my funnel coſt,
That 'tis above all praiſe:
And throughout all my days,
It never has been loſt.

O throat, whom Heav'n's decree
My funnel true did make,
Let me no liquors take
But ſuch as choiceſt be!

I love good company
Better than grand repaſt,
To keep melancholy
From ending me at laſt:
To have my mouth-piece full
And moiſt, with friends, I own,
Than gnaw my cruſt alone,
And ſo be always dull.

O throat, whom Heaven's decree
My funnel true did make,
Let me no liquors take
But ſuch as choiceſt be!

How ſweet this melody
Of our new Vaux-de-Vire!
Judge all the company,—
The old are not more dear!

Si j'eſtois vn homme opulent,
Je ferois chere magnificque
A tous ceux qui ceſte muſicque
Me chanteroient journellement.

Goſier, qui naturellement
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,
Ne laiſſe entrer en ma fourcelle
Breuuage, s'il n'eſt excelent!

Breuuage, rempli d'excelence,
Je te donne ton paſſeport:
Paſſe! tu as toute licence;
Reſueille l'eſprit qui s'endort.
Si ta force & vertu ſurprend
Et brouille noſtre fantaſie,
Faut dormir vne heure & demie,
Et ne cueillir poinct trop le vent.

Goſier, qui naturellement
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,
Ne laiſſe entrer en ma fourcelle
Breuuage, s'il n'eſt excelent!

LXXXV.

Voyant en ces valons Virois
Des moulins fouleurs la ruine,
Ou noz chantz prindrent origine,
Regrettant leur temps ie diſois:
" Ou ſont ces moulins, o valons,
" Source de noz chantz biberons? "

Le traficq de nos peres vieux
Eſtoit iadis en drapperie.
Le bon Baſſelin, lors en vie,
Se reſiouiſſoit auec eux.
Ou ſont ces moulins, o valons,
Source de noz chantz biberons?

Did I in wealth abound,
I ſhould in royal way
Feaſt thoſe who, day by day,
Would treat me to that ſound.

O throat, whom Heav'n's decree
My funnel true did make,
Let me no liquors take
But ſuch as choiceſt be!

Moſt goodly drink, depart:
Thou haſt thy paſſport: go!
Awake the ſleeping heart,
Paſs freely to and fro.
If thine excelling ſtrength
In dreams our wits ſhould ſteep,
An hour and half's ſound ſleep
Will ſet all right at length.

O throat, whom Heav'n's decree
My funnel true did make,
Let me no liquors take
But ſuch as choiceſt be!

LXXXV.

I ſaw, where Vire through valleys flows,
The fulling-mills in ruins laid,
The mills from which our ſongs aroſe;
And, mourning the paſt time, I ſaid:—
"Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
"The ſource of many a drinking-air?"

The traffic of our ſires of yore
Was in the cloth they made and ſold.
Good Baſſelin,—(alas, no more!)—
With them his joyous muſic trolled.
Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The ſource of many a drinking-air?

Aux moulins qui fouloient leurs draps
Sur ceſte riviere iolie,
Beuuoient d'autant, par drolerie,
Pommé qui valoit hypocras,
Ou ſont ces moulins, o valons,
Source de nos chantz biberons?

Baſſelin faiſoit leurs chanſons
Qu'on nomma partant Vaudeuire,
Et leur enſeignoit a les dire
En mille gentilles façons.
Ou ſont ces moulins, o valons,
Source de nos chantz biberons?

Or bien ce bon temps eſt paſſé.
De toutes choſes vne poſe!
Va dans mon cors & t'y repoſe:
Benoiſt ſoit il qui t'a verſé!
Ou ſont ces moulins, o valons,
Source de nos chantz biberons?

LXXXVI.

Voicy tous gens de courage,
Leſquelz s'en vont en voyage
Juſque par dela les mons.
Faire ce pelerinage
Sans boire nous ne pouuons.

Que la bouteille on n'oublie,
En regrettant Normandie.
A l'ombre nous nous ſerrons,
Si le chemin nous ennuye,
Et l'vn a l'aultre boirons.

Beuuons! deia ie me laſſe.
Vn chacun ſa calabaſſe
Remplira par les chemins,
En diſant: "Donnez, de grace,
A boire a ces pelerins!"

In mills that fulled their drapery,
Where that bright river's currents paſs,
They deeply drank, in jollity,
Cider worth more than hypocras.
Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The ſource of many a drinking-air?

Baſſelin framed their drinking-lays,
As Vaux-de-Vire ſo widely known;
And taught a thouſand charming ways
Of ſinging their melodious tone.
Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The ſource of many a drinking-air?

But to that good old time, a cloſe.
To all things human, cometh reſt!
Within me, wine! take thy repoſe:
May he who poured thee out be bleſt!
Where are the mills, O valleys fair!
The ſource of many a drinking-air?

LXXXVI.

Here we are all, of courage ſound,
Upon our pilgrim-journey, bound
For diſtant hill and vale.
But if no drink be ſound,
Our pilgrimage muſt fail.

Though we our Normandy regret,
The bottle let us ne'er forget.
We'll in the ſhade repoſe,
If long the road; while yet,
Around, our wine-cup flows.

Let's drink! already I'm foot-ſore.
Let each his calabaſh with more
Repleniſh;—"Give, we pray,
"Theſe pilgrims drink in ſtore,
"To help them on their way."

Compagnon, vuide la tienne,
Ainſi que j'ay faict la mienne !
Quelque chance nous viendra,
Mais que la ſoif nous reprenne,
Qui nos flacons remplira.

LXXXVII.

Viue le roy ! voicy la Patience :
Plus ne nous faut vainement redoubter
Ces Eſpagnolz, vieux ennemis de France,
Leſquelz vouloient ce royaulme vſurper ;
Car ilz s'en ſont retournez tous honteux.
Helas ! pourquoy viuent ces enuieux ?

Ces faux ligueurs nous nourriſſoient la guerre,
Qui nous a faict oublier nos chanſons.
Ilz ne nous ont rien laiſſé que la terre ;
Et, en vuidant nos tonneaux & poinſſons,
Nous ont oſté ce qu'aymions le mieux.
Helas ! pourquoy viuent ces enuieux ?

Mais maintenant qu'ilz ſont a vau de routte,
Et que failly ilz ont a leurs deſſeins,
Beuuons d'autant ! Ne nous chaille qu'il couſte !
Car nos tonneaux peut eſtre ſeront pleins,
Et l'an qui vient nous rendra tous ioyeux.
Helas ! pourquoy viuent ces enuieux ?

N'oublions poinct nos gentilz Vau de Vire ;
Honneſtement les faut encor chanter ;
Si tu en ſcais, voiſin, il les faut dire !
En attendant, vn peu ie vay gouſter :
Fay comme moy, tu en chanteras mieux.
Helas ! pourquoy viuent ces enuieux ?

Companion pilgrim, empty thine,
As I, a pilgrim, empty mine!
May ſome chance bleſs us ſtill;
And, if we thirſt, with wine
Our calabaſh refill!

LXXXVII.

Long live the King! Peace comes to ſword and lance:
And ne'er again regard we for an hour
The Spaniards, ancient enemies of France,
Who fain would have uſurped this kingdom's pow'r;
For they have back been driven ſhamefully.
Alas! why can't thoſe envious ones die?

Thoſe leaguers falſe maintained the hoſtile bands
Who made us all forget our poetry.
They now have left us nothing but our lands;
And, drinking all our caſks and rundlets dry,
Have pillaged our moſt valued property.
Alas! why can't thoſe envious ones die?

But meanwhile, ſince in rout their cauſe is loſt,
And they have failed in all their foul deſigns,
Let's freely drink! No matter for the coſt!
Our caſks perhaps will ſoon be full of wines.
The coming year will bleſs us joyouſly.
Alas! why can't thoſe envious ones die?

Let us forget not our ſweet Vaux-de-Vire;
Again let's carol them in honeſt haſte;
If you know one, my friend, come ſing it here!
Meanwhile, a goblet full I fain would taſte:
Do as I do; you'll ſing more charmingly.
Alas! why can't thoſe envious ones die?

LXXXVIII.

Voyant meſſieurs de Parlement,
Auec leur rouge accouſtrement,
Du bon vin clairet j'eus moemoire ;
Mais conſeiller ny preſident
Ne me pria iamais de boire.

Je juray que dorenaduant
Je n'y ſerois plus appellant
Qu'aux cabaretz les plus notables,
La ſoif, ma partie, intimant
Deuant les beuueurs, mes ſemblables.

J'ayme mieux y perdre vn proces
Que deuant tant de goſiers ſecs
Qui ne reſpirent que le code ;
Et puis, ſans faire ſi grands frais,
En beuuant ſouuent on accorde.

Depenceons pluſtoſt noſtre argent
A nous donner bon traictement,
Sans aller courir a la Bouille.
L'hyuer il ne paſſe aiſement
Qui laiſſe a Rouan ſa deſpouille.

Mais, voiſin, changeons de deuis.
Vn Vaudeuire, a mon aduis !
Sans boyre, on ne peut bien conclurre.
J'y ſatisferay, ſi je puis,
Car j'ayme cela de nature.

Mouillons donc ; il faict bon ſecher.
Je veux, pour ma ſoif eſtancher,
Verre plein du bon vin que j'ayme.
Ceſtuy cy vous va deuancer :
Vous le voires en Angouleſme.

LXXXVIII.

Seeing the Peers of Parliament,
With all their red accoutrement,
" Good roſy wine ! " thought I ;
But neither Peer nor Preſident
Aſked me a glaſs to try.

Thenceforth, I thereon roundly ſwore,
I ſhould appeal my cauſe no more
Save to beſt taverners :
Summoning thirſt to come before
Tribunal of my peers.

I'd ſooner loſe ſuits there, than try
To plead before thoſe throttles dry,
Who breathe but ſtatute-lore ;
Men oft, without ſuch robbery,
Drink and are friends once more.

Then let us rather money ſpend
In feaſts without an early end,
Than running to La Bouille.
His winter goes without a friend,
At Rouen who leaves ſpoil.

But, neighbour, let us change the ſtrain.
A Vau-de-Vire would ſuit my vein !
Athirſt, we nothing prove.
I'd ſatisfy that, if I could,
For 'tis what I moſt love.

Then drink : 'tis well to do ſo, firſt.
I fain would have, to quench my thirſt,
Full glaſs of wine, I own :
Make haſte, or you'll come off the worſt,—
Through Angouleſme 'tis gone !

LXXXIX.

GRACES.

Nous congnoiſſons, grand Dieu, noſtre avoir & nos biens
Proceder purement de ta main nouriciere ;
Et, quoy que nous ſoyons vne race fautiere,
Bon pere, que c'eſt toy qui ſeul nous entretiens !

Graces nous te rendons de tes biens qu'auons pris !
Si auons excedé ce qu'il faut a nature,
Ne ceſſe toutes fois d'auoir de nous la cure :
Pour s'eſiouir ſans mal ne nous metz a mepris !

Fay que beuuans enſemble en vain ne prenions
Ton nom ; que ne ſoyons ny gourmandz ny prodigues,
Ny contempteurs de toy ; ains que tu nous inſtigues
A t'aymer & benir, pendant que nous viurons.

A l'hoſte quant & quant nous diſons : Grand mercy,
Qui, pour l'amour de nous, n'a rien mis en eſpargne !
Aduienne que bientoſt iuſtement il regaigne
Ce qu'il luy a couſté pour nous traicter ainſi !

LXXXIX.

THANKSGIVING.

We know, great Lord! that all our wealth and ſtore
Proceed entirely from Thy gracious hand;
And, though our race with ſin be clouded o'er,
Great Sire! we live but by thy ſole command.

We bleſs Thee for thy gifts' kind affluence!
If more than Nature's wants be thus ſupplied,
Still guide and guard us by Thy Providence:—
May we enjoy them without blame or pride!

Ne'er in our cups may we Thy name profane,
Nor may we gluttonous nor waſteful be:
Nor Thee deſpiſe: ſo may Thy mercy deign
To make us ever love and worſhip Thee.

And, as from time to time we thank our hoſt,
Who ſpares no kindneſs his eſteem to prove,
May he in Thy good time find nothing loſt
Of all his coſtly evidence of love!

CHANSONS DU VAU DE VIRE

SECOND RECVEIL

I.

O vray & naturel François,
Beau & bon, tu as toutes fois
Mere grande mal faicte,
Qui a peau laide & cors tortu,
Et, ſans appuy, n'a la vertu
De ſe ſouſtenir droicte.

Sur ta mere il falut fouler,
Et ſur le ventre luy piler,
Afin de te produire.
Pour ton bers, tu eus vn cuueau ;
Tu es ſain ; mais abreuué d'eau
C'eſt alors qu'il t'empire.

Tu changes logis pluſieurs fois.
En ſortant d'vn logis de bois
Entres en vn de verre,
Ou vn d'eſtain, premierement ;
En noſtre corps finablement :
Puis, retournes en terre.

Mais ta vertu ne vas monſtrant,
Sinon en noſtre corps entrant,
La ou tu fais merueilles ;
Mais qu'on t'y mette ſobrement,
Tu nous rends gays incontinent,
Et l'eſprit tu refueilles.

SONGS OF THE VAU DE VIRE

SECOND SERIES

I.

O Frenchman true and native-born,
Fair, good, yet from a mother torn
Great and ill-formed to ſight,
Uncouth of ſkin, in body bent,
And, unleſs ſome ſupport be lent,
Unfit to ſtand upright.

Thy mother had child-labour long,
And underwent convulſions ſtrong,
That she might thee produce.
Thy ruſtic cradle was a vat;
Healthy thyſelf, thy force grows flat
From water-drink's abuſe.

Thou many times doſt change thy home.
Firſt from a wooden houſe to come,
To enter one of glaſs;
Or, firſt into a pewter can,
Thence into body of a man:
Thence into earth to paſs!

Thy virtue, natheleſs, is unknown
Till in our body it be ſhown,
Where thou doſt magic make;
If therein taken ſoberly,
Thou cheereſt us unfailingly,
And doſt our ſpirit wake!

Qui te prend ne peut rien celer :
Tu contrainctz chacun a parler
Et deuiſer & rire.
Tu fais deſcouurir les humeurs,
Et congnoiſtre ſi les beuueurs
Sont benings ou pleins d'ire.

Sur tous, ceux la ſont vicieux
Pour t'auoir, auaricieux,
Qui craignent le couſtage :
Puiſqu'apportant noſtre ſanté,
En vn corps de maux agité
Tu remetz le courage.

On ne pourroit congnoiſtre mieux
Que tes effectz ſont genereux,
Et n'eſt rien qui t'egale,
Qu'a ton blanc & incarnatin ;
Jamais n'eſt l'habit d'vn coquin
De ta pourpre royalle.

Mais t'ay ie poinct aſſez preſché ?
Me ſeroit il bien reproché
De n'auoir tenu compte
De loger vn hoſte ſi bon,
Par charité, dans ma maiſon ? . . .
Ce me ſeroit grand'honte.

II.

On les a cenſurés
Les pauures Vau de Vire,
Et pluſieurs rechignés
Ne ceſſent d'en meſdire.
Ce ſont des morſondus
Qu'on ne void iamais rire.
Ilz ſont les entendus
Et ne peuuent rien dire.

He who takes thee, can nought conceal:
Through thee, men hidden things reveal,
And tell long tales, and laugh.
Men's humours thou doſt let us know,
And whether quick to wrath, or ſlow,
Are thoſe good ſouls who quaff.

But moſt of all they ſhow keen zeal
To have thee: avarice they feel
Indeed, who fear thy coſt:
Since our good health thou doſt reſtore,
And ſhattered frame inſpire once more
With vigour that was loſt.

No better proof could we exact,
How generous thine ev'ry act,
Unmatched in chivalry,
Than thy white and incarnadine;
No raſcal's coat could ever ſhine
Like thy red royalty.

Have I enough thy merits broached?
Could I be juſtly now reproached
With inſufficient heed
To giving charitable reſt
Within my houſe to ſuch a gueſt?—
That were a ſhame indeed!

II.

They've cenſured them ſadly,
The poor Vaux-de-Vire;
And louts who live badly,
Inceſſantly ſneer.
They're all diſmal fellows
Who merriment fear,
No good thing they tell us,
But backbite and jeer.

Qui, ioyeux & gaillard,
Chantant, ne boit du pire,
Vaut mieux qu'vn vieux mulard
Qui touſiours eſt en ire.
C'eſt du vin de ceans
Que vous voyez reluire :
Gage qu'il eſt dedans,
Pourueu que ie le tire.

III.

Breuuage, amy ſouef,
Armé de verre,
Vne importune ſoif
Me faict la guerre.

Mais vien m'en deliurer,
Je te ſuplie,
Et faire deſloger
Ceſte ennemie.

Je ne crains tous les jours
Qu'elle m'aſſaille,
Pourueu que ton ſecours
Ne me deffaille.

Or, i'en ſeray vangé,
Je m'en conſole ;
Car j'ay fort bien chargé
Ceſte piſtolle.

Meſchante ſoif, rendz toy,
Ouure la porte,
Et vuide de chez moy,
Ou tu es morte.

Elle fuit maintenant,
Quictant la place.
O breuuage vaillant,
Je te rendz grace !

He, gallant and jolly,
Who ſings and drinks right,
Diſplays not the folly
Of muliſh old fright.
This liquor, believe it,
In bottle ſhines bright;
And when you receive it,
I'm ſure 'twill delight.

III.

Sweet friend, O beverage,
Thy wine-glaſs wield;
Thirſt with a reſtleſs rage
Taketh the field.

Swift to my ſuccour ſpeed,
Humbly I pray;
And make that foe recede
Quickly away.

I will not be diſmayed
Though it aſſail,
If only thy good aid
Daily avail.

Now, I avenged ſhall be,
Comforting thought!
I have, well charged, with me
This piſtole brought.

Villain thirſt, render thee!
Open the gate:
Hurry away from me,
Or doom await.

Thirſt takes to flight,
Quitting the place.
O liquor, brave in fight,
Thanks for ſuch grace!

Je te veux demeurer
Amy fidelle,
Qui peux ſi bien vuider
Vne querelle.

Tu es d'auecques moy,
Touſiours, &, pource
Je ne craindray pour toy
Vuider ma bource.

Et je ne veux aymer
Vne maiſtreſſe
Qui me vouldra prier
Que ie te laiſſe.

IV.

Celuy qui, pour chanter le los
Du bon vin, fiſt ſa poeſie,
Auoit nom en grec Philinos,
Et Torexia *fut ſon amie.*

Sachant qu'eſcrire il ne pouuoit,
Et parler de choſes ſublimes,
Pour la maiſtreſſe qu'il aymoit,
Paſſant temps, il dreſſa ſes rythmes ;

Rythmes qu'il trampoit dans le vin,
Pour douces les faire & plus riches ;
Et jamais ne fut ſon deſſein
De les compoſer pour les chiches.

Car jamais auare alteré
Ne dira bien les Vaudeuire ;
Le ris ne luy vient point a gré ;
Il craincl les frais, & boit du pire.

But thou, I prithee, ſtay,
O faithful friend!
Thou who canſt an affray
So deftly end.

I will for ever be
Comrade of thine:
Ne'er ſhall be cloſed for thee
Purſe-ſtrings of mine.

Nor will I ever give
Miſtreſs my heart,
Who would aſk me to live
From thee apart.

IV.

He of goodly wine who framed
Praiſes in poetic lay,
Was in Greek *Philænos* named,
And his love, *Thorexia.*

Conſcious that in vain he ſtrove
To deſcant on things ſublime,
For the miſtreſs of his love
Playfully he built his rhyme;

Rhyme which he immerſed in wine,
That it might be ſweet and brave;
It was never his deſign
To compoſe it for the knave.

Never will a miſer's thirſt
Rightly chant the Vaux-de-Vire;
With unſmiling temper curſt,
He dreads coſt of jolly cheer.

Mais laiſſons la ces morfondus,
Parlons des fermiers de vilage
Qui viennent de gaſteaux cornus,
Aux Rois, eſtrener le meſnage.

C'eſt vn grand heur, en verité,
Qu'y trouuant la noix ou la febue,
On acquert vne royaulté :
C'eſt donc bien raiſon qu'on en boiue.

Ce petit regne ſans profit,
Qui dure a peine vne journée
Monſtre que bientoſt ſe reduict
Toute gloire humaine en fumée.

V.

Beuuons a la ſanté du Roy
Vin d'Orleans ou de Limoy !
Enſepueliſſons la moemoire
Des maux paſſés, & leur tombeau
Baſtiſſons d'vn pot de bon boire,
Tiré du plus friand tonneau.

On a ſubiect de s'eſgayer,
Quand on boit du bon, ſans payer :
La bourſe a ſouuent indigence.
Sans cela, pluſieurs eſprits beaux
Eſueilleroient leur ſuffiſance,
Et, beuuans, diroient motz nouueaux.

Je feray vomir au matin
A vn pedant tout ſon latin ;
Par le vin je feray merueille :
J'eſmouueray mieux le caquet
D'vn aduocat, par la bouteille,
Que par l'argent, dans le parquet.

Leave we thoſe dull ſouls forlorn.
Sing we of the village clowns,
Whom, on Twelfth-night, cake with horn
As the reigning Monarch crowns.

When they find the nut or bean,
Truly they who win may laugh;
Kings they ſuddenly are ſeen:
Reaſon good why they ſhould quaff.

Brief, unprofitable reign,
Laſting ſcarcely for a day!
Human glories, not leſs vain,
Soon in ſmoke paſs all away!

V.

"Health to the King!" drink we with joy,
In wine of Orleans or Limoy!
Of ſorrows paſt, the memory
Entomb we; and, above their grave,
To build a monument let's try,
With pot from the beſt caſk we have.

To drink good wine with nought to pay,
Is matter for reflection gay:
The purſe is oft in want of pence.
Not ſeldom, elſe, ſome witty one
Would waken up his affluence,
And, o'er his cups, invent new fun.

Till morn, I could a pedant teach
To pour forth all his Latin ſpeech;
And, in the forum of the law,
I could a cleverer debate
By bottle than by money draw
From fluent tongue of Advocate.

La femme, pour n'eſtre en deffault
De parler, boire il ne luy fault ;
Mais ſi le vin on luy adiouſte,
Elle aide a bien vous confeſſer :
Voſtre vie ell' vous dira toute,
Si lors vous la faictes faſcher.

Mais ne blaſmons perſonne icy :
Vn chacun a touſiours vn ſy.
Prendray ie ceſte medecine ?
Mon mal vous congnoiſſes fort bien
Ouy, ouy, ne prenons poinct la peine
D'en prendre aduis de Galien.

VI.

Las ! cher amy, je croy bien que la mort
Dure te fut, quand en l'eau te noyas ;
Car l'eau, viuant, tu haïſſois ſi fort,
Qu'en ta boiſſon jamais ne l'employas.
Si la riuiere ou chetif tu tombas,
Euſt eu ſes flotz de vin ou Maluoiſie,
Tu n'y aurois jamais perdu la vie.

Vne moindre eau pouuoit finir tes jours,
Ton naturel ayant cet element
Pour ennemy : au boire auſſi touſiours
T'en abſtenois, & faiſois ſagement ;
Pour ce ſubiect ie t'aymois cherement ;
Car le vin pur nous faiſoit viure enſemble,
Et, pour ta mort, quand ie vois l'eau, j'en tremble.

Voudrois ie bien pour breuuage en mon cors
De mon amy la meurtriere loger ?
Si l'eau pourrit les pieux qui ſont ſi fors,
Elle pourroit auſſi m'endommager
En ma ſanté que je veux meſnager.
S'il eſt ſans eau, je prendray ce breuuage.
Noſtre hoſte, a vous ! J'en boy de bon courage !

Woman alone can well diſpenſe
With vinous aids to eloquence;
But if to her you add ſome wine,
She'll help you bravely to confeſs;
And your paſt life tell, line by line,
If e'er you cauſed her a diſtreſs.

But let us here no one malign;
All have their failings; I have mine:
Am I to take this doctor's draught?
(You know full well my malady).—
Yes, yes; let it be duly quaffed,
Nor ſtay for Galen's pharmacy.

VI.

Alas! dear friend, I well believe thy death
Was ſad, when thou wert in the water drowned;
Water, ſo hated with thy living breath,
That in thy drink it never yet was found.
Had but that fatal flood, inſtead, been crowned
With waves of wine or of Malvoiſie,
We had not now been ſo bewailing thee.

In drinking, from thy foe thou didſt abſtain;
And in ſo doing didſt thy wiſdom prove.
That view, indeed, was common to us twain,
Therefore for thee I felt ſo great a love;
A like abhorrence did my fancy move,
For in pure wine we both took much delight,
And, ſince thy death, I dread all water's ſight.

What! in my body could I chooſe to take
To lodge, the vile aſſaſſin of my friend?
If water rot away the ſturdy ſtake,
It might me alſo haſten to my end.
I muſt my health with prudent caution tend.
If free from water, I will drink this draught.
Our hoſt! To you, with brave good-will, 'tis quaffed!

Quand je te voy, le cueur me rid,
Beau ſildre, & ma gorge ſechée
T'attend, ainſi que, dans le nid,
L'oyſeau qui attend la bechée.
Bon pommé, ſeras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu ſois beu.

Il ne faut manger du ſalé,
Afin qu'a te boire on s'inuite ;
Mais tu ne doibs eſtre baillé
Qu'a ceux qui jugent ton merite.
Bon pommé, ſeras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu ſois beu.

Ou l'on te boira ſans excés,
J'eſtime la place honorable ;
Tout eſcot aura bon ſuccés,
Pourueu que tu ſois a la table.
Bon pommé, ſeras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu ſois beu.

Les gendres, qu'on rendroit ioyeux
Auec des boiſſons ſi gentilles,
Ne deburoient, s'ilz ſont amoureux,
Rien prendre, en epouſant les filles.
Bon pommé, ſeras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu ſois beu.

Bon boire n'a plus ces effectz ;
Trop regne a preſent l'auarice.
Je m'en vay deſcharger ce fais ;
Puis vous dires qu'on le rempliſſe.
Bon pommé, ſeras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu ſois beu.

When I ſee thee, I am bleſt;
My throat waits thee, cider good,
As the bird which, in the neſt,
Waiteth for its little food.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

No ſalt viand need they ſerve
To make me drink thee with haſte;
But thee only thoſe deſerve
Who can value thy fine taſte.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

To drink thee without exceſs
Is a mark of virtue rare;
Tavern-bill will have ſucceſs
If thou but be preſent there.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

Sons-in-law who would enjoy
Being on ſuch liquids fed,
Should, if love their thoughts employ,
Not be portionleſs when wed.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

Good drink now has feebler grown;
Avarice does too much reign.
This cup full I now ſend down;
You can have it filled again.
Cider good, ſhalt thou be loſt?
Rather let us drink thee moſt!

VIII.

S'il faut proceder ſur le boire,
Je ne me veux jamais aider
De l'exception dilatoire.
Le jambon eſt vn acceſſoire,
Sur quoy ie voudrois me fonder.

En matiere de beuuerie,
Quant a moy, touſiours ie pretens
A anticiper ma partie,
Ceſſant toutes fois plaiderie,
S'il veut payer tous les depens.

Les raiſons ſur quoy ie me fonde
Sont touſiours la ſoif & le chauld.
Ma cauſe eſt en la taſſe ronde,
Qu'a vuider, combien que profonde,
Jamais ie ne tombe en deffault.

Le paragraphe & la rubricque
Ne valent rien pour decider
De quelque bouteille authanticque :
Je ne m'y ſers que de prâticque,
Alors que ie la veux vuider.

Mais laiſſons proces, car j'en tremble,
L'oyant nommer, tant ie le crains !
Ce n'eſt pas ce qui nous aſſemble :
C'eſt pour ſçauoir ce qu'il vous ſemble
De ce dont les verres ſont pleins.

Comme gourmetz pleins de ſcience,
L'hoſte vous en veult conſulter.
Je dy, ſelon ma conſcience,
Que voicy bien de l'excelence,
Pourueu qu'il ne faille conter.

VIII.

If thirſt muſt indicted be,
Then I never wiſh to raiſe
Any dilatory plea.
Ham is an acceſſory;
Upon which I found my caſe.

When a drinking-ſuit is mine,
Then I always would diſpenſe
With a contradicting line;
And all argument reſign,
If they pay me my expenſe.

As my main ſubſtantial ground,
Thirſt and heat I mean to keep:
My caſe lies in goblet round;
In default I'm never found,
Though the cup be ne'er ſo deep.

Rubric, paragraph, the taſk
Might attempt, but all in vain,
Trying ſome authentic flaſk:
Practice there is all I aſk,
When I would its contents drain.

Leave we ſuits, which I deteſt,
And their name fills me with fear!
Not for them have we profeſſed
Here to meet: but which is beſt
Of theſe wines, we wiſh to hear.

From Epicurean ſage
Such as you, the hoſt would learn
Your opinion: I engage,
Here is goodly beverage!
Let him note it in his turn.

Je veux de l'eau de Clitorie,
S'il faut d'eau ce bon vin tremper ;
Mais encore je ne me fie
En ceſte ſource d'Archadie.
Pline me pourroit bien tromper.

IX.

Pour fuir a mes ennuis, ſans partir d'vne place,
Je pren le cor, la gaule, & m'exerce a la chaſſe :
Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !

Mon gibier eſt la ſoif, qui faict chez moy ſon giſte ;
Non, pour l'auoir, je chaſſe ; ains veux qu'elle me quicte.
Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !

Le verre c'eſt mon cor, que je fay par merueilles
Ronfler en l'embouchant ; mes chiens ſont les bouteilles.
Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !

La table eſt ma foreſt & ma campagne verte,
Quand mes amis & moy nous la trouuons couuerte.

Bright Clitoria's ſtream let's try,
If we muſt mix this good wine:
Yet I rather would paſs by
That famed ſpring of Arcady:
Pliny might give erring ſign!

IX.

To flee from my ſadneſs, yet ſtay in one place
I take horn, and ſtaff, and I practiſe the chaſe.
Catch, catch!
Drink, drink!
Hip, hip!
Catch, catch!
Keep watch
Leſt it ſlip!

My game is the thirſt, which I don't want to catch;
But only to make it decamp with deſpatch.
Catch, catch!
Drink, drink!
Hip, hip!
Catch, catch!
Keep watch
Leſt it ſlip!

The goblet's my bugle, which ſplendidly ſounds,
When I luſtily blow; the bottles, my hounds.
Catch, catch!
Drink, drink!
Hip, hip!
Catch, catch!
Keep watch
Leſt it ſlip;

The table's my foreſt and hunting-field green,
When cloſe ſet with covers for friends and me ſeen.

Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !

Que j'embouche ce cor, quelque ouruary qu'il faſſe,
La ſoif mourra ce coup, ou quiẽtera la place.
Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !

O bon cor, doux ſouflet, aggreable a la bouche !
Ceſt exercice eſt bon, attendant qu'on ſe couche.
Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !

X.

J'entre librement la ou ie ſcay qu'on boit ;
Car, ſans honte, vn malade doit
D'vn medecin entrer en la maiſon
Pour auoir gariſon.

La ſoif c'eſt vn mal dont ie ſuis pourſuiui,
Qui plus me preſſe & faict d'ennuy.
Ses recipes faut il cercher ailleurs
Que parmy les beuueurs ?

Si ceux ſont amis, chez qui vous arriués,
Seront ioyeux, ſi vous beuués ;

Catch, catch!
Drink, drink!
Hip, hip!
Catch, catch!
Keep watch
Leſt it ſlip!

I blow on my bugle, and, loud though he cry,
Thirſt ſoon will break cover, or elſe he muſt die.
Catch, catch!
Drink, drink!
Hip, hip!
Catch, catch!
Keep watch
Leſt it ſlip!

O ſweet-ſounding bugle, mouth-inſtrument dear!
This paſtime is charming when bed-time is near.
Catch, catch!
Drink, drink!
Hip, hip!
Catch, catch!
Keep watch
Leſt it ſlip!

X.

I enter a wine-ſhop, unconſcious of blame;
For patient may ſurely, without feeling ſhame,
Go into the houſe of a medical man,
To be cured if he can.

The chronic diſorder I ſuffer is thirſt;
But though evermore by its preſence I'm curſt,
Why ſhould I abandon, for recipes new,
The carouſe of my crew?

In meeting your friends, when you come where they dwell,
They drink with you kindly, and all paſſes well;

Ou accordés, quoy qu'ilz ſoient voz haineux,
En beuuant auec eux.

On dict qu'en beuuant, ſans excez toutes fois,
On void ſi vn homme eſt courtois.
Vilain, qui a des eſcus enterrés
N'a ſoing des alterés.

Entre tous les vins, je voy d'vn fort bon œil
Touſiours celuy qui eſt vermeil.
Comme on ſe trouue, vſer du blanc il fault
Quand le clairet deffault.

Le vin pour l'aſſault! Mais du pommé normand
Je n'vſe qu'en me deffendant;
Ou bien j'en boy, eſpargnant, ſi je puis,
Les frais chez mes amis.

XI.

Cæſar, des vaincus ennemis
Faiſoit tryomphe magnificque:
Moy, domptant la ſoif, j'ay promis
De faire vn tryomphe bachicque.

Porté ſur vn baril vineux,
Au lieu d'vn martial caroſſe,
Je meneray, victorieux,
La ſoif, ayant perdu ſa force.

Ceſte ſoif, qui m'a tant couſté,
Marchera, baiſſant les oreilles;
Prez d'elle, d'vn aultre coſté,
Les potz, les verres, les bouteilles.

Les droles, mes bons compagnons,
Qui m'ont faict aide a la combatre,
Auec ceruelatz & jambons,
Marcheront deuant, quatre a quatre.

Or if you meet foemen, in drinking, you know,
Angry thoughts you forego.

They ſay that in drinking,—(in ſoberneſs, mind!)—
A man's poliſhed manners are eaſy to find.
A wretch who has buried his crowns in the ground
Puſhes no goblet round.

Of all the good wines I am raviſhed to ſee,
The roſier ſort is the liquor for me.
But if it ſo chance that the red is all flown,
Then the white muſt go down.

Wine, wine for the charge! Norman cider I chooſe
Not, except for defenſive precaution, to uſe;
Or, perhaps, at friends' tables I drink it, at moſt,
To diminiſh their coſt.

XI.

Grand triumphs o'er foes whom he beat,
Did Cæſar victorious raiſe:
Having vanquiſhed my thirſt, it were meet
To triumph in Bacchanals' ways.

Borne high on a jolly wine-tun,
In lieu of a battle-car brave,
Behind me a victor, ſhall run
Thirſt, captive in fetters, a ſlave.

That thirſt, who my might ſo defied,
Shall now pace with low-drooping ear;
Cloſe by, on the oppoſite ſide,
Pots, bottles, and glaſſes appear.

The drolls, boon companions of mine,
Allies in my fight, four and four,
With hams and with ſauſages fine,
Shall gaily march onward before;

En chantant muſicalement
Les Vaudeuire, en la moemoire
Du bon Denis tant excelent,
Par qui j'emporte la victoire.

Deſpit ferons a l'vſurier,
Qui, laiſſant le pauure a ſa porte
Mourir de ſoif, de ſon celier
Ne croit la ſerrure aſſes forte.

Ainſy deſcendre nous irons
Chez quelqu'amy bien volontere,
Ou la ſoif mourir nous ferons,
Sans compter pour la bonne chere.

XII.

Noſtre hoſte, s'il eſt vray que vous ſoit agreable
Ceſte trouppe d'amis, qui ſont a voſtre table,
Donnés nous du meileur qu'ayes dans le celier,
Et beuués le premier.

L'auare, qui craindra, comme vn Jan du meſnage,
Faire boyre chez luy de ſon meileur breuuage,
Lequel eſt ſeulement pour ſa bouche-gardé,
C'eſt vn amy fardé.

Nous ne vous jugeons tel : mais que la bonne chere
Soit du conſentement de voſtre meſnagere ;
Pour faire a vne femme vn hoſte bien traicter,
Il conuient la flater.

De ce faire, meſſieurs, je vous laiſſe la charge.
Je vay de ce bon vin entendre au chariage :
On dict que bien ſouuent entre bec & cueiller
Il vient du deſtourbier.

In muſical chant they ſhall raiſe
The Vaux-de-Vire, hymning a ſtrain
Of good Dionyſos in praiſe,
Who makes me the victory gain.

The miſer ſhall quake in his ſhoes,
Who leaves at his gateway the poor
To periſh of thirſt; while he ſcrews
His own cellar's treble-locked door.

Thus on we ſhall march to ſome friend,
Whoſe kindneſs is far above pence;
There thirſt to its doom we ſhall ſend,
And not have to count the expenſe!

XII.

Our hoſt, if it be true, that you with pleaſure view
This troop of friends who now are come to dine with you,
Let what you from your cellar bring not be the worſt,
And you drink firſt.

The miſer who would dread, as gaming-table's peſt,
To give, in his own houſe, his friend the wine that's beſt,
Which he for his own lips doth carefully intend,
Is a falſe friend.

Such, doubtleſs, are not you: yet I ſhould like to hear
The ſanction of your ſpouſe to this our goodly cheer;
To make a wife receive her lord's friends pleaſantly,
Needs flattery.

Of doing this, good Sirs, I leave to you the care.
For this good wine I haſte the tranſport to prepare:
They ſay, that oft it haps, between the cup and lip
There is a ſlip.

Pourueu que aucun de vous ſur le bras ne me touche,
Je pourray ſeurement le porter a la bouche.
Je croy bien, quand ce coup dans ma gorge entrera,
Que ma ſoif ſe rendra.

Pour l'hoſte, c'eſt profit qu'vne prompte victoire
On emporte ſur elle, & qu'on ceſſe de boire ;
Mais ſi d'vn coup ou deux on ne peut la dompter,
Il faut patienter.

Meſſieurs, comme ſergeant de Bacchus ie vous ſomme
De vous deſalterer ; de chez vn honneſte homme
Qui remporte la ſoif, pour boire a ſa maiſon,
Eſt priué de raiſon.

XIII.

On a verſé cecy, pour eſtre beu :
Il faut l'oſter, de peur qu'on ne le jette.
Voiſin, je vay tirer de jeu,
Puiſque noſtre partie eſt faicte.

Pour gaigner quinze, il faut mettre dedans,
Par ſur la langue, & non par ſus la chorde.
Pour nous juger voicy des gens
Leſquelz nous mettront a concorde.

Si je faiſois encor trois pareilz coups,
Le premier jeu j'aurois de la partie.
Tirés, maintenant c'eſt a vous ;
Car ma ſoif elle eſt amortie.

J'ay encor biſque a prendre ſur le jeu ;
Mais j'attendray que la ſoif encor vienne :
Quand le pot ſera preſque beu,
Il ſera temps que je la prenne.

Unleſs ſome of you pull my ſleeve, and ſay, "Beware!"
In ſafety to my mouth I feel I could it bear.
And well I wot that when it down my throat ſhall flow,
My thirſt will go.

For the hoſt, too, to gain ſwift victory were beſt,
That thus we all might ceaſe, when thirſt was laid to reſt;
But if a draught or two ſhould fail to vanquiſh it,
Then wait a bit.

As Bacchus' bailiff, Sirs, I ſummon all of you
To quench your thirſt; for from the houſe of landlord true
To carry thirſt away, to drink at home alone,
Were mad, I own.

XIII.

This wine was poured out for our thirſt:
We muſt take it, for fear it be loſt:
My friend, I will ſtrike the ball firſt,
Our match is arranged with our hoſt.

To ſcore fifteen, drive it well home,
And in; not half-way, nor aſide;
Theſe honeſt byſtanders are come
As umpires, the match to decide.

Thrice making a volley ſo true,
I'd win the firſt game of the ſet.
The play is now ſtanding with you;
My thirſt is dead, happily met.

The odds of a biſque I've ſtill got;
But wait, till my thirſt come again:
When well-nigh you've emptied the pot,
'Twill be time:—till then, let it remain.

XIV.

Belle, a vous ie m'addreſſe,
Torexia, mes amours ;
Pour ma chere maiſtreſſe
Je vous auray touſiours.
Qui l'amour vous veut faire,
Ne s'acquert des ialoux,
Et faictes touſiours boire
Qui frequente auec vous.

Voſtre couleur vermeille
Me rend le cueur ioyeux,
Et ſouuent me reſueille
Du dormir ſommeilleux.
Quand on a bource pleine,
En chaſſant ſes ennuis,
Auec vous, ſur chopine,
On acquert des amis.

Soulas de nos miſeres,
Belle boiſſon ſans eau,
Les brouillemens d'affaires
Vous oſtes du cerueau.
Bons beuueurs ont diſpenſe :
Sergeant pour namps ne doibt
Prendre, par violence,
Les vaiſſeaux ou l'on boit.

A vn beuueur bon homme
Oſter le gobelet
Eſt vn tel peché, comme
Oſter a l'agnelet
La nourice tetine.
Laiſſes doncques, larron,
La boite a médecine
Au pauure biberon.

XIV.

O fair Thorexia,
To thee my love I vow;
No other dame ſhall ſway
My boſom's troth but thou.
The ſuitor who thee woos,
Excites no jealouſy,
And, while he thee purſues,
Drinks, in thy company.

Thy hues of bluſhing red
My ſpirits cheerful make:
From drowſy ſleep in bed
They often me awake.
If full the purſe be ſeen,
Drive ſorrow from the door:
While drinking our chopine,
We gain friends more and more.

Sweet ſolace of our cares,
Fine drink, from water free!
From worrying affairs
Our brain is cleared by thee.
Good drinkers can diſpenſe
With fees: no bailiff may
Arreſt by violence
A drinking-cup for pay.

To ſnatch his cup of wine
From boon companion good,
Were to leave lamb to pine
For lack of milky food.
Then, thief, abſtain: do not
To rob that lamb incline;
Nor take from the poor ſot
His cheſt of medicine.

Je ſcay vn moyen braue
Pour garder que le vin
Ne ſe coule en la caue.
Quand vous voudrez, voiſin,
Nous irons faire epreuue
De mon ſcauoir chez vous.
Je vous pry' qu'on n'y boiue
Tout le meilleur ſans nous.

XV.

Vous qui aymez mieux le ſildre que le laict,
Grandz docteurs au jeu de palet,
Qui ne voulez jamais, en voz eſcotz,
Laiſſer le boyre aux potz.

Vous, gentilz cerueaux, bons garçons qui beuuès
Touſiours ſur l'argent que iouez ;
Aux cabaretz auecques peu d'argent
Vous irez hardiment.

De ſildre a deux ſolz le pot, il n'en eſt plus ;
Il ne vault mais qu'vn carolus ;
Et neantmoins, prenans voſtre repas,
Ne vous enyurez pas.

Vous, qui aimes tant les tonneaux a vuider,
Apprenes a les relier ;
Car ce qui eſt enclos dans les tonneaux
Entre dans voz boyaux.

Les tonneliers ſont maintenant bien requis ;
Ilz ſont plus rogues que marquis.
Les preſſouriers, o leurs ſabotz de bois
Sont plus rogues que rois.

Mais beuuons a eux, & faire les laiſſons
Du bon breuuage aux bons garçons ;
Et les prions qu'au marc & au cuueau
Ilz ne mettent de l'eau.

I know a firſt-rate way,
Neighbour, to keep wine tight
In cellar: and, ſome day,
We'll try if it work right.
In your houſe let us teſt
If it go pleaſantly.
And don't drink all the beſt
Till I be ſtanding by!

XV.

Ye who than milk eſteem good cider more,
Great graduates in pitch-and-toſs,
Who in the wine-pots of your tavern ſcore
Take care to have no loſs;

Ye, clever wits, boon comrades, who carouſe
Always on money gained at play;
Though ye be ſcant of funds, to public-houſe
Now boldly wend your way.

The pots of cider at two ſous are paſt;
'Tis worth a Carolus:—no more.
Yet, as ye quaff it, during your repaſt,
Don't you get half-ſeas-o'er.

Ye who ſo cheerily drink out the tuns,
Should ſtudy how their hoops are bound;
For all their contents, ye capacious ones!
Will within you be found.

The coopers, meanwhile, are in high requeſt;
A Marquis muſt give place to them.
The cider-preſſer's wooden ſhoes are bleſt
Above King's diadem.

Let's drink to them; and leave them, after that,
To make, for good lads, ſome good juice;
And beg they will, whether in marc, or vat,
No water introduce!

XVI.

Nous ſommes trois bons drolles,
Qui venons de Paris,
La bouteille a la main.
Du vin il n'y a plus !
Helas ! nous en ſommes perdus !

Les gorges auons cuites
De ſoif, & peu d'argent.
Rempliſſez viſtement
Nos vaiſſeaux & ſauuez
Ces drolles & les abreuuez.

Nous vous ferons de meſme,
Quand vous viendrez chez nous,
Le bon ſera pour vous.
Nous ſcauons bien comment
La ſoif eſt vn aſpre tourment.

Compagnons, ce qu'on donne
Ne le refuſons pas.
Si fuſſions advocas,
Souuent ferions garir
Cete ſoif qui nous faict mourir.

Je veux eſtre a l'office,
Si ie ſers vn ſeigneur,
Je prendray pour le cueur,
M'auiuant les eſpris,
Deux doigtz du vin de plus hault prix.

XVII.

Cheſnes, qui portoient le glan,
Aux celiers ſeront, ceſt an,
Pleins de bon breuuage,
Propre a noſtre vſage.
Ne ſoit ceſte année
La caue fermée !

XVI.

Here we, three good droll ſouls,
From Paris come, a band
With bottle in our hand.
But all the wine's run dry!
Good ſtars! What miſery!

Our throats are parched with thirſt,
And we have got no caſh:—
Quickly ſome liquor daſh
Into our cups, and quench
Theſe drolls' thirſt with a drench.

And when you viſit us,
We'll treat you in like wiſe,
And give you wine you'll prize.
Alas! Too well we know
That thirſt's a torture ſlow.

Friends, what they give to us,
Our need appropriates.
If we were Advocates,
We oft ſhould cure the thirſt
By which we are ſo curſed.

I'd fain the ſteward be,
If I ſerved ſome great lord;
And to myſelf afford,
To keep my ſpirits up,
Of grandeſt wine a cup.

XVII.

Oak-trees, that acorns bore,
This year ſhall hold good ſtore
Of wine, to chooſe
For our own uſe.
Let this year ſee
The cellar free!

Varletz boyront du tonneau,
Qui beuuoient au pot a eau :
La ſeruante fine
Boyra ſa chopine.
Ne ſoit ceſte année
La caue fermée !

Les droles & bons garçons
Feront, chantans leurs chanſons,
Vn eſcot honneſte,
A ſix blancs par teſte.
Ne ſoit ceſte année
La caue fermée !

Mais les vilains vſuriers,
Qui ont tous pleins leurs celiers
De vieil ſidre a vendre,
Se voudroient bien pendre.
Ne ſoit ceſte année
La caue fermée !

Ils ſont touſiours en peché.
Quand le peuple a bon marché
Peut auoir ſa vie,
Ilz meurent d'enuie.
Ne ſoit ceſte année
La caue fermée !

Or, beuuons, mais ſans exces,
Et accordons nos proces.
Voicy, ce me ſemble,
Les voiſins enſemble !
Ne ſoit ceſte année
La caue fermée !

Varlets have hogſhead got
To drink, for water-pot:
The fair maid's lip
Chopine ſhall ſip.
Let this year ſee
The cellar free!

The drolls, and comrades brave,
Uplifting vocal ſtave,
Shall ſcore, till each
A penny reach.
Let this year ſee
The cellar free!

But miſers vile, who hold
Great ſtocks of cider old
Kept back to ſell,
Curſe their fate well.
Let this year ſee
The cellar free!

They always grind the poor.
If plenty's at the door,
Their ſchemes are rife
To take folks' life.
Let this year ſee
The cellar free!

Let's drink, then, ſoberly,
And lay our law-ſuits by.
As neighbours, meet,
Each other greet;—
Let this year ſee
The cellar free!

XVIII.

Voicy mon nauire qui nage :
Et vient a ce haure aborder.
Et vient a ce haure aborder.
Je luy donne touſiours ſa charge
De bon vin ſi j'en puis trouuer.
De bon vin, ſi j'en puis trouuer.

Les bons garçons de ce riuage
M'attendoient, pour leur en donner ;
M'attendoient, pour leur en donner ;
Mais par les pillardz & l'orage,
Las ! j'ay tout perdu ſur la mer.
Las ! j'ay tout perdu ſur la mer.

Sur la mer, ſubiect a naufrage,
Je ne me veux plus hazarder :
Je ne me veux plus hazarder :
Des taulpes deſſus l'heritage
J'ayme mieux boire & me loger.
J'ayme mieux boire & me loger.

Donnes, pour le mettre en courage,
A boyre au pauure marinier :
A boyre au pauure marinier :
Les compagnons du nauigage,
Ne les vueilles pas oublier !
Ne les vueilles pas oublier !

Voicy mon nauire qui nage :
Il vient a ce haure aborder.
Il vient a ce haure aborder.
Je lui donne touſiours ſa charge
De bon vin, ſi j'en puis trouuer.
De bon vin, ſi j'en puis trouuer.

XVIII.

My ſhip comes floating o'er the brine,
Brought to this haven by the wind.
Brought to this haven by the wind.
I always freight it with good wine,
When I ſuch welcome drink can find.
When I ſuch welcome drink can find.

The boon companions of this land
Waited, to have ſome wine from me;
Waited, to have ſome wine from me;
But pirates, and ſtorm-beaten ſtrand,
Have wrecked my all upon the ſea.
Have wrecked my all upon the ſea.

Shipwreck's ſo rife upon the main,
I will no more approach its brink:
I will no more approach its brink:
While yet above the moles' domain,
I'd rather have a houſe, and drink.
I'd rather have a houſe, and drink.

Give the poor ſailor, to reſtore
His courage, means to drink your health:
His courage, means to drink your health:
His meſſmates, alſo, I implore,
Remember kindly in your wealth.
Remember kindly in your wealth.

My ſhip comes floating o'er the brine,
Brought to this haven by the wind.
Brought to this haven by the wind.
I always freight it with good wine,
When I ſuch welcome drink can find.
When I ſuch welcome drink can find.

XIX.

Je vay boire aux gentilz pommiers,
Qui ont faict mettre a ſix deniers
Le pot de ſildre, ceſte année,
Dont la ſoif ſera ruinée.

Les ſidres, a peine parez,
On faict boire aux gens alterez,
Et n'euſſent ilz denier ny maille,
Pour remplir bientoſt la fuſtaille.

Le boiſſeau de fruict excelent
Ne vaut que ſix blancs ſeulement :
Des poires, on n'en ſcait que faire.
Qui mettra donc l'eau dans le boire ?

On releue les tonneaux vieux,
On y met des cercles tout neufz ;
On n'oit plus rien que reliages,
Chacun entend aux preſſourages.

En donnant vn vuide tonneau,
Vn aultre de ſidre nouueau
On vous emplira, ſans couſlage.
Bon temps eſt reuenu ; courage !

Courage ! drolles, bons garçons !
Encor on dira vos chanſons ;
Encor ſeront, pour faire rire,
En bon credit les Vau de Vire.

L'an mil ſix cens douze, un garçon,
Bon preſſurier, fiſt la chanſon,
A qui tous ceux du voiſinage
Venoient ſur la mé faire hommage.

XIX.

I will drink the good apple-trees' health !
For this year they will yield cider-wealth
At a pot for ſix farthings ; whereby
Thirſt will ſurely be ruined, and die.

The new ciders, though hardly yet clear,
They beſtow on the thirſty folks near,
(And yet never a farthing will aſk !)
To fill quickly the home cider-caſk.

They will get but a penny, to ſell
A whole buſhel of fruit ripened well,
And they cannot get rid of the pears.
Therefore who to mix water now cares ?

They repair the old caſks, tight and true,
And re-bind them with hoops that are new ;
We hear nothing but hogſheads new-bound,
And the cider-mills preſſing around.

If you'll give them but one empty caſk,
They will fill you another, and aſk
Nothing more ; ſo good times, never fear,
Have come back. Bleſs the plentiful year !

Then rejoice, merry comrades all round !
For again ſhall your melodies ſound ;
And again, as gay chorus ye ſing,
Shall the fame of your Vaux-de-Vire ring.

Sixteen hundred and twelve was the time
When a good cider-lad made this rhyme :
All the neighbours, their homage to pay,
Came to viſit him throned on the may !

XX.

Je ne voy ſi volontiers
Les boutiques des groſſiers,
Comme j'ayme en chaque rue
Les bouchons des tauerniers.
Belle hyerre, que je ſuis
Joyeux, quand ma veue
Regarde en tant de logis
Ta branche pendue !

L'hyerre, c'eſt en tous lieux
L'arbriſſeau que j'ayme mieux :
Il m'enſeigne ou je doy boire,
Quand j'ay argent, ſi je veux.
Il faut argent ; car credit
On ne trouue guere,
Si on n'eſt bien fauorit
De la tauerniere.

Ne me parles nulement
D'aller jouer mon argent,
Ou, eſtant encor en vie,
D'en baſtir mon monument.
J'en veux baſtir ma ſanté.
Qui eſt amoindrie,
Quand de peu boire, en eſté,
Ma gorge s'ennuye.

Vn eſtat dont je fay cas,
C'eſt celuy des aduocatz.
Souuent o eux j'allois boyre,
Eſtant clerc, portant leurs ſas.
Le client leur conſultoit
Ainſi ſa matiere
Et, en beuuant, on mettoit
Sa cauſe en moemoire.

XX.

Not ſo lovingly I hail
Shops where goods are ſet for ſale,
As, in ſtreets, I ſee the fine
Buſh from countleſs taverns trail.
Beauteous ivy! How my heart
Leaps with joy, when branch of thine
I behold, in ev'ry part,
Gracefully its garland twine!

In the ivy-buſh I trace
Plant of moſt conſummate grace:
Showing me where I may fill
Goblets in a fitting place.
But one muſt have caſh: for wine
Finds ſcant credit in the bill,
Should the hoſteſs not incline
To view one with warm good-will.

Tempt me not with cent. per cent.
Got by gambling management;
Nor perſuade me, while alive,
To build up my monument.
To build up my weakened health,
I with wiſer aim would ſtrive;
Weakened, when ſmall drinking-wealth
To my thirſt hot ſummers give.

Very highly the eſtate
I eſteem of Advocate.
Oft with ſuch I uſed to ſwill,
Bearing bags, a clerk ſedate.
In that guiſe, upon the laws
Clients would conſult them ſtill;
And with merits of the cauſe
They their memories would fill.

Je vous diray le garçon
Qui a faict ceſte chanſon,
Quand toute la compaignie
Aura vuidé ſon guichon.
Ce fut un ſergeant, n'aymant
Mal ny tricherie,
Non plus qu'vn vieil loup ſaillant
Dans la bergerie.

XXI.

Douces chanſons, a tort on vous blaſonne ;
Beaux airs pour boyre, a qui faictes vous mal ?
En collaudant vn breuuage loyal,
On ne faict tort ni dommage a perſonne.

Par vous, la ſoif de la bouche ſe tire,
Et d'un grand mal on ſe va deliurant,
Pourueu qu'on ait breuuage a l'aduenant.
Couſte t il moins a rechigner qu'a rire ?

Mon goſier eſt comme pierre de ponce :
Il eſt plus ſec que l'aire d'un four chault.
Gouſte, goſier, ſi c'eſt ce qu'il te faut
Que ce breuuage, & m'en donne reſponce.

O le grand boire ! o la liqueur friande,
Qui, me flatant, coulle ſi doucement !
Voiſin, prenez ce rafraichiſſement,
Et le vuides, de peur qu'il ne s'eſpande.

XXII.

Vous qui dans voz goſiers
N'aymez la ſechereſſe,
Et chez les tauerniers
Paſſez voſtre ieuneſſe,
Il faut que ie vous laiſſe :
J'y ay beu ſi ſouuent
Que ie n'ay plus d'argent.

I will tell you, before long,
Who it was that made this ſong,
When the preſent company
Shall have drained their flagons ſtrong.
'Twas a bailiff, loving things
Tinged with fraud or trickery,
No more than old wolf, who ſprings
Into ſheep-fold ſtealthily!

XXI.

Sweet ſongs, which ſome erroneouſly blame;
Soft drinking airs, whom is it that ye harm?
There is no wrong to any one, no ſhame,
In ſinging praiſes of good liquor's charm.

By you, the thirſting mouth is well relieved,
And from a great diſcomfort we're ſet free,
If but ſome fitting draught can be received.
Can ſcowls than ſmiles more profitable be?

My throat is like a porous pumice-ſtone:
And than a heated oven's air more dry.
Taſte, throat, and ſee if it be not alone
This drink you want, and give me a reply.

O the great drink! O the delicious draught!
Which, gently ſoothing, flows ſo ſweetly down!
Neighbour, by you be this refreſhment quaffed,
And drain it dry, before its ſtrength be flown.

XXII.

Ye who in your throats abhor
Sentiments of thirſtineſs,
And within the tavern-door
Paſs your time of youthfulneſs,
I muſt quit your pleaſant meſs:
There I've drunk ſo long and faſt,
That my funds no longer laſt.

J'eſtois touſiours premier
A tirer a la bource,
Pour les eſcotz payer
Trop liberal ; & pour ce
Me faut boire a la ſource ;
Car, n'ayant plus de quoy,
Aucun ne paye pour moy.

Donc, breuuage excelent,
Faut il que je te quicte
Pour n'auoir plus d'argent ;
Que les droles j'euite,
Et les brutes j'imite,
Beuuant comme vn cheual,
L'eau qui me faict du mal ?

Mettrai ie plus le nez
Et ma bouche alterée
En ces verres, comblés
De liqueur qui m'aggrée ?
Et ma bource vuidée
M'aura-t-elle reduict
A n'auoir plus credit ?

Puiſque encor ie te tiens,
O bonne quinteſſence,
J'en vay lauer mes dens
Et boire a l'aſſiſtence ;
Puis, ſi je n'ay puiſſance
De payer tout l'eſcot,
Quicte moy pour mon pot !

XXIII.

Bon boire, on ne peut te louer dignement.
Tu m'as oſté du grand tourment
De l'eſtude, que tu m'as faict quicter
Affin de t'accoſter.

I was always foremoſt found
To draw forth my purſe, and pay
For the company all round,
With too generous diſplay:
Hence muſt water now allay
My own thirſt; for when I'm poor,
No one comes to clear my ſcore.

Muſt I then, O liquor brave,
Therefore leave this happy ſtate,
Since I no more money have?
Boon companions abrogate,
And the brute-beaſts imitate,
Drinking, as a horſe would do,
Water that deſtroys me ſo?

Shall I never put my noſe
And theſe thirſting lips of mine
In thoſe glaſſes, wherein flows
That *Elixir Vitæ*, wine?
Does my purſe ſo ſadly dwine,
That I'm left the hopeleſs taſk
All in vain for loans to aſk?

Then, ſince in my hands I ſway
Thee,—(quinteſſence, O how good!),—
I'll juſt waſh my teeth, and ſay,
"Health to all this brotherhood!
"If my poverty elude
"Means to pay the total ſcore,
"Pardon me this one pot more!"

XXIII.

Good drink, I can never thy kindneſs repay,
Who me from the plague of my ſtudy didſt free,
And pleaſantly indicate which was the way
Of meeting with thee.

Car, pour ma ſanté te prenant, ie fay mieux
Qu'en liſant vn codde ennuyeux ;
Et j'ayme mieux aux bons boires ſans eau
Aplicquer mon cerueau.

O ! que de bon cueur mes liures harderois
Pour les eſcotz ou tu ſerois,
Gentil breuuage ! Ah ! tu m'es trop amy,
Pour te boyre a demy !

Donc, vuidant cecy, ſans commettre un deffault,
J'en livre a mon voiſin l'aſſault.
Ne craignez poinct, voiſin : ce combat mien
N'eſt que pour voſtre bien.

Car, de ce duel ſi vous ſuyuez la loy,
Et beuuez ainſi comme moy,
Quand vous aurés ce breuuage auallé,
Vous ſerés conſolé.

XXIV.

O gentil joly vin clairet,
Qui ſers aux vieilles gens de laict,
Tu ſois bien venu ! Je deſire
Que chez moy tu prennes logis,
Comme vn de tes meileurs amis,
Et la raiſon ie t'en vay dire :

C'eſt pour mon grand mal appaiſer.
La nuict, je ne puis repoſer,
Tant la cholicque me tourmente !
On m'a dict, ſelon Galien,
Qu'on peut garir, par ton moyen,
Vne douleur tant vehemente.

Je veux vſer de ta bonté,
Sans aller cercher ma ſanté

Thy company better for health I have found,
Than o'er dreary ſtatutes my eye-ſight to ſtrain;
I ſee that a waterleſs beverage ſound
Suits better my brain.

How willingly would I my law-reports burn,
For thoſe jolly reck'nings where thou doſt appear;
Fair beverage! Never from thee would I turn
Half-drunk:—never fear!

I empty this pot, no defaulter in wine,
And then challenge boldly my neighbour to quaff.
Fear not, my good neighbour: this duel of mine
Will but make you laugh.

For if you will notice the rules of this fight,
And follow preciſely the method I've done,
When you ſhall have ſwallowed this liquor downright,
You'll think it ſuch fun!

XXIV.

O lovely wine, in hue a roſe,
Whoſe ſtream like milk to old folks flows,
All hail to you! I think it well
That in my houſe you make your home;
To friend of your beſt friends you come.
The reaſon I will briefly tell,

Namely, my anguiſh to appeaſe.
At night, I get no ſleep nor eaſe,
The colic does me ſo torment!
But Galen ſays, (as told to me),
Your anodyne can ſet me free
From ſufferings ſo vehement.

Your charity, I think were beſt,
Without recourſe to chemiſt's cheſt,

Aux boetes des apoticaires.
Leurs drogues couſtent trop d'argent,
Je ne veux plus que toy, vrayement,
Pour me ſeruir en mes affaires.

Je ſcay comme il en faut vſer,
Sobrement, ſans en abuſer,
Que raiſon ne ſoit peruertie.
Ma femme aggrera volontiers
Qu'elle & moy en ayons vn tiers,
Tous les ſoirs, auec la roſtie.

Si m'eſchet ailleurs d'en gouſter,
Je n'iray pas luy raconter.
Elle me diroit en cholere :
" Tu as tant d'enffans a nourrir !
" Les veux tu, prodigue, appourir
" A ne ceſſer jamais de boire ? "

L'auare femme ſon mary
Rend ſouuent bien triſte & mary,
Et en a de mauuaiſes heures.
Mais changeons de deuis : bon vin,
Verſé on ne t'a pas, afin
Qu'au verre touſiours tu demeures !

Je pren donc ce qu'on m'a donné.
Perſonne ne ſoit eſtonné,
Si tout d'une fois je le vuide ;
Car, j'ay, pour boire, aſſez chanté.
Sus ! voiſin, a voſtre ſanté !
Viue vn goſier touſiours humide !

XXV.

Mareſchal, qui le rouge fer
Ba-bas ſur l'enclume en ta forge,
A force de batre & chauffer,
Te prend poinct la ſoif a la gorge ?

To renovate my ſhattered ſtate.
Their coſtly drugs are far too dear;
I want to have you only here,
In buſineſs to co-operate.

Your virtues I know how to uſe,
In ſobernefs, without abuſe,
That reaſon's pow'rs be never loſt.
My wife will be quite ſatisfied
That ſhe and I a quart divide,
Each ev'ning, as we take our toaſt.

Should I by chance taſte you elſewhere,
I ſhould not mention it to her.
She would with indignation cry;—
"You have ſo many babes to feed!
"You prodigal, would you in need
"Leave them, nor ceaſe your revelry?"

A miſer wife oft makes her lord
Feel both aſhamed and greatly bored,
And hours of much diſcomfort paſs.
But change we ſuch ungrateful lay:—
Good wine, you were not meant to ſtay,
Poured out, for ever in the glaſs!

I take, then, what they've given to me.
And don't you be ſurpriſed to ſee
It drained at one good pull with glee;
I've ſung enough to earn my draught.
To your health, neighbour, be it quaffed!
Long live the throat from dryneſs free!

XXV.

Blackſmith, as you beat, beat,
In the forge, the iron hot,
By the dint of blows and heat,
Thirſt nigh chokes you, does it not?

Je ſuis ton valet, ſi tu veux
Faire, apres chacun martelage,
Que nous beuuons vn coup ou deux,
Pour nous rafreſchir l'hyſophage.

D'un pauure valet qui n'a beu
L'enclume n'eſt poinct bien batue :
A ſuer ainſi prez le feu,
De ſoif vne gorge eſt perdue.

Touſiours, s'il me faut trauiller,
De fort grand matin je m'eſueille,
Et ſcay auſſi bien a ſoufler
Au charbon, comme a la bouteille.

Donc, de la ſoif me garderes,
Et auec vous je veux bien eſtre.
Ça le vin du marché beuues !
Le breuage eſt bon ; a vous, maiſtre !

XXVI.

Gentil forgeur, au viſage noircy,
Sur ce fer chauld qui alles martelant,
Vous faut il poinct vn compagnon icy,
Qui ſoufle bien, & qui eſt bon battant,
Et qui ſcait bien boire d'autant ?

En noſtre accord vn article mettray,
Si vous voules qu'auecque vous ie ſois :
Chaque eſchaudée où je trauailleray
Au gros marteau, vous me ſerés courtois
Et me feres boire vne fois.

J'entendz que ſoit de quelque bon pommé,
Et non de vin, qui couſte trop d'argent,
Et je ne ſuis au vin accouſtumé.
Vous me voires, m'abbreuant bien ſouuent,
En la forge fort diligent.

I'm your ſervant, if you think
That a cup or twain for us,
At each hammering, to drink,
Would refreſh th' œſophagus.

He muſt anvil feebly beat,
Who ne'er drinks to cool his thirſt:
Ever ſweating in ſuch heat,
A poor throat muſt be accurſt.

Always, when to work I go,
With ſunriſe begins my taſk;
And as ardently I blow
At the fire as at the flaſk.

You will keep all thirſt from me,
And your favour I would win.
Your health, Maſter! We agree.
'Tis good wine I drink it in!

XXVI.

Honeſt blackſmith, ſwart of face,
Forging iron all a-glow,
Canſt thou give a workman place,
Who can deftly ſtrike, and blow,
And drink well of goblet's flow?

In our contract, I inſiſt
One condition ſhall apply:
Ev'ry time that I aſſiſt
At the great forge, courteſy
Shall invite me drink to try.

It muſt be ſome cider fine,
Not wine, which entails expenſe,
And I'm not inured to wine.
See, if I'm oft ſprinkled thence,
How I'll forge with diligence.

Si je ne boy, je ne puis trauailler ;
Car j'ay vn mal : la ſoif ſouuent m'aſſault.
Et c'eſt pitié que d'un pauure goſier
D'un compagnon alteré, qui a chauld,
Et n'a le remede qu'il fault.

Or, vous ſerés de moy bien ſatisfaict
Par ce moyen ; maiſtre, je boy a vous.
Voicy le vin de noſtre marché faict.
Ce ſildre eſt bon : mais ne ſoyés jaloux
De la maiſtreſſe ny de nous.

Ay je pas bien ſouflé pour vne fois ?
Il m'eſt entré dans la gorge vn charbon,
Et a l'eſtaindre, en beuuant, je taſchois.
Faicles ainſy pour dire : Lariron !
Viue le gentil forgeron !

XXVII.

Tous ces vers biberons ie veux deſaduouer,
Aduortons que j'ay faicts en ma jeune allegreſſe,
Quoy que ie n'euſſe lors vne humeur beuuereſſe :
Mais on faict ſouuent mal, ne penſeant que jouer.

Je crains que quelques vns ne vueillent en vſer
Pour ſeruir de pretexte a leur gourmande vie.
Ces vers ne pecheront, mais bien l'yurongnerie :
Car de toute autre choſe on peut bien abuſer.

Je retracte pourtant les chanſons qui feront
Scandale aux ſcrupuleux, & veux que ſans les dire
Vn chacun les cenſure & banniſſe de Vire,
Blaſmant auec l'autheur ceux qui les chanteront.

Moy meſme j'en ay honte auec vn repentir.
Je voudrois que jamais elles n'euſſent pris vie ;
Mais elles ont deia pris cours en la patrie,
Qui, malgré moy, les chante ; & me faut le patir.

I can't work, if I drink not;
One misfortune's mine:—'tis thirſt.
If poor fellow's throat be hot,
And with lack of drink he's curſt,
'Tis of miſeries the worſt.

Thus, your praiſe ſhall aye be mine;
Maſter, thus I drink to thee!
'Tis our foreſaid contract-wine,
Cider good. Don't jealous be
Either of thy wife, or me.

Have I not, for once, well blown?
In my throat a cinder ſtuck,
And I drank to cool it down;
Do the ſame, and ſing, for luck;—
"Long be ſuch good forging ſtruck!"

XXVII.

All theſe drinking-ſongs I would gladly diſown,
Imperfect attempts of my frolicſome youth;
When I wasn't addicted to drinking, in ſooth,
Yet miſchief may oft, though in jeſting, be done.

I fear leſt by ſome they perhaps may be uſed
As covers for veiling their epicure way.
Theſe verſes won't ſin; the debauchery may;
As all other things may be groſſly abuſed.

Such ſongs I retract as may poſſibly bring
To ſqueamiſh minds, ſcandal, offending the ear:
Let all men revile them, and baniſh from Vire,
And blame him who wrote them, and thoſe who may ſing.

Myſelf am aſhamed of them; vow I repent;
And wiſh that they never had come into life;
But now o'er the whole of the country they're riſe,
'Spite of me they are ſung; and I muſt conſent.

Je ne laiſſeray pas a hanter mes amis,
Sans faire toutes fois excez ſur le breuuage,
Contre le mauuais temps leur donnant bon courage,
Et en le ſouhaittant tel qu'il eſtoit jadis.

Je vay boire d'autant pour finir ces chanſons,
Leſquelles ne ſont pas au gré de tout le monde ;
Mais quel dommage en ha tout homme qui en gronde,
Si, ſans haine & ſans mal, nous nous reſiouiſſons ?

My meetings with friends I will never give o'er,
Though never committing exceſs; in my rhymes
Exhorting my comrades to bear evil times,
And praying for days like the brave ones of yore.

To finiſh theſe ſongs, I'll now heartily quaff,
Though not with all taſtes they go pleaſantly down;
But how do they injure the cenſors who frown,
If we in pure innocence merrily laugh?

CHANSONS DU VAU DE VIRE

DU MS. POLINIÈRE.

I.

Si ſouuent en nos repas,
A la façon ancienne
De nos peres gros & gras,
Nous chantons, chaſcun la ſienne,
C'eſt pour chaſſer le ſoucy
Qui nous peut donner ennuy.

Celuy qui n'a le cerueau
Capable de l'armonie,
N'eſt qu'vne teſte de veau
Remply de melancolie:
Vn homme ne chantant poinct,
C'eſt comme vn qui n'en a point.

Celuy qui ayme a chanter,
En beuant, le Vaudeuire,
Ne s'amuze a detracter
De ſon voiſin ny d'en rire;
Mais bien heureux & content
S'amuſe a boire d'autant.

Ces beaux eſpritz, doux chantans,
Pendant que l'on diſne ou ſoupe,
Me font ſouuenir des chants
Dont l'on dit des dieux la troupe,
Parmy leur nectar vineux,
Se repaiſtre dans les cieux.

SONGS OF THE VAU DE VIRE

FROM THE POLINIÈRE MS.

I.

If we oft, with feſtal cheer,
Like our burly ſires of old,
Sing each one his Vau-de-Vire,
Such as thoſe great heroes trolled,
'Tis to drive dull care away,
Leſt it damp our ſpirits gay.

He whoſe brain was never bred
To enjoy ſweet harmony,
Is no better than calf's head
Teeming with melancholy:
He who never ſings his part,
Has no harmony of heart.

He who takes delight to ſing,
While he drinks, the Vau-de-Vire,
Finds no joy in ſlandering
Friend or neighbour, nor in ſneer;
But rejoices in content,
And in jocund merriment.

Such glad ſouls, their carols ſweet
Chanting while we ſup or dine,
Seem with thoſe clear notes replete
Which, 'tis ſaid, with nectar-wine,
In celeſtial abodes,
Feaſt aſſemblies of the gods.

Imitons donc gayement
Ceſte muſique celleſte,
Et chantons enſemblement
Quelque Vaudeuire honneſte.
Sans contrefaire le fin,
Chaſcun boiue a ſon voiſin.

II.

Tu ſois le bien venu,
O ſidre delectable !
Tu vaux pour eſtre beu.
Vn preſſourier notable
T'a façonné. Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Vn preſſourier vrayment
Eſt bien plus qu'on ne penſe.
C'eſt comme vn preſident ;
Quand le marc il agence,
C'eſt le premier. Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Quand le marc eſt aſſis,
Preſſouriers vont repaiſtre,
Et diſner, au logis,
A la table du maiſtre.
Il faut du roſt. Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Les grans ſabos aux piedz,
Le bonnet a la teſte,
Sur la may reſpectés,
Ils font toucher la beſte
A vn vallet. Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Then ſuch Paradiſe-like lay
Let us gaily rival here,
Singing in our choral way
Some good honeſt Vau-de-Vire.
Our true feelings hiding not,
To friend's health drain we wine-pot.

II.

O delicious cider-draught,
Thou ſhalt ever welcome be!
Some grand cider-preſſer's craft
Muſt have aptly faſhioned thee
So fit to drink. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preſſers flouriſh long!

To the cider-preſſer 's lent
Greater ſway than is ſuppoſed.
He is like a Preſident.
While he ſees the marc diſpoſed,
He's Premier. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preſſers flouriſh long!

When the marc is left to reſt,
Cider-preſſers go to dine
With the maſter, on what 's beſt,
At high-table, ſuperfine.
They muſt have roaſt. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preſſers flouriſh long!

Wooden ſabots on their feet,
On their head their bonnet kept,
Reverenced on the may-ſeat,
While they make the horſe be whipt
By ſervant's hand. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preſſers flouriſh long!

A eux ſeulz appartient
De tout le preſſourage
L'entier gouuernement,
Et du grand couteau large
Tailler le marc. Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Les jumelles, *la* viz,
Les cuues, *le* moullage,
Le mouton, *la* brebis,
La may *leur font hommage.*
Bref je vous dis : Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Dans le ſildre nouueau
Sont gens qui ont puiſſance
De mellanger de l'eau
Et nous faire nuiſance.
Diſons en bien. Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

Preſſouriers, je promets
Pinte de Maluoiſie,
Mais qu'au preſſoir jamais
L'eau n'entre, je vous prie.
Je boys a vous ! Entre tous les meſtiers,
Viue celluy des preſſouriers !

III.

Farin Du Gas, tu es vn honneſte homme :
Par mon ſerment, tu es vn bon Gallois.
Eſtois tu poinct du temps que les Anglois
A Baſſelin firent ſi grand vergongne ?
Ma foy, Farin, tu es vn habille homme.

Mais quoy ! Farin, y a t il quelque choſe
Qui ſemble mieux a Baſſelin que vous ?
Premierement il beuoit tous les jours,

For all apple-management,
On them are the functions laid
Of deſpotic government;
And with great broad-ſhapen blade
To cleave the marc. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preſſers flouriſh long!

Double boards, and ſpiral ſcrew,
Streaming pipes, the mill, the preſs,
Table, floor, pay homage due
To the preſſer's mightineſs.
In ſhort, I ſay:—All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preſſers flouriſh long!

While as yet the cider 's new,
There are folks who have a charm
To mix water in the brew,
And ſo work us monſtrous harm.
But bleſs we it. All handicrafts among
May the cider-preſſers flouriſh long!

Cider-preſſers, I will give
You a flaſk of Malvoiſie:
But no water, as you live,
In your cider-preſs muſt be.
I drink your health! All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preſſers flouriſh long!

III.

Farin Du Gas, thou art a goodly man:
Thou art, I ſwear, a choſen one of ten.
Wert thou not of that time when Engliſhmen
Did Baſſelin ſo ſhamefully trepan?
My troth, Farin, thou art a clever man!

But prithee, Farin, is there any thing
Which more than thou to Baſſelin is like?
Firſt, he kept drinking, ev'ry day alike;

Et toy, Farin, tu ne fais autre choze :
Ny jour ny nuict, chez toy on ne repoze.

Onc Baſſelin ne voullut de laitage,
Et toy, Farin, le hais plus que la mort ;
Mais pour vider centz fois le gobelot,
Tu le ferois, & encor dauantage.
Si Farin meurt, ce ſeroit grand dommage.

Baſſelin fut de fort rouge viſage,
Illuminé, comme eſt vn cherubin ;
Et toy, Farin, tu as tant beu de vin,
Que maintenant tout ce l'on te preſage.
Si Farin meurt, ce ſera grand dommage.

Raoul Baſſelin fit mettre en curatelle
Honteuſement le bonhomme Oliuier ;
Et toy, Farin, voys tu poinct Le Soudier
Qui, en riant, te faict mettre en tutelle ?
Ça, dict Farin, par ma foy, j'en appelle.

A Baſſelin ne demeura que frire ;
Et toy, Farin, tu es bon meſnager.
Pour boire vn peu, ce n'eſt pas grand danger :
C'eſt de ton creu. Encore faut il rire.
Bois donc, Farin, & ne prens pas du pire.

IV.

Je congnois vn qui faict pitié,
Tant il ſe deſole & lamente,
Scachant qu'il perdra la moitié
Du prix de ſon ſildre a la vente.

Il ſe plaint contre tant de fleurs
Qui nous promettent tant de pommes,
Et luy donnent mille douleurs,
Ceſte bonne année ou nous ſommes.

And thou, Farin, too, doſt no other thing:
Nor day, nor night, to thy houſe reſt doth bring!

Then, Baſſelin did milk for drink abhor;
And thou, Farin, doſt hate it more than death;
But as for draining hundred goblets,—faith,
Thou would'ſt do that, and even ſomewhat more.
Did Farin die, it were a pity ſore!

Baſſelin's viſage was of roſy dye,
Illumined, as a cherub's features ſhine;
And thou, Farin, haſt drunk ſuch floods of wine,
That a like fate for thee men propheſy.
It were a pity ſore, did Farin die!

The good Olivier was put in ward
By Raoul Baſſelin, diſgracefully.
And ſo, Farin, does not Le Soudier,
In jeſt, reſtrain thee by curator's guard?
Farin ſays:—"I appeal from ſuch award!"

To Baſſelin was left no bite of food;
And thou, Farin, art frugal of thy ſtuff.
To drink a little wine is ſafe enough.
'Tis thine own growth. Be gravity eſchewed.
Drink, then, Farin; and drink of what is good!

IV.

One, whom I know, makes ſad outcry,
Moſt pitiable moan and wail,
Over his loſs, ſince folks will buy
Cider for half-price at the ſale.

He raves againſt the burſt of bloom,
Whoſe teeming fruit our trees will bleſs,
But him to thouſand ſorrows doom,
In this our year of plenteouſneſs.

Il vendroit ſon ſildre aux voiſins,
(S'il n'en euſt eſté d'auenture)
A ſix blancs le pot & rien moins,
Et ſeroit petitte meſure.

Las ! faut il qu'il ait tant veſcu,
Et voir, malgré ſon auarice,
Pippe de ſildre a vn eſcu,
Et qu'il faut que le ſien aigriſſe !

Voicy la ſaiſon, goſiers ſecs,
Par vous tant de fois deſirée.
Ne beuez pourtant par exces,
Si la ſoif n'eſt immoderée.

Je penſe eſtre auec mes amis.
Je bois a vous & vous ſallue ;
Ce breuage icy n'eſt pas mis
Pour eſtre jeté dans la rue.

Quand vn homme eſt bien alteré,
Et que le ſidre le contente,
A mon aduis il eſt tiré
Des pommes de quelque bonne ente.

V.

Ma commere, ma mye,
Viſitons nous ſouuent,
Car beaucoup il m'ennuye
Que mon mary ne vient.
Si tant je le regrette,
Ce n'eſt pas ſans raiſon,
Car je couche ſeullette,
Seulette a la maiſon.

Qu'a Rouen ſon affaire
Aye bientoſt bon ſuccés,
Je voudrois, ma commere,
Qu'il n'y euſt nul procés.

He would have ſold to neighbours, round,—
(Had only the crop failed, by chance!),—
At pence the pot, nor cheaper found,
Which his ſhort meaſure would enhance.

Why live ſo long, to ſee, with frown,
Spite of his avarice's power,
A pipe of cider for a crown,
And that his own muſt ſoon grow ſour?

Ye thirſty throats, ſuch bliſsfulneſs
Was oft by you deſired of late.
But ſtill, pray quaff without exceſs,
If thirſt be not immoderate.

To you, the friends I dwell among,
I drink, ſaluting as we meet:
Becauſe it would be clearly wrong
To throw this draught into the ſtreet.

When a man's thirſt is well redreſſed,
And cider pleaſes him when quaffed,
I feel it muſt have been expreſſed
From apples of ſome noble graft.

V.

My friend, my goſſip dear,
Let us oft viſits pay:
So long the hours appear
While my good-man 's away.
If I his abſence moan,
'Tis not mere fantaſy,
For in the houſe, alone,—
Alas! alone I lie.

At Rouen may his cauſe
Right early have good end:
I would that by the laws
There were no law-ſuits, friend!

Si tant je le regrette,
Ce n'eſt pas ſans raiſon,
Car je couche ſeullette,
Seulette a la maiſon.

Pourueu qu'il me maintienne
Sa foy & loyauté,
Attendant qu'il reuienne,
Je bois a ſa ſanté.
Si tant je le regrette,
Ce n'eſt pas ſans raiſon,
Car je couche ſeullette,
Seulette a la maiſon.

VI.

Meſſieurs, je m'en vais boire a vous
De ce vin qui eſt ſi tres doux
Et ſauoureux.
Vous ferez en la manierre
Comme je vay faire ;
Or beuez donc, mon comperre,
Car c'eſt a vous.

J'ay beu d'autant, vous le voyez
Voiſin, c'eſt a vous en appres,
Et vous haſtez.
Prenez doncques voſtre taſſe
De cueur & de grace.
Ce vin vient de bonne place.
Vous en boirez.

Boire touſiours il nous conuient,
Et ſy mangeons pareillement
Du pain ſouuent.
Et faicles touſiours chere lie
A noſtre partye :
Beuons tous, je vous en prye,
Chaſcun d'autant.

If I his abſence moan,
'Tis not mere fantaſy,
For in the houſe, alone,—
Alas! alone I lie.

If he to me maintain
His faith and loyalty,
Till he come back again,
I'll toaſt him lovingly.
If I his abſence moan,
'Tis not mere fantaſy,
For in the houſe, alone,—
Alas! alone I lie.

VI.

Your health, all the company round,
In this wine delicious and ſound,
Of flavour renowned.
And, juſt in the manner I do,
Do each one of you.
Then drink, goſſip true!
Don't laggard be found.

I've heartily drunk, and I ſend
The wine next to you, my good friend;
So prithee attend.
Enjoy your wine-cup with good grace,
Not making a face:
'Tis from a choice place,
Which you will commend.

To drink without ceaſing, behoves:
And often to eat of our loaves
As appetite moves;
And aye to be merry and gay
While chatting away:
Drink, each of us, pray,
As much as he loves.

Quand nous ſerons raſſaſiés
Des biens qui nous ſont preſentés,
Vous n'oublirez
A dire vne chanſonnette
Belle & jolliette,
Voycy ma vaiſſelle nette. . . .
Vous n'en doubtez !

J'ay oublié a dire vn mot :
Y a t il plus rien en ce pot ?
Regardes toſt.
C'eſt de bonne Meruoiſie,
Je vous le certiffye.
Chaſcun vide, je vous prye,
Son gobelot.

When we ſhall be ſatisfied quite
With all the good cheer of to-night,
Give us the delight
Some canzonette pretty to hear,
That tickles the ear:
See, my glaſs is clear
Drunk out, honour bright!

One laſt parting word I forgot:
Does no wine remain in the pot?
Beware it do not!
The liquor 's right good Malvoiſie,
As I certify.
Drain goblets, ſay I,
Not leaving a jot!

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

VAUDEVILLE.

From "Le Mot et la Choſe," by M. Franciſque Sarcey: Paris, 1863.

[M. Gaſté, in the Appendix to his "Jean Le Houx," has given the three firſt ſtanzas of this lively and graceful compoſition; adding:—"The whole piece ſhould be read. It "is impoſſible in a more exact or more charming manner to "tell the ſtory of the origin and the different transforma- "tions of the Vaudeville." Some of the very deſcriptive ſtanzas of M. Sarcey,—himſelf, we believe, a native of Normandy, and nurtured in that land of romance and ſong,—recall to our mind what the greateſt and moſt popular of the modern bards of France has ſung of ſome of the famous Vaudevilliſtes of former times:—

"Ces couplets comme on n'en fait plus,
"Où Favart peignait la tendreſſe,
"Où Panard frondait les abus.
"Contre l'humeur qui nous irrite
"Quels antidotes ſouverains!
"Leurs vers badins,
"Francs et malins,
"Aux moins joyeux faiſait battre les mains."

Thoſe ſongs,—there are no longer ſuch!—
Favart with his refrains of love,
Panard with his ſatiric touch;
Againſt our fretting diſcontent
What ſovran remedies!
Their ſportive glee,
Adroit and free,
Brought down applauſe from graveſt audiences.]

Au vieux temps où l'on aimait
Chanter, boire, et rire,
Baſſelin improviſait,
Sans ſavoir écrire,
De bons couplets bien chantants,
Que l'on répéta longtemps
Dans le val de Vire,
O gué
Dans le val de Vire.

Là fut jadis le berceau
Du vieux Vaudevire ;
Il naquit au bord de l'eau,
C'eſt cruel à dire.
Mais il n'en chanta que mieux
L'amour jeune et le vin vieux,
Dans le val de Vire,
O gué
Dans le val de Vire.

C'était un enfant malin,
D'humeur indocile ;
Il voulut voir un matin
Paris la grand'ville ;
Il laiſſa ſon nom Normand
Pour s'appeler noblement
Maître Vaudeville,
O gué
Maître Vaudeville.

De la ſatire il y prit
Le goût et le ſtyle,
Et charma par ſon eſprit
La cour et la ville ;
Il cribla de ſes refrains
Et frondeurs et mazarins,
Ce bon Vaudeville,
O gué
Ce bon Vaudeville.

Song, wine, mirth, in olden days
Did our fathers cheer;
Baſſelin unwritten lays
Improviſed by ear;
Vocal ſtanzas, very ſweet,
Which they ever ſince repeat
In the Val de Vire,
O gay!
In the Val de Vire.

Cradled there, of yore, in ſedge,
Was old Vaudevire;
Born beſide the water's edge,—
Cruel tale to hear!
But he all the better trolled
Love that's young, and wine that's old,
In the Val de Vire,
O gay!
In the Val de Vire.

With an artful fancy born,
Self-willed child was he;
He reſolved to go, one morn,
Paris town to ſee;
He left off his Norman name,
One of noble rank to claim,
Maître Vaudeville,
O gay!
Maître Vaudeville.

There he of ſatiric ſport
Caught the taſte and ſtyle;
His fine talent town and court
Often would beguile,
And, with ſharply-pointed wit,
Frondeurs, Mazarins, would hit:
That good Vaudeville,
O gay!
That good Vaudeville.

En ſes chanſons, du grand roi
Il refit l'hiſtoire ;
La Vallière et Villeroy,
L'amour et la gloire,
Tout le grand ſiècle y paſſa,
Et ſa perruque y danſa
Sur des airs à boire,
O gué
Sur des airs à boire.

Au temps de la Pompadour,
Comme à cette école,
De vin, de joie, et d'amour
La France était folle ;
D'un ton un peu plus ſalé
Il ſe livra chez Collé
A la gaudriole,
O gué
A la gaudriole.

Mais le théâtre à Paris
Eſt la grande affaire,
Un matin il y fut pris
De belle manière ;
Et ſans crainte des ſifflets
Il débita ſes couplets
Devant un parterre,
O gué
Devant un parterre.

Pour théâtre, il eût longtemps
Celui de la Foire ;
Pour public, de bonnes gens,
Riant après boire ;
Il chantait avec Panard
A la franquette et ſans art,
En narguant la gloire,
O gué
En narguant la gloire.

Next the great King's feats employ
His ſong's plaſtic mould;
La Vallière and Villeroy,
Love, and Fame, he told:
All that ſtately age went paſt,
His peruke there dancing faſt
To wine-muſic old,
O gay!
To wine-muſic old.

In La Pompadour's ſunſhine,
Faſhioned in her ſchool,
France, of joy, and love, and wine,
Frantic, ſerved the rule;
He, beneath the lively ſway
Of the volatile Collé,
Played in ſong the fool,
O gay!
Played in ſong the fool.

But at Paris the grand thing
Is dramatic wit:
Going on the ſtage to ſing,
He made quite a hit;
And, not fearing hiſs or groan,
Stanzas in unfalt'ring tone
Spouted to a pit,
O gay!
Spouted to a pit.

All the theatre he had,
Was La Foire, a while;
All the audience, folks glad
Juſt to drink and ſmile:
With Panard, in frankeſt ways,
He ſang ruſtic roundelays,
Aping no fine ſtyle,
O gay!
Aping no fine ſtyle.

Quand d'un théâtre à ſon nom
Plus tard il fut maître,
Il conſerva même ton,
Même façon d'être ;
Avec Merle et Déſaugiers,
Et tant d'autres chanſonniers,
Il ſe vit renaître,
O gué
Il ſe vit renaître.

Il chanta comme toujours,
La gloire et les belles ;
Les vieux vins et les amours,
Les amours nouvelles ;
Il mit Horace en flons flons ;
En avant les violons,
Et ſoin des cruelles,
O gué
Et ſoin des cruelles.

Mais enfin Scribe arriva,
Scribe, l'homme habile ;
De la ſcène il éleva
Le ton trop facile.
Veuillez tourner le feuillet,
Vous verrez ce qu'il a fait
Du vieux Vaudeville,
O gué
*Du vieux Vaudeville.**

* In M. Sarcey's volume, this "Vaudeville" is followed by "Les "trois Scribe, Critique-Vaudeville en un acte, du Théatre de Madame."

When a theatre his name
Owned, in times of late,
He retained his tone the ſame,
And changed not his ſtate:
With Merle and Deſaugiers,
And a hoſt as good as they,
Quite regenerate,
O gay!
Quite regenerate.

True to early days, he trolled
Songs of Love, and Fame:—
Sang of wines of vintage old,
And Love's youngeſt flame.
To his deft Horatian ſtave
Violins ſweet muſic gave,
Cruel girls to ſhame,
O gay!
Cruel girls to ſhame.

But at length did Scribe appear;
Maſter-mind was he
Higher the ſtage-tone to rear,
Erſt too light and free.
On the next page, you will learn
How he gave a novel turn
To old Vaudeville,
O gay!
To old Vaudeville.

II.

OLIVIER BASSELIN.

Longfellow.

[We make no apology for here introducing the characteriſtic and animated poem in which Mr. Longfellow has celebrated the ſcenery of the Vaux-de-Vire, and the ſongs,—and the mill,—of Olivier Baſſelin; a poem which the good taſte of M. Gaſté has ſelected as one of the principal ornaments of his volume on "Jean Le Houx." The charm of Mr. Longfellow's verſes will be little diminiſhed by the recent diſcovery as to the true authorſhip of moſt of the ſongs of the Vaux-de-Vire which have come down to us; and the name of Olivier Baſſelin, ſo generouſly praiſed in the poetic ſtrains of Jean Le Houx, ſtill remains one "which "Fame will not willingly let die."]

In the valley of the Vire
Still is ſeen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-ſill,
On the ſtone
Theſe words alone:
"Oliver Baſſelin lived here."

Far above it, on the ſteep,
Ruined ſtands the old Château;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for ſhelter or for ſhow.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the ſkies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah! it looks no more,
From the neighbouring hill-ſide down
On the ruſhing and the roar
Of the ſtream
Whoſe ſunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darkſome mill of ſtone,
To the water's daſh and din,
Careleſs, humble, and unknown,
Sang the poet Baſſelin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a ſplendour of its own.

Never feeling of unreſt,
Broke the pleaſant dream he dreamed;
Only made to be his neſt,
All the lovely valley ſeemed;
No deſire
Of ſoaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breaſt.

True, his ſongs were not divine;
Were not ſongs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an anſwer in each heart;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouſe and the inn,
Opening on the narrow ſtreet,
Came the loud convivial din,
Singing, and applauſe of feet,
The laughing lays
That in thoſe days
Sang the poet Baſſelin.

In the caſtle, caſed in ſteel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, ſpur on heel;
But the poet ſang for ſport
Songs that rang
Another clang;
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in grey,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloiſters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells;
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and ſquires,
Gone the abbot ſtern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From thoſe mouldering days of old.

But the poet's memory here
Of the landſcape makes a part;
Like the river, ſwift and clear,
Flows his ſong through many a heart;
Haunting ſtill
That ancient mill,
In the Valley of the Vire.

III.

[To the kindneſs of M. J. B. Weckerlin, the very learned Librarian of the Conſervatoire de Muſique at Paris, we are indebted for a tranſcript of the following ſeventeen ancient airs; to which, Vaux-de-Vire of Jean Le Houx were ſung in his own time. They are taken from a work of great intereſt, rarely found complete:—"*Recueil des plus beaux "airs accompagnés de Chanſons à Dancer, Ballets, Chanſons "folatres, et Bachanales, autrement dites Vaudevire, non encore "Imprimés. Auxquelles Chanſons l'on a mis la muſique de "leur chant, afin que chacun les puiſſe chanter et dancer le tout "à une ſeule voix. Caen, chez Jaques Mangeant,* 1615." The volume conſiſts of three parts bound in one, ſmall duodecimo.

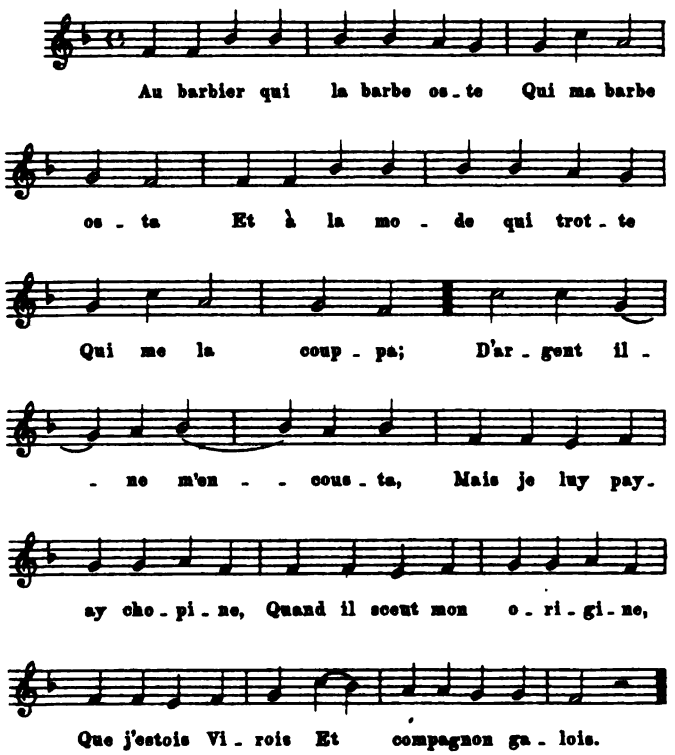
A ſomewhat ſimilar collection had been publiſhed at Caen, alſo by J. Mangeant, in 1608, entitled "*Airs nouveaux "accompagnés des plus belles chanſons à danſer que ayent eſté, "par cy devant miſes en lumiere, meſurées ſur toutes ſortes de "cadences, de Branles, Voltes, Courantes, Ballets, et autres "dances, et qui n'ont encor eſté imprimées. Auſquelles chan-"ſons l'on a mis la Muſique de leur chant, afin que chacun "les puiſſe chanter et dancer de meſure en compaignie.*" But, from its title, that work does not appear to have contained airs of the Vaux-de-Vire.

Of all the ſongs of ancient France, with the arrangement of which, whether as "Echos du Temps Paſſé," or under other titles, M. Weckerlin's name is honourably aſſociated, none, perhaps, are more intereſting to the muſical bibliographer than theſe

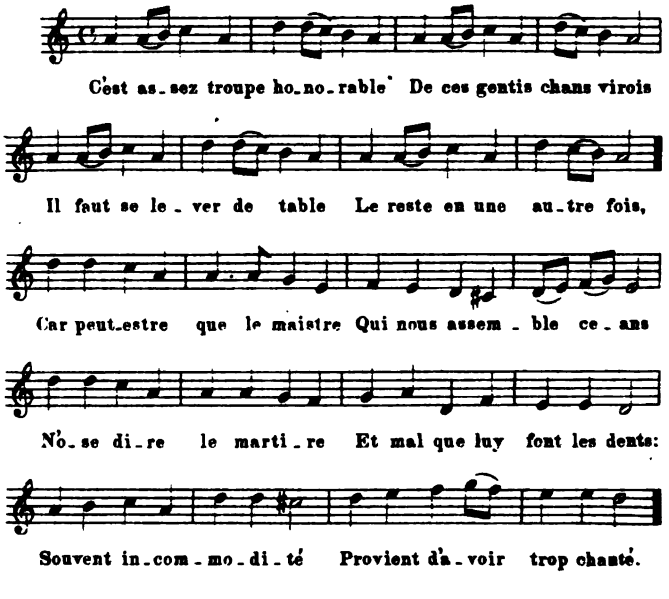
"Vocal ſtanzas, very ſweet,
"Which they ever ſince repeat
"In the Val de Vire,
"O gay!
"In the Val de Vire."]

ANCIENT MUSIC
OF THE VAU-DE-VIRE.

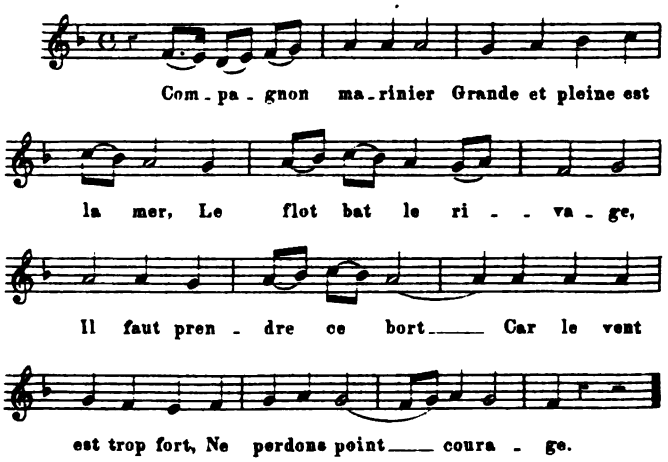
1. *Au barbier qui la barbe ofte.*



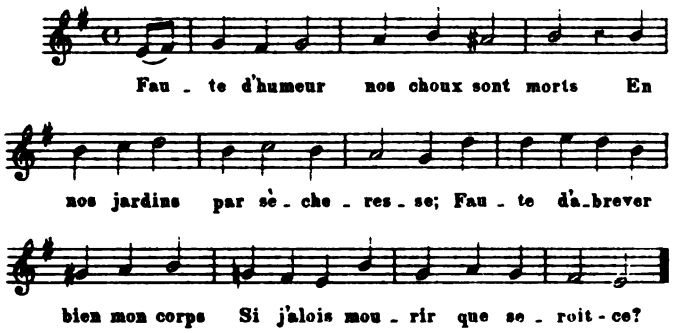
2. *C'eſt aſſez. troupe honorable.*



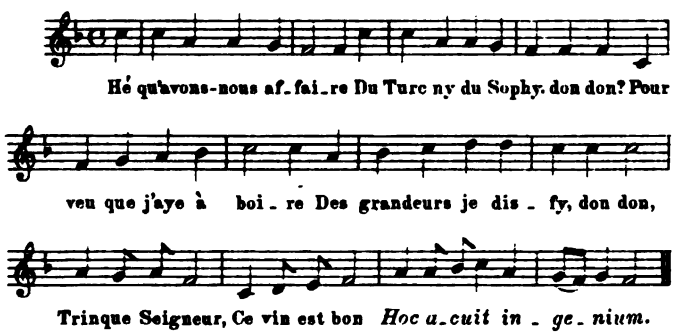
3. *Compagnon marinier.*



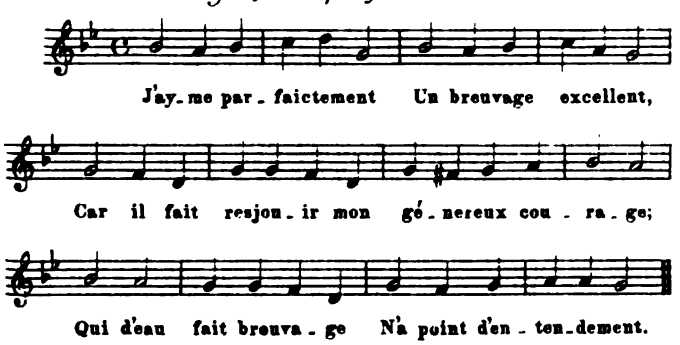
4. *Faute d'humeur nos choux font morts.*



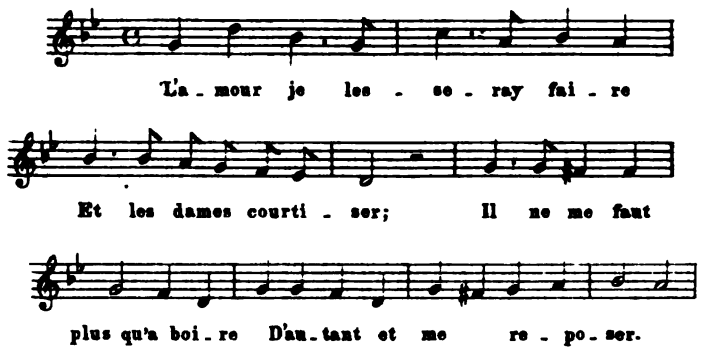
5. *Hè! Qu'avons nous a faire.*



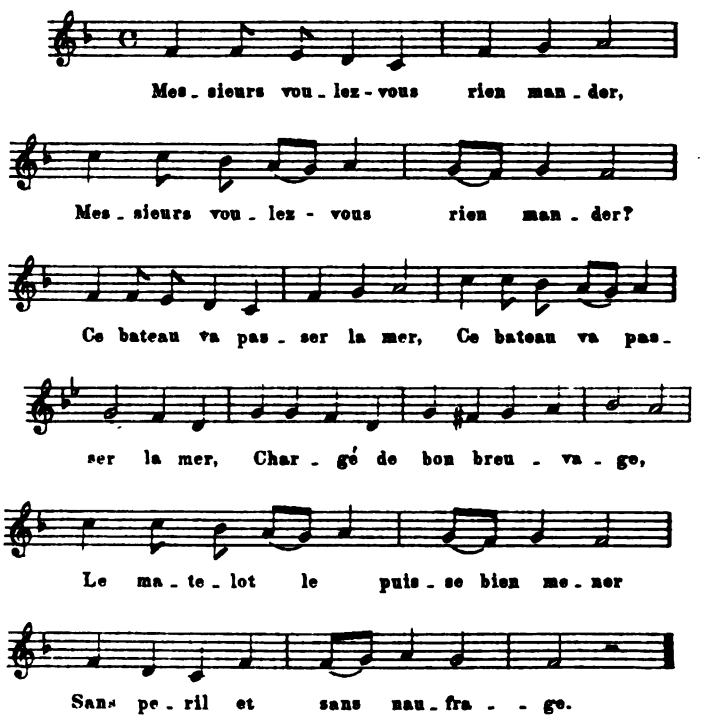
6. *J'ayme parfaictement.*



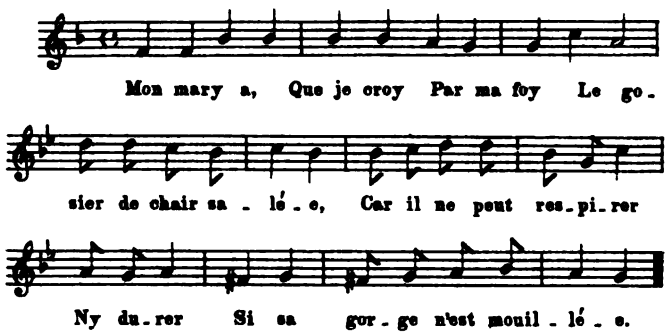
7. *L'amour je laisseray faire.*



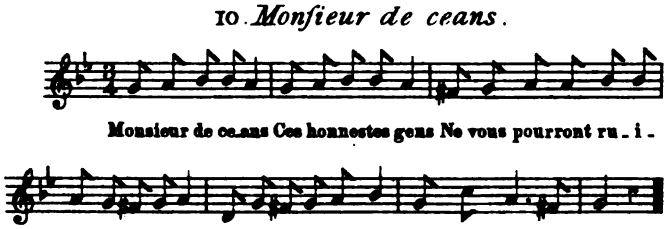
8. *Messieurs, voulez-vous rien mander.*



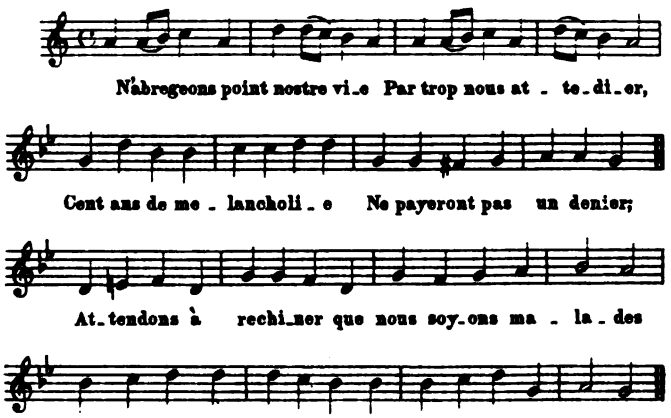
9. *Mon mary a. que je croy.*



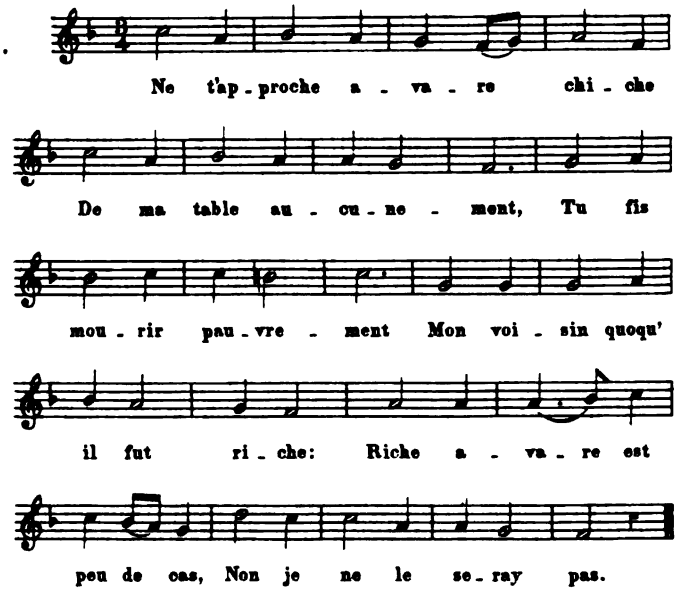
10. *Monsieur de ceans.*



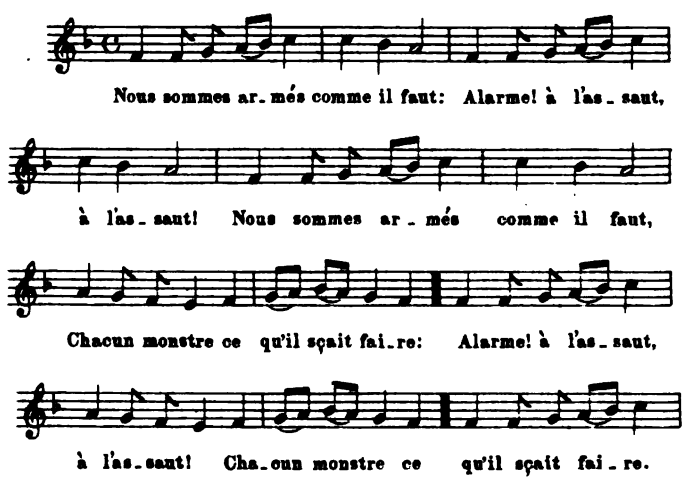
11. *N'abregeons point notre vie.*



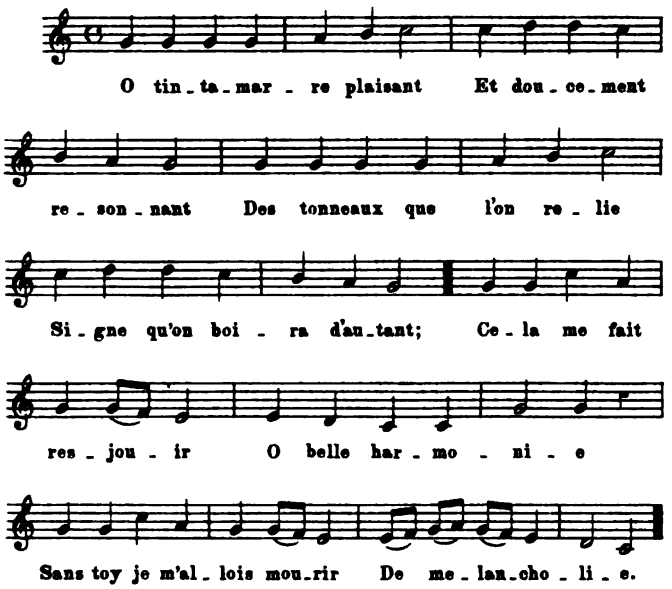
12. *Ne t'approche, avare chiche.*



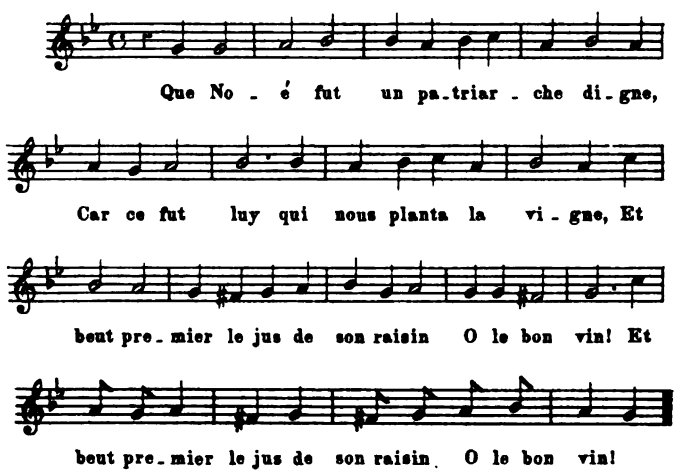
13. *Nous sommes armés comme il faut.*



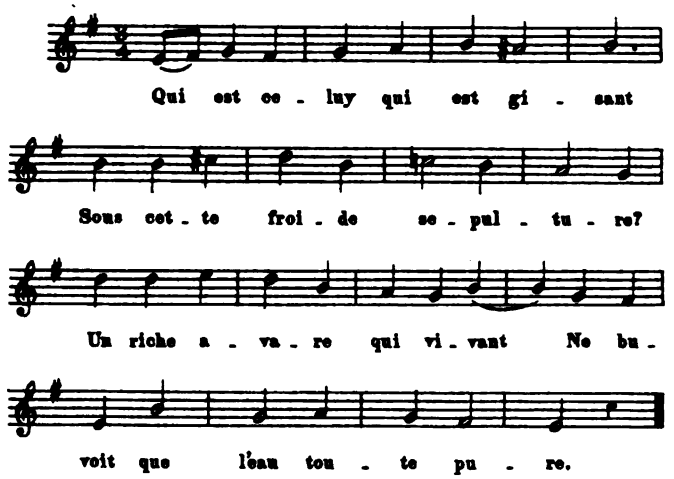
14. *O tintamarre plaisant.*



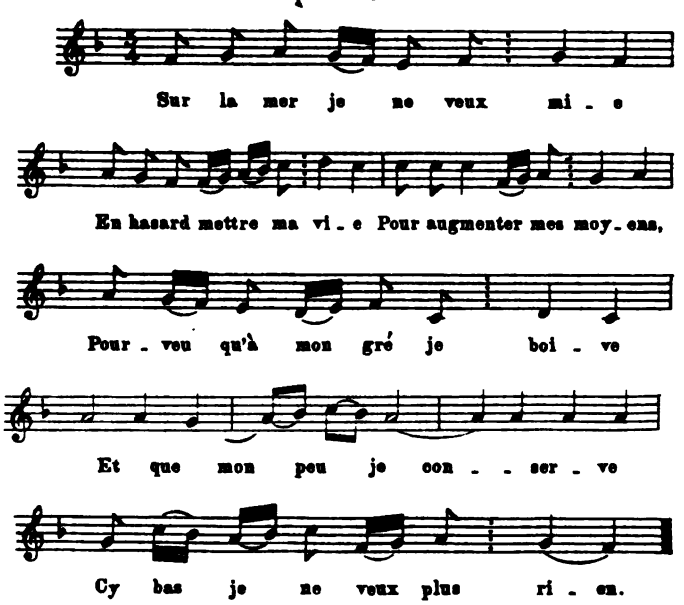
15. *Que Noé fut un patriarche digne.*



16. *Qui eſt celuy qui eſt ſiſant.*



17. *Sur la mer je ne veux mie.*



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